

COMFORT

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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

Vol XXI

May 1909

No 7



The BLUE, the GRAY and the KHAKI, equally patriotic and loyal to a Reunited Country, join to do impartial honor to the Lamented Heroes of the Nation, North and South.

Published at Augusta, Maine

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

SUBSCRIPTION.

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Subscriptions for England, Canada and Foreign Countries, 50c. per year.
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CONTENTS

	Page
CRUMBS OF COMFORT	2
COMFORT'S CALENDAR FOR MAY	2
WHEN THE SUNSHINE COMES AGAIN	2
Poem C. H. Meiers	2
A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR	3
DECORATION DAY—Its Origin and Observance	3 & 6
A DEATHLESS DAY—A Memorial Day	4
Story Constance Beatrice Willard	4
IN & AROUND THE HOME, Fancy Work	5, 8, 11, 15 & 19
Comfort Sisters' Corner, etc.	5, 8, 11, 15 & 19
EASTER LILIES; Or, Love's Idol Shattered—An	6
Easter Romance (concluded) Augustus C.	6
Maine and Comfort Joy	6
ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRIZE PUZZLE	6
Awards	6
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Con-	7, 13, 16, 17, 23 & 26
ducted by Uncle Charlie	7, 13, 16, 17, 23 & 26
LADY ISABEL'S DAUGHTER; or, For Her	9 & 16
Mother's Sin (concluded) Mrs. Henry Wood	9 & 16
THIRTY WHEEL CHAIRS GIVEN BY	9
COMFORT	9
A FATEFUL WEDDING EVE; or, The Pirate's	10 & 22
Daughter (continued) Ida M. Black	10 & 22
RUTH GLENDENNING'S EASTER; Or, A	11
Lesson in Faith (concluded) Ida M. Black	11
THE PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted	12
by Katherine Booth	12
A SPECKLED BIRD (continued) Mrs. August-	14 & 18
ta J. Evans Wilson	14 & 18
DOWN IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA	14
Song	14
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs.	15
Kate V. St. Maur	15
A CORNER FOR BOYS Conducted by	17
Uncle John	17
HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST	17
Fred T. Darvill	17
HOME LAWYER	19
HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING	20
LIST OF MARCH PRIZE WINNERS	20
VETERINARY INFORMATION	21
TALKS WITH GIRLS	22
INFORMATION BUREAU	23
FAMILY DOCTOR	24
MANNERS AND LOOKS	25

Crums of Comfort

Man always worships something.
Plenty makes some people poor.
That man lives twice who lives his first life well.
Better a short life of good, than a long life of evil.
Some men are born tired as others are born tireless.
If you would be good, first realize that you are bad.
Life is an empty dream to those only who make it so.
The man with one idea lacks others to make it available.
The greatest incitement to sin is the hope of immunity.
God is not always angry when He strikes.
But most chastises those whom most He likes.
—Pomfret.
The Indian scalps his enemies, the paleface skins his friends.
Consider it a crime to injure a brother, even though he be wicked.
Man is most nearly his natural self when nobody is looking at him.
Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.
Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel, but cruel because it is wrong.
Mental stains cannot be removed by time, nor washed away by any waters.
Thin to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny paths away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.
—Whittier.

Nothing but infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite paths of human life.
In this world "is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich."
High aims and lofty purposes are the wings of the soul aiding it to mount to heaven.
Where true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded pretexts for thousands.
There are preachers who round off their sentences so beautifully that they roll off the sinner's back.
One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up if you wish.
The true sovereign of the world, who moulds it like soft wax according to his pleasure, is he who lovingly sees into the world.

COMFORT'S Calendar for May

Moon's Phases.		Eastern Time.		Central Time.		Mountain Time.		Pacific Time.	
		D.	H. M.	D.	H. M.	D.	H. M.	D.	H. M.
☾ FULL MOON		5	7 8 Morn.	5	6 8 Morn.	5	5 8 Morn.	5	4 8 Morn.
☾ LAST QUARTER		12	4 45 Even.	12	3 45 Even.	12	2 45 Even.	12	1 45 Even.
☾ NEW MOON		19	8 42 Morn.	19	7 42 Morn.	19	6 42 Morn.	19	5 42 Morn.
☾ FIRST QUARTER		26	8 28 Even.	26	7 28 Even.	26	6 28 Even.	26	5 28 Even.

Calendar—E. States.		Calendar—S. States.	
Lat. 42°+		Lat. 33°+	
SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.
H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M.
1 Sat	4 54 7 0	5 12 6 42	3 33
2 Sun	4 53 7 1	5 11 6 43	3 59
3 Mo	4 52 7 2	5 10 6 43	4 27
4 Tu	4 51 7 3	5 10 6 44	4 54
5 We	4 49 7 4	5 9 6 45	rise
6 Th	4 48 7 5	5 8 6 46	8 6
7 Fri	4 47 7 6	5 7 6 46	9 10
8 Sat	4 46 7 7	5 6 6 47	10 11
9 Sun	4 45 7 8	5 6 6 48	11 9
10 Mo	4 43 7 9	5 5 6 48	morn
11 Tu	4 42 7 11	5 4 6 49	0 3
12 We	4 41 7 12	5 4 6 50	0 50
13 Th	4 40 7 13	5 3 6 50	1 31
14 Fri	4 39 7 14	5 2 6 51	2 9
15 Sat	4 38 7 15	5 1 6 52	2 41
16 Sun	4 37 7 16	5 1 6 53	3 15
17 Mo	4 36 7 17	5 0 6 53	3 51
18 Tu	4 35 7 18	4 59 6 54	4 25
19 We	4 34 7 19	4 58 6 55	sets
20 Th	4 33 7 20	4 57 6 55	8 24
21 Fri	4 33 7 21	4 56 6 56	9 27
22 Sat	4 32 7 22	4 56 6 57	10 25
23 Sun	4 31 7 22	4 56 6 57	11 16
24 Mo	4 30 7 23	4 56 6 58	morn
25 Tu	4 29 7 24	4 55 6 59	0 1
26 We	4 29 7 25	4 55 7 0	1 36
27 Th	4 28 7 26	4 55 7 0	1 8
28 Fri	4 28 7 27	4 55 7 0	1 36
29 Sat	4 27 7 28	4 54 7 1	2 2
30 Sun	4 27 7 29	4 54 7 1	2 31
31 Mo	4 26 7 30	4 54 7 2	2 57

WEATHER FORECAST FOR MAY.

1st to 5th—MILD PERIOD. Fine, enjoyable and spring-like conditions will prevail at most points lying east of the Mississippi river. Rather dull, smoky and dry at many points in western and northwestern sections.

6th to 9th—TORNADO PERIOD.—Destructive lightning and hail in Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas. Tornado storms in Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. Great wind energy expended over the Lake region, Middle Atlantic and New England States.

10th to 14th—COOL PERIOD. Abrupt fall of temperature over the Rocky Mountain highland and northwestern States. Cool, frosty nights and mornings as far south as Nebraska, Iowa, West Virginia and Maryland. Temperature 28 degrees at Omaha, 30 at Dubuque, 32 at Columbus and 30 at Cumberland.

15th to 20th—STORM WAVE. General rains in New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma. Thunder storms in upper Mississippi river valley. Unusually damp and foggy over the Lake region, in the Ohio valley and portions of the Middle Atlantic and New England States.

21st to 26th—MILD WAVE. Seasonable weather in southwest, and at all points in south and southeast portions. Clear and dry conditions are due for the middle west and northwest.

27th to 31st—WARM WAVE. Advanced heat at all points except over the highland region of the west and the mountain sections of the east. Severe droughts in southern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Temperature 100 degrees at Wichita, 98 at Cairo, and 95 at Cincinnati.

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Is May Your Birthmonth?

May is the fifth month of the modern year, and the last month of spring. It contains thirty-one days and its name is spelled with fewer letters than that of any other month. The origin of the name is doubtful, but it is believed to have been given to it by the Romans from Maia, the mother of Mercury to whom sacrifices were offered on the first day. It was generally held by the Romans to be an unlucky month for marriages, as rites to the Lemuria were held during the month, the Lemuria being those spirits of the dead which wandered about restless over the sins they had committed in life, or had died violent deaths. Roman Catholics call it the Month of Mary.

Historically, May has no very brilliant record of accomplishments. Still there are a few big events to its credit. Derry destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila, May 1st, 1898; the first English settlement was made at Jamestown, Va., May 13th, 1607; the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was promulgated May 20th, 1775, more than a year before the Philadelphia Declaration which we celebrate on the Fourth of July; the good Queen Victoria of England, was born May 24th, 1819 and the

PROTECT YOUR HOME

and SAVE YOUR CHILDREN from the insidious and horribly DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE of salacious and immoral novels and sensational yellow journals.

Many Boys and Girls have been Ruined

by reading such trash under the parental roof or borrowing it from a schoolmate or chum. Their bright and active young minds are bound to have INTERESTING and ENTERTAINING UP-TO-DATE READING MATTER, and if it is not supplied them in the proper form at home, they will find it elsewhere, and very likely of INJURIOUS QUALITY.

Bad Reading is the Worst Kind of Bad Company

There is only one efficient means of protection, and that is to provide the home with interesting, entertaining and instructive periodical LITERATURE OF A HIGH MORAL TONE and elevating character. The Bible and Sunday-School books of course are indispensable and all right so far as they go, but your children are bound to have something else that deals with modern life and current events, and the only problem is to provide them with that which SATISFIES, INTERESTS, EDUCATES and ELEVATES them.

COMFORT Fills the Bill

as every one of its MILLION AND A QUARTER OF SUBSCRIBERS knows by experience, and that is why they hang to it and subscribe for it year after year,—bring up their children and their children's children with it.
If you are not a subscriber and you receive this paper, you should understand that it is sent you this month ONLY as a free

Sample Copy with My Compliments

for the purpose of introducing it to you and giving you an opportunity to subscribe and have the benefit of it in your home the next twelve months for only 20 cents, or 3 years for 50 cents, or 6 months for 10 cents, the present low rates, if you subscribe Now, before the subscription

Price Goes Up to 25 Cents a Year on May 30th

This is THE ONLY FREE COPY WE SHALL EVER SEND YOU, and if you do not subscribe you will not see it again; so please to read it carefully and see if it is not just what we claim for it, the best all-round family monthly paper or magazine published for the money. There is

Nothing Cheap about COMFORT Except its Subscription Price

which is too cheap in proportion to what we give and what it costs us, and so we are compelled to raise the subscription rate FIVE CENTS A YEAR. This is not much to you, but you might as well SAVE THE FIVE CENTS by subscribing NOW.

We raised our price five cents a year ago and we have given you a much better paper the past year, and this little raise that takes effect the last of May will enable us to make the many improvements that we have planned for the coming year.

IF COMFORT did not have this enormous circulation of more than one million two hundred and fifty thousand copies a month, enabling us to do everything on the largest scale and most economically by purchasing stock in the largest quantities and operating an extensive plant equipped with the latest improved machinery, we could not possibly put out anything like so good a paper for the price. When you read this paper you will be surprised that we can do it.

COMFORT Has a Mission

which is to provide a FIRST-CLASS, HIGH-TONE, ALL-ROUND FAMILY MONTHLY AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE consistent with highest quality of reading matter; a paper which is entertaining, interesting, amusing, instructive to ALL CLASSES AND ALL AGES, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE, and at the same time educating, elevating and highly moral in its influence, and at a price which is within the means of any family in America.

GOOD CLEAN STORIES if they are well written by good authors, such as COMFORT prints are just as interesting and more so than bad ones which are demoralizing. But the good, clean stories COST MORE MONEY, and so with all of COMFORT'S departments. Above all

COMFORT is Bright and Cheery

and drives away the blues. In every sense of the word it is a COMFORT to the whole family.

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which is only a trifle over a cent and a half a month. Can you afford to do without it at that price? This is the last you will see of COMFORT if you don't subscribe. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to us with the money, NOW, before you forget it, so to be sure not to miss your COMFORT with that funny and interesting June wedding story.

New short stories every month and new serial stories soon to begin.

BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW, before the price goes up.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

(Make cross against amount sent.)

I am sending 20 cents 12 months
50 cents for 3 years' subscription to COMFORT.
10 cents 6 months

Name

Post-office

County

May, '09.

State

When the Sunshine Comes Again

BY C. H. MEIERS.

Do the shadows seem to gather
Closer round you day by day?
Do the things you love most dearly,
Like the rainbow, fade away?
And the storms of life oppress you
Till your heart is filled with pain?
Hope and trust and you'll be happy
When the sunshine comes again.

In the days that come and vanish
You may see some dreary hours,
When the rain drops fall in torrents
On the drooping, fading flowers,
And it may be you will notice
That, though beaten down by rain,
They arise and bloom still fresher
When the sunshine comes again.

As you watch them sinking lower
From the blows of falling rain,
You'll be, doubtless, filled with pity,
Thinking they have bloomed in vain.
But the blows may all be needed,
Though they sink beneath the strain;
They arise, less bright, but sweeter,
When the sunshine comes again.

So when storms of life are raging
And you're almost beaten down,
Don't despair, it may be fitting
You to wear a brighter crown,
Sympathy for those in sorrow,
Follows closely after pain;
And, though paler, you'll be sweeter
When the sunshine comes again.

present Czar of Russia was born May 18, 1868. May has contributed no Presidents of the United States, nor has June for that matter, and September only got into the presidential list on the fourth of March last, with President Taft. But if May has contributed no Presidents it has taken none away, for no President has died in May. August is the only other month in which no President has died.

What the Astrologer Says if You Were Born in May

Astrologically May is in the second sign of the zodiac, Taurus, the bull, until the 19th, and after that in the sign Gemini, the twins. They are stubborn people, these born under Taurus, self opinionated, ready to dispute, just to be disputing, and they will harbor a grudge for a long time. But they may overcome this inborn tendency if they try hard to do so and many of them are successful. Still a man and a woman born under this sign should not marry. Their married life may not be more than they can endure, but it will be hard sledding at times. However, persons born before the 19th may marry those born later in the month and expect to be pretty safe. Gemini people are easier to get along with. They have an accommodating disposition, and though they may have quick tempers they soon get over their anger and are always sorry for it and want to be forgiven. The Taurus people don't care very much whether they are forgiven or not. Gemini people are usually conservative and Taurus people are pretty safe. Gemini people are easier to get along with. They have an accommodating disposition, and though they may have quick tempers they soon get over their anger and are always sorry for it and want to be forgiven. The Taurus people don't care very much whether they are forgiven or not. Gemini people are usually conservative and Taurus people are pretty safe. Gemini people are easier to get along with. They have an accommodating disposition, and though they may have quick tempers they soon get over their anger and are always sorry for it and want to be forgiven. The Taurus people don't care very much whether they are forgiven or not. Gemini people are usually conservative and Taurus people are pretty safe.

The 1st, 15th and 24th are bad days for all; the 9th, 22nd, 17th and 24th are bad for women; 20th, 21st, 26th and 27th bad for men; 3rd, 11th and 31st are good days for all. The lucky months for Taurus people are November and December, and their lucky day Monday, and unlucky, Sunday. Gemini lucky months are April and August, lucky day, Friday; unlucky, Sunday. The gem for May is the emerald.

What Do You Think of COMFORT?

In our April number we asked our readers this question and printed a coupon blank for them to cut out and write their answers on. We also offered a list of 101 prizes for best answers.

Our purpose in requesting this information is to enable us to make our intended improvements in COMFORT along such lines as shall best suit the tastes of our readers.

We thank those who have already favored us with their answers, many of which contain valuable suggestions.

We would remind you that this contest does not close until May 10, and we renew our request that you send us your answer at once, if you have not already done so.

If you object to mutilating your April COMFORT by cutting out the coupon you may copy the questions and write the answers on note paper instead of using the printed coupon.

Inquiry About Our Easter Article Answered

With reference to our article on Easter Sunday, which appeared in April COMFORT, Mr. J. M. Boatman writes us calling attention to our statement therein, that "It was on Friday that Jesus was crucified, and He was placed that same night in the new stone tomb cut out of the solid rock."

Then he mentions, that Matthew c. 12 v. 40 of his Bible says, "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth," and he asks how we can count three days and three nights between Friday and Sunday. Of course we cannot. But bear in mind that passage which Mr. Boatman quotes from St. Matthew is not a statement of fact, but a prophecy, and may not have been fully understood at the time it was uttered.

However, the account of the crucifixion and resurrection given in the 27th and 28th chapters of Matthew, as well as the accounts given by the other Evangelists, leaves no doubt that Christ was crucified on Friday and rose from the tomb at dawn of Sunday morning. In various places in the New Testament it is stated that Christ rose on the third day, which accords with the other statements, for if crucified on Friday then Sunday would be the third day, but of course that would include only two nights.

It is a universally accepted fact that the crucifixion occurred on Friday and the resurrection on the following Sunday. All Christian denominations and all great Bible students agree on this and always have. History tells us that the early Christians, who certainly knew the facts, soon after Christ's death established the custom of holding special services on the Friday before Easter Sunday in commemoration of the crucifixion. This custom has come down to the present time and the Friday before Easter, known as "Good Friday," is observed by oriental Christians and by the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches the world over as the anniversary of the crucifixion.

A Few Words by the Editor

MR. EDWARD H. OBERT of Irvington, N. J., a good Samaritan, in sending us fifteen COMFORT subscriptions, one to join Comfort's League of Cousins presided over by Uncle Charlie, and the other fourteen to be credited to COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club, accompanies the same with an interesting letter to our publisher in which he complains that the wealthy and those who occupy the seats of the mighty appear to be so neglectful and careless of the suffering of the destitute and unfortunate.

As proof and instance of his accusation he cites his own discouraging and ineffectual efforts to induce wealthy people to subscribe in aid of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club. He expresses somewhat bitterly his surprise and disappointment that wealthy people, who profess religion, refuse when asked to pay only twenty cents for a subscription to COMFORT to help the poor deserving shut-ins; and he denounces them as unchristian.

While undoubtedly many wealthy and influential persons are charitably inclined and contribute more or less liberally for the relief of needy and suffering humanity, few if any of the rich give for charity so much in proportion to their means as do those in moderate or poor circumstances, and far too many in their utter selfishness seem to have no feeling for the poor, and others greedily fatten their purses by mercilessly oppressing and distressing the poor.

As illustrative of the latter Mr. Obert aptly mentions the millionaire owners of the criminal trusts which have unlawfully conspired to rob the people by arbitrarily raising the prices of the necessities of life that they cost half as much again as they did ten years ago.

Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that, as Landon says, "Few save the poor feel for the poor."

However that may be, we have never heard of any association of rich persons banded together for the purpose of supplying invalid's wheel chairs to the shut-ins, and so far as we know COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club has never had any substantial aid or encouragement from wealthy people.

We never expected it, and therefore we have not been disappointed.

The support of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club has come from people of moderate means, or small means, or from the poor, and considerable even from poor shut-ins.

The experience of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club is simply a modern example and confirmation of the great underlying truth of Christ's parable of the widow's mite.

COMFORT'S subscribers do not belong to the purse-proud class; few of them are wealthy; many of them—we hope most of them—are comfortably well-to-do, but we also know that some of them, and among these some of the most active workers for the Wheel-Chair Club, are poor and almost needy; and yet with your aid, my dear readers, COMFORT has brought sunshine into the sad lives of thirty destitute, deserving cripples within less than a year.

This is indeed a great beginning, a record to be proud of; and yet if you had all taken hold with a will and done the best you could, we might have done many times as much good in this noble cause.

As it is evident that we cannot look for aid from the rich, I appeal to you most earnestly to do all that you, and each of you, can for the Wheel-Chair Club this present month and to keep it up through the year.

If you will only try, each one of you can send in at least one subscription for the Wheel-Chair Club this month, and many of you can send many more.

I call your attention to the bright and interesting little girl shut-in whose picture taken in her wheel chair appears in Uncle Charlie's department on page 13, and to the fact that crippled and young as she is, she is an active and successful worker for COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club. Her wheel chair

was not furnished by COMFORT as her family is not needy. But this dear little sufferer is so grateful for the relief and comfort afforded by her wheel chair that her sympathetic young heart is touched by the miseries of the shut-ins who have not the means to obtain one, and she manifests her sympathy by giving substantial aid to COMFORT'S great work in their behalf.

If in her condition she is impelled by a sense of gratitude to labor for this cause, how much more should the well and able-bodied feel a sense of obligation to assist the unfortunate?

Thank God that you are sound and strong today. But who can look into the future and say how soon sickness or accident may make him a helpless, dependent cripple or invalid for life, or how soon the help of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club may be needed?

Take the lesson home; take it to heart, and then act according to the dictates of your own conscience.

You all know just what COMFORT has done and is doing in this line with your assistance, if you are sufficiently interested to read our Wheel-Chair department each month in which we report the progress and results.

Kindly read our publisher's letter on this subject in this number and the grateful and touching letters of thanks from worthy shut-ins who have been blessed by the gift of COMFORT wheel chairs during the last few months.

We have on file no end of applications and heart-rending appeals for wheel chairs from all sections of the country. Some of these applicants have been confined to the house or even to one poor room for years for lack of means to procure a wheel chair, and they are all hoping and anxiously waiting for one from COMFORT, as there seems to be no hope of their ever getting one from any other source. As the beautiful springtime comes round again they are the more anxious to get out and enjoy it, and when the oppressive heat of summer comes, as it soon will, it will become almost unendurable for them to be kept close prisoners in the stifling atmosphere of a small room, all for want of a wheel chair.

Open your hearts and get to work for them while the subscription price of COMFORT is only 20 cents, now, and let us see how many we can let out into the joyous sunshine this spring.

WE want our readers this month to consider a very serious subject, which is of vast importance to every man, woman and child in this country. There is growing up, and growing we regret to say with all the rapidity of a noisome weed, a maudlin sympathy for criminals, that cannot but work terrible harm to the American nation.

This dangerous and misdirected sympathy is not confined to this country, but is rampant in certain other countries and has almost become the fashion of the time.

Some few years ago the guillotine was abolished in France, with the result that the terrible crime of murder increased to such an extent, that every honest man and woman was terrified, and called loudly for a return to the old system of capital punishment for the taking of human life. The French government was forced to reinstate the guillotine, and four of the most desperate murderers of modern times were quickly decapitated. France felt a sense of relief. Life imprisonment had no terrors for desperate criminals, but the flashing knife with its razor-like edge of glistening steel, which removes a human head in the fraction of a second was something that made seventy per cent. of those who contemplated murder halt before slaughtering their fellow humans.

Sympathy springs from the better and gentler impulses of our nature, but misdirected sympathy, as far as it concerns hardened criminals and murderers is a monstrous injustice to society.

The criminal code and the punishment of criminals in the olden days was ferocious and terrible, barbarous to the last

degree. Our readers will hardly credit it, but one hundred and fifty years ago a number of poor wretches were publicly burned in New York for having taken part in what was known as the "Negro Plot". Public executions were general the world over, and the day a noted criminal went to the gallows was set aside as a general holiday and thousands gathered to make merry and enjoy the gruesome sight. Bodies were allowed to swing on the gallows or hang in chains, poisoning the air and making night hideous to those who chanced to pass them by.

In England, little more than a century ago, there were a hundred and fifty offences, some of them as trifling as stealing a handkerchief, for which the death penalty was inflicted. With the advance of civilization, and the influence of a more enlightened age, public executions were abolished, and the death penalty only inflicted on those who committed the most heinous crimes. In the last century the criminal codes were greatly improved and modified, and a more humane treatment meted out, not only to criminals, but to paupers and lunatics, who hitherto had been treated worse than animals.

But now, unfortunately, the pendulum is swinging to such an extreme in the other direction that we are making heroes of our criminals, and if a man is executed at all, it is so long after the commission of his crime that the crime has been almost forgotten, and the deterrent effect that his prompt execution might have had is entirely lost. The criminal feels that some legal technicality, engineered by a clever lawyer, will enable him to escape the death penalty. Often he relies upon the influence which may be exerted in his behalf by political friends. His case is appealed from court to court; the delay is so interminable, that at last a maudlin sympathy creates for the ruthless slayer a halo of heroism, and the foolish people clamor for his release, and petition for a pardon, which a soft-hearted, humane (?) governor not infrequently grants.

In the olden days, there was no sympathy for the criminal. Nowadays the sympathy is all for the criminal and none for the victim. What is the result? We have put a premium on murder, we are encouraging crime, we are telling the red-handed slayer to slay as he pleases. He has our sympathy and we will do our best to see that the law does not reach him. We have had one recent incident in which a murderer was released, and he celebrated his return to freedom and his gratitude for the clemency that had been extended to him, by shooting up the town in which he resided and terrorizing the entire population.

Let us ask our readers, if the assassin's bullet were to remove one of your dear ones would you make a hero of the dastard who brought death into your home and wiped out a useful and innocent human life? You would not. Why then do you sympathize with those who kill and ruthlessly slay the dear ones of others, who are in God's sight your brothers and sisters? Let us remember that in the execution of criminals the law is not seeking revenge. It is not a case of an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth. The law simply seeks to protect society, protect human life, protect you, and it can only protect you, at least in this present state of civilization, by the prompt infliction of the death penalty on those who take human life.

Of the unwritten law we are not speaking, we are speaking only of those desperate crimes where human life is taken ruthlessly, from motives which no one can justify. Tallyrand, the great Frenchman, was once asked if he would support a movement for the abolition of the death penalty. He replied that he gladly would, if murderers would quit murdering.

There is too much crime in this country, too much gun play, so much so that we nearly hold the world's record for murder. We cannot afford then to indulge in sympathy for criminals, even if we are foolish enough to have an inclination to indulge in such morbid and dangerous sentimentalism. The law's delays are such that men now take the law into their own hands and settle their differences, not before a judge and jury, but with the assistance of a gun which they carry in their pockets. It is time the pendulum swung back, and some of the old Draconian severity of yore was meted out to those who regard killing as a pastime.

Let all our readers take this matter under serious consideration, for remember, not one of us knows when this misdirected sympathy for criminals may bring the Death Angel into our own homes.

COMFORT stands for law, order and good government; for public and private honesty; for the protection of the lives, property and homes of the just and innocent, which is the highest purpose for which government exists, and as the only effective means of attaining it, demands the speedy prosecution and prompt punishment of all criminals high or low, beginning with, and punishing most severely the highest and mightiest criminals, because they are the most dangerous and the least excusable.

Comfort's Editor.

DECORATION DAY—Its Origin and Observance

DECORATION, OR MEMORIAL DAY, as the thirtieth day of May is variously called, is appropriately observed in nearly all parts of this broad land in which there is scarcely a hamlet however small that has not the honor of being the last resting place of some soldier of our great war; the greatest and most obstinately fought war of modern times.

In it were engaged practically every free man fit for military service in the South, and a very large proportion of the men in the North, besides many regiments of colored troops enlisted from the former slaves near the end of the war.

After four years of valiant fighting, stubborn on the part of the North, and desperate on the part of the South, there was scarcely a family in the country that did not mourn the loss of a loved one sacrificed on the one side or the other of this dreadful strife.

It was a stupendous national calamity, a tremendous setback to the progress of the country as a whole and especially to the South, which suffered most because it was the theater of war.

Even now, after the lapse of more than a generation since the war, its baleful effects are still felt and in some parts of the country are painfully apparent.

At the close of the civil war the nation was in mourning, but for some time there was no public ceremonial in honor of our departed heroes.

It was in the South, and soon after the war that the custom of annually decorating the graves of the soldiers with appropriate public ceremonies was first instituted. It spread rapidly, however, and was soon in vogue throughout the land, and most of the States have set apart a day in late spring or early summer as a legal holiday for that purpose: many, though not all, adopting the thirtieth day of May as Memorial or Decoration Day.

It was an impressive spectacle in the early seventies to see the sturdy veterans, then in the full vigor of manhood, marching to the "Dead March in Saul" or in step with the beat of muffled drums, on their way to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades. It betokened the power of the nation and reminded of the pomp and circumstance of war from which the country had but recently emerged.

A Decoration Day parade now is, perhaps, equally impressive, but suggestive of different thoughts. Now there are

far more soldiers' graves to decorate, and fewer soldiers to do the decorating, and what few are in line march with an unsteady step and are bent if not broken by age; indeed, they are fortunate if they have the strength to march at all.

The sons and grandsons of many of them in the regalia of the "Sons of Veterans," march in the same procession, and we are forcibly and sadly reminded that the soldiers of the war of '61 will not long be with us, and that soon their part in the Decoration Day ceremonies will have to be performed by a younger generation.

In some places there are only the graves of the Union dead to be decorated, in others only those of the Confederate dead, while in many the soldiers of the Northern and Southern armies sleep side by side "he sleep that knows no waking," and it is most affecting to see the aged veterans of the blue and the gray marching in the same procession and with equal respect and veneration decorating the graves of the departed heroes of both armies with flowers and with the cherished flag of their united country.

Since the great war we have had another war, a comparatively small war; but it served one great purpose in showing that all sections of our country are equally loyal and devoted to "Old Glory."

When war with Spain was declared and President McKinley called for volunteers, very few of the veterans of '61 were fit for service because of advanced age, but those who were, and none more enthusiastically than those who had worn the gray, hastened to tender their services, and thousands who could not pass muster themselves sent their sons. And so in our modern khaki uniform in the Spanish war the Union and Confederate veterans and their sons fought side by side with equal valor and patriotism under the old flag.

None performed more valiant or more heroic service in the Cuban campaign than did General Joseph Wheeler. He had distinguished himself as a dashing and successful cavalry commander in the Confederate service, and he resigned his seat in Congress to accept from President McKinley a commission as Major General of Volunteers in the Spanish War.

Our title page represents an imaginary scene illustrative of the present fraternal spirit in which Decoration Day is observed both North and South. The monument is supposed to be erected to the memory of both the Union and Confederate dead, and to the dead of the Spanish war, and

represents General Wheeler as placing upon it a wreath in impartial honor to the nation's heroic dead of two wars.

It is time that the Nation's wounds were healed. It is time that we forgot the animosities that manifested themselves in the conflict of '61. On Decoration Day let us with solemn pride in the valor of those whose graves we decorate rejoice that their sacrifice was not in vain, and that we have a united country, all sections of which are equally patriotic.

Let us cultivate and manifest the cordial spirit of mutual toleration and respect which is emblematically expressed by COMFORT'S Decoration Day title page.

In connection with this subject it is fitting to mention the agitation in favor of the removal of the wreck of our battleship "Maine" from Havana harbor. Soon after the close of the Spanish war our government undertook to raise her, but abandoned the attempt because she was found to be so badly damaged by the explosion of the Spanish mine which sank her that, if possible to float her, it would have cost more than she was worth.

Recently one of COMFORT'S subscribers wrote us voicing a sentiment more or less prevalent, that it was a national disgrace for our government to permit the historic old ship to remain a wreck in foreign port.

It seems to us that instead of a disgrace, her giant hull protruding from the placid waters of Havana harbor is a most fitting monument to the memory, not only of the 257 heroes who sank with her to a watery grave, but also of all Americans who gave their lives for the cause of Cuban liberty. She is a constant reminder to the Cubans of the great sacrifice which America made so freely in their behalf. That she is so regarded was evident when with appropriate ceremonies the Cuban and American officers joined to deck her with wreaths and flags and garlands of flowers this year on February 15, the eleventh anniversary of the day on which she was blown up.

Americans need never blush for the loss of the Maine. She was not vanquished in battle, but while a guest of honor on a peaceful and friendly visit she was sunk by treachery for which, as it appeared from the investigation, the Spanish authorities were responsible, and America has suitably avenged the outrage.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

A DEATHLESS DEVOTION

A Memorial Day Story

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By Constance Beatrice Willard

"WHOM God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." These words are at all times pregnant with deep and tender meaning, but when they are spoken with the battle cloud in the background; when the groom wears a uniform of what was to be a losing cause; when the bride has not seen her lover for nearly eighteen months, then these words mean more than any others in the whole world, even more just than those which spell good by.

While it was Christmas, 1862, there was no snow on the ground, but flowers waved in the warm, sweet wind, in that old South Carolina home, and the bright sunshine fell upon the head of the golden-haired bride, and the brown one of her soldier-lover, as well as on the white, revered one of the clergyman, as he raised his hands in blessing. Those hands had been placed upon both the youthful heads before him more than once, for Sylvia Middlehurst and Rudolph Stirling had grown up together in this dear, old Southern village, and been received into the church at the same time. Sylvia was not sixteen, when Rudolph tore himself away, filled with devotion to the cause both loved, but she was a woman in the intensity of her feeling as she stood with the others and waved him good by. From time to time she had heard from him, as often as he could get letters to her, and when he sent her word to have the clergyman ready to meet him and be married on that Christmas day, she was ready enough, and so in less than half an hour after they met for the first time in eighteen months, they were made husband and wife, and the seventeen-year-old bride, looking down at her massive wedding ring, knew that for weal or woe, for life and death she was his.

Any bride might well have been proud of this gallant young officer with his dancing brown eyes and hair the same color. He was a brave, dashing young cavalry captain, adored by his men, and much liked by his brother officers, and bright were the plans he outlined to his young bride during the sunny days that followed of his two-week furlough. Of course he believed in the success of his cause.

"Darling, we cannot fail to win," he told her again and again, twining Christmas roses into her hair, and stooping his head to kiss the blushes in her fair cheeks. "I don't want to brag, but I think that a certain young man you know will be sent on a foreign mission. How would my little lady like to be Madame Ambassador?" and then he would laugh, and hold off his bride



SHE PROVIDED HER OWN CARRIAGE TO TAKE THEM TO AND FROM THE CEMETERY.

at an arm's-length, or else sweep her into his tender embrace.

"Anywhere with you, Rudolph," Sylvia would whisper.

"Don't you honestly care?" he would demand, his eyes glowing with happy love bent adoringly upon her, and with a tender smile she would reply:

"Not in the least just so we can be together, oh, dear one, when will this cruel war be over? and frightened she would hide her face on his breast and try to check her sobs.

"Come, dearest one, remember we promised not to look on the dark side, we have our blessed two weeks," and he would kiss away her tears.

And Sylvia, like so many brave little wives in those awful days, both South and North, would conquer herself and stifle the awful fears, and try to live entirely in the present.

All too soon those two weeks faded into the past, and almost before she realized that they were passing, Sylvia found herself clinging to her husband, wishing that her arms might turn into bands of steel that he could not loosen.

"Come, come, sweetheart," he cried at last, trying to gently free himself, "what kind of a soldier's wife are you? This is not the way to bid me God speed. With such women as you back of us we cannot fail. Lift up your head my love and wish me good luck and a safe and speedy return at the head of my gallant boys, a conqueror," and Captain Stirling swung back his young head, already seeing the triumph which was never to come either to his cause or to him, for as he leaped on his horse, and rode down the old shaded street, Sylvia Stirling saw the last of him. On that January morning, 1863 she looked her last upon her husband's face.

Mercifully she did not know it at the time, for he wrote her until the dreadful battle of Gettysburg, and then came silence.

Sylvia exhausted every avenue of information. She wrote to the Confederate government, and finally to the government at Washington, but there was no trace of the gallant young officer whose name she bore, except that he was reported among the missing. The girl-bridge was woefully desolate, for father, two brothers and uncle had been swept away by the chances of war, and all she had left was a cousin, who had remained neutral, and for whom she entertained a bitter hatred, such as those who espoused the Southern cause could not help but feel towards those who were not for its success.

Nature brought her some solace in time, but she was bitterly disappointed when a girl baby was laid in her arms, she had so prayed for a son, and yet she was delighted to see something of the father in the tiny mite whom she named Sylvia Rudolph.

By the time little Sylvia was able to lip her own name, young Mrs. Stirling was forced to rouse herself, and listen to the family lawyer. With the blind devotion to the cause so many other women had in those days, Sylvia had mortgaged all her possessions to aid in the cause, and when the war was over and the South defeated, she found herself almost penniless.

"But," she said with a bewildered air, "there is the house here."

"Gone, too, Madame," the white-haired lawyer said sadly.

"And Captain Stirling's home?" she inquired.

"Also gone, all is lost Madame, all," and his voice broke.

The young widow, so pitiful in all her sorrow, with her helplessness, said gently:

"No, all is not lost, we all have our memories," and with that motive she began her new life. Without any complaint the young thing, not yet twenty, who had already lived through a lifetime of sorrow, moved from her old home in which she and her forefathers before her for five generations had been born, into a tiny cottage at the other end of the village, and there with little Sylvia and old Mammy, who would not

desert her, took up her burdens uncomplainingly.

Little Sylvia, the child of tears and mourning grew up into a delicate, fragile girl, nourished almost with her mother's heart blood, for Mrs. Stirling managed to support her although few could have told how. She taught half a dozen pupils of people nearly as poor as herself, and accepted whatever they could afford to pay her. Once considered a fine musician, the young widow gave little recitals to which her neighbors came, paying a penny admission, although none but those who passed through those terrible days knew what it meant to even give that pittance, for self-denial had to be practiced to an almost impossible extent, for poverty of the worst kind had them all by the throat, these tenderly nurtured men and women.

One day when little Sylvia then a delicate young girl of seventeen, seemed to be specially ailing, Mrs. Stirling had an inspiration. There were Northerners in the village, a family of them occupying the old Middlehurst home.

"Mammy," she said decidedly, "I want you to bake some of your famous pound cake and wedding cake and take around to the big house," thus it was that they always spoke of her old home, "and see if you cannot sell it."

"Y'm, but I dare to goodness," Miss Sylvie it do go clean 'gainst my 'ligion to tek money from dat poor white trash folks fr'm de Norf," and Mammy nodded her brilliantly turbaned head.

"Mammy, some of the Northern people managed to get all our money," Mrs. Sylvia reminded her sternly, and Mammy obeyed, and the little household had another source of income, and in time Mrs. Stirling received several additional pupils who paid her better, but old prejudices would not down, and the Northerners were forced finally to remove them for the Southern woman was still too bitter to teach them properly regarding historical events.

However in the midst of it all, the poor, lonely, tortured heart suffered most because in all this great universe there was not a mound of earth to which she could attach her widowed self.

"If I only knew where my poor dear lies," she would sob in the night watches. "Oh, husband can you look down and see?" she would ask of the still night time. "Do you know how faithful I have always been to you for weal or woe, in life and through worse than death?" and then something would come to her that he did, that he understood, but it seemed like cruel steel in her loving heart to know that her loved one must lie in an uncare-for grave, be numbered among those who died nameless, and this streaked her golden hair with silver, and traced fine lines on her beautiful face before little Sylvia dealt her another blow.

Mrs. Stirling had been out to the pitiful cemetery, straggling down a hillside, wherein there were more graves than people in the village many times over, laying upon the graves of all those who had perished during the war her trophies of flowers grown in her own yard, for it was the day devoted to the decoration of South-

her daughter's marriage, Ned was laid in the village cemetery, and another Sylvia was left a widow. However, as though to carry out the pitiful story of her mother's life, the younger Sylvia also bore a posthumous child, a third Sylvia, but unlike her mother she died, and once more Mrs. Stirling was left with a little Sylvia to bring up.

She was nearly a quarter of a century older, and times were changing, she recognized that, and yet dauntless she shouldered her burden, and with Mammy's help did all she could for Sylvia. However the new child was different from the frail little daughter of Captain Stirling. She was ruddy and healthy from the first, and led her grandmother many a merry dance. She always went with Madame Stirling, as she now began to be called, when she went to the cemetery, and learned to wreath beautiful garlands to lay upon the graves, many already becoming forgotten.

Many changes had come to the little village, and in order to tide over the winter that Sylvia the third was fourteen, Madame Stirling was forced to place a mortgage on her little cottage. The end seemed to come fast after that, and when the girl was eighteen, Madame Stirling found she was at the end of all her resources, and for the sake of her granddaughter, she wrote to her second cousin, Princeton Middlehurst, who was the girl's uncle, and asked him for help. Instead of the tiny annuity she had hoped for came a cordial invitation, no command, that the two with old Mammy come at once to the home of the one who remembered them with tender affection.

"We will all welcome you and make you feel perfectly at home," he wrote and his Northern wife added her own words of welcome.

Poor, lonely old woman to whom they were addressed. Never in her whole life had she been fifty miles from home. All her life had been spent in that little Southern village. She had lived in it and her memories; she had nourished her soul with recollections of her dead husband, and she had grown for his sake to love the graves of those who had died for the Lost Cause.

"Perhaps in that new place there will be no graves," she sobbed the night before they left, as she lay on the ground in the damp old cemetery, as though to embrace all those graves and to stamp them on her memory forever and forever. "My heart has been breaking for forty years," she told herself, "and I had thought it was all gone, but I find there is a mighty big piece left to hurt," and once more the tears drenched her slim, worn old hands, once so dainty and pink and white, the hands her soldier husband had told her held his heart and happiness. Yet, in spite of all she could say or do, she was forced to go away and leave those graves that seemed to be a part of her husband and that far away life of theirs which was each day drawing nearer to her, as is so often the case.

Sylvia Middlehurst Stirling was not an old woman as far as years went, but she was bent and worn, and aged in emotion, worn out before her time, and Princeton Middlehurst was horrified when he saw her, and realized all she had en-

tinued, holding up the spoon and letting the batter "drap" to see if it was of the right consistency.

"Memorial Day?" Mrs. Middlehurst asked, then corrected, "No it won't be here for over a month, Decoration is on the 30th of May."

Mammy shook her old head sagely, as she poured out the cake in the well-greased pan:

"Ise talkin' 'bout Memorial Day. Home it's April 26th," and then Mrs. Middlehurst remembered that in different localities the Southern people had appointed various days to suit their local convenience, on which to honor the Confederate dead. She also remembered another thing and consulted her husband with the result that the next morning the florist delivered an immense box of beautiful hothouse flowers, and Mrs. Middlehurst told her visitors that there was a Confederate grave in the cemetery that she would be obliged to them if they would decorate in memory of their old home.

She provided her own carriage to take them to the cemetery, and gave them ample directions as to how to find it, but considerably remained at home, and watched the grandmother and young girl as they hurried out to the carriage their arms loaded down with their garlands.

The two left the carriage at the entrance and made their way in, and as they reached the grave, they saw two others approaching, two who were also loaded down with flowers and they reached the grave first. One was a white-haired man in a wide slouch hat, with the lapel of his coat decorated with a G. A. R. badge. He was leaning on the arm of a young man, evidently his grandson. As they reached the grave, the older man said, his voice trembling:

"There Grant put them on this grave," then raising his hat he continued:

"I always raise my hat to a brave man, and the one who lies here was one of the bravest, poor fellow," and he sighed.

The young man busied himself arranging the flowers, and the other continued:

"And he was younger than you, lad, much younger, and yet he lay there by my side in that hospital after the battle and never let out a groan, although his sufferings were terrible. We were both captains, he on one side and I on the other, and I was hurt the worst so they then thought, and yet he died and I lived on to become a general. He had to die, and leave a bride behind." The young man looked up from where he knelt, arranging the flowers:

"And you never found out his name, Granddad?" he asked, although he knew the answer, but loved to hear old General Helverton tell it over again.

"Nothing but his first name, which you own boy, although of course it might have been his last. It was embroidered on his handkerchief by some woman, perhaps that bride. Poor lad! Poor Rudolph!" and the tears rained down the old face.

Madame Stirling advanced, a hand held tightly over her heart, that gentle, loving, loyal heart that had beat for her dead husband so many years. The two men did not hear her or her granddaughter.

"Yes, the lad died whispering his bride's name. He kept saying over and over again in the intervals between the fever, 'Sylvia, my little bride Sylvia,'" the old man continued.

As Madame Stirling heard this, she asked in a voice broken with emotion:

"Tell me, sir, the name of the battle in which you and this unknown soldier were wounded."

The men turned and saw the two women, one so frail and broken, the other young, strong and happy with hair that turned to gold in the sunlight. The older man thought he had never seen such a picture of heart-broken grief, the younger one that he had at last met the "one woman."

"The battle, Madame," the older man said gravely taking off his hat and bowing reverently before her, "it was Gettysburg."

Madame Stirling looked wildly about her. The years rolled away, and once more she stood at the old gate beneath the magnolia trees, with the scent of the Christmas roses in the air, and the yellow bush flowering by her side, and looked for the last time into her bridegroom husband's face. She could see the courageous light in his brown eyes, those eyes his granddaughter had inherited. Once more she heard his voice, the sweetest music she had ever heard crying:

"Lift up your head my love and wish me good luck and a safe and happy return at the head of my gallant boys, a conqueror."

Then everything grew dim, misty and she fell unconscious on the grave of her young husband who had been buried there over forty years before.

On Memorial day, 1909, six people came to decorate that grave, on which towers an impos-



THE YOUNG MAN LOOKED FROM WHERE HE KNELT, ARRANGING THE FLOWERS.

ern soldiers' graves, when she was met by her daughter whose delicate face was flushed a rosy red.

"Congratulations me, mamma," the girl said brightly, "for I am married."

"Married!" Mrs. Stirling cried, staggering. "Why, you are only a child," and she looked the slight figure over, wondering when and where her baby had escaped her.

"I am much older than you, mamma, when you married papa," Sylvia the younger said quickly.

Mrs. Stirling looked at her in bewilderment, then gravely nodded her head. Strange as it was, Sylvia was twenty, although she could scarcely believe it.

"Whom did you marry?" she asked, suddenly, feeling worn and old.

"Ned Middlehurst," she returned brightly, and a cloud settled on her mother's face. Of all the young men in the village Ned Middlehurst was the last she would have chosen for her daughter.

He was a son of the cousin with neutral principles, the younger one, the older Princeton had gone north to Portland, Maine some years before. Ned was utterly worthless, as delicate as Sylvia, and without either a penny or the capacity of earning one.

After this Mrs. Stirling worked and scrimped for four instead of three, and two years after

dured, just as he was delighted with the fresh, glowing beauty of the third Sylvia. However both seemed to languish in the new home in spite of the tenderness lavished on them by their relatives, and they envied Mammy's thorough satisfaction in her new quarters. Poor old Mammy was happy for she was receiving good, wholesome food and her cooking was praised as she had never heard it before, so she was contented, and yet it was through her that Mrs. Middlehurst learned of one of the causes of the loneliness of the two visitors.

"Dey misseas de graves," Mammy declared as she beat up one of her famous pound cakes in the beautifully appointed kitchen.

"The graves?" Mrs. Middlehurst asked in amazement, and then Mammy explained.

"An' tomorrow is Memorial Day," she con-

ing monument on which is engraved Captain Rudolph Stirling's full name, age, rank and the date of his death, replacing the old simple stone General Helverton had placed there. However the one line that had appeared on the old stone beneath the single name, Rudolph, also appears on the new monument:

"Every inch of him a hero."

There will be six of them, for in addition to Mrs. Stirling and General Helverton, there are now a little Rudolph and the fourth Sylvia, for the third Sylvia married Grant Rudolph Helverton, the grandson of the man who befriended her own grandfather, within less than a year from the time they met beside the grave of the young Confederate officer.

EASTER LILIES

Or, Love's Idol Shattered—An Easter Romance

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

John Simmons, son of the wealthiest man in Beaton Falls, Maine, is in love with Lillian Atherton. Ned Richardson, left to make his own way in the world is a suitor, too, for the girl's hand. John promises to make her happy. She asks for time to think it over. That afternoon he sends her two dozen American Beauty roses, and smiles as he thinks of her face above one of them Easter morning. Ned Richardson calls and drops a bunch of sweet fragrant violets in her lap. For a moment there is silence then Ned tells of his promotion, Monday morning he is to take his place as assistant cashier and his salary is to be doubled. Lillian is glad, he deserves it all. His ambition is not crowned. He cannot give her wealth, but he gives the complete love of his life. It is only fair and she tells that Jack has asked the same question. She will think the matter over. Both men are at church. As Lillian enters John hopes for the rose. The violets given by Ned are there. John awakens to a realizing sense of defeat and bitter disappointment and there springs up a desire for revenge. Ned and Lillian are married, and John as best man promises to be their friend always. The following Easter another Lily is added to their home. Lily does not recover strength and the family doctor advises riding. John Simmons offers his services and the use of his new motor car. Christmas comes and the expensive party he shows on the baby forces a link to drag Lily down. He pours into her ears the accomplishments of a mythical girl. Gossip becomes scandal and faint echoes worry the husband. It is Easter again. Ned is to get violets and John declares he will send roses. Lily prefers Easter lilies. Ned is called to Augusta on bank business, but is to return in season for Easter. Lily troubled with sleeplessness is in the habit of reading until midnight. Sitting with her hair braided and kimono on, she is startled by the sound of a pistol shot, then comes a voice asking for help. Forgetting the lateness of the hour she lets John Simmons in. He takes off his coat, vest, necktie and collar and bares his shoulder. As he reaches for his coat he tells Lily the girl has accepted him. He hears Ned's footsteps. He passes the engagement ring to Lily. With a cry of admiration she slips it on her hand. Her husband opens the door, and the scene he witnesses convinces him of the worst. With the cry: "Easter lilies, what a mockery!" he falls senseless at Lily's feet.

PART II.

IN the terribly intense cold of a Klondike winter, a man sat, in a lonely hut, feverously weighing and packing bags of gold-dust his work had accumulated. By the flickering firelight could be seen his worn, haggard face, the same open one of the assistant cashier of the Beaton Falls bank, but he appears older than the five years which have elapsed would warrant, although in those five years since he discovered his wife and false friend in what he believed to be an incriminating situation, he had crowded a lifetime of experience and frightful hardships.

When Ned Richardson opened his eyes that night it was to find his wife bending over him, her lovely face blanched, but if he had only known it, perfectly free from guilt. However, blinded by what he believed to be the truth—and certainly appearances justified his belief—he had refused to listen to her, or to believe the half-hearted assertions of John Simmons who was working so hard to destroy his happiness. Before dawn the frantic young man had interviewed the president of the bank, tendered his resignation, and had it accepted. He had induced the kindly old gentleman to advance him sufficient money on his note to take him to Alaska, and to leave a small fund on deposit in the bank to provide for the immediate needs of his wife and child.

The president at first tried to persuade him to remain and keep his position in the bank, but finding him distracted with grief and rage, feared that he might go crazy and commit murder if not removed from the scene of his troubles. Unfortunately for poor Lily the old man believed she was guilty, but he did not want Ned to stain his soul with any crime because of her, although he felt no sympathy for the wretch who had broken up their happy home.

It all came back to Ned, the agony of what he believed to be his awakening; the hurried visit to the president, but above all the expression on her face when he had said in a low, intense voice as he left the house which had been such a paradise to him:

"I will leave you to your own conscience. If you wish a divorce, I will never contest, and if you do free yourself I hope to Heaven the man who has so wronged you will repair his wrong as far as lies in his power."

She had sprung forward, and the way she cried:

"Ned!" ought to have told him how pure, good and innocent she was, but he was blinded, for he cried:

"Do not mention my name. I am going where I will not have to hear any more Easter bells, or smell these cursed Easter lilies," and he had snatched them from their vase, and trampled them under his feet.

"I will not kill him," pointing scornfully toward John Simmons, "because I am hoping he will marry you and give you plenty of such baubles as those," pointing to the ring which still glittered on her hand, and then he was gone.

With a mad cry Lillian ran to the door and catching her in her arms sobbed: "Oh, my dear husband, I have been foolish, but I never wronged you even in thought. My daughter's father will always be my husband, living or dead, present or absent, to the end of the world," and she never changed during all the weary years that followed, although she received news that he had died during his first winter in that far-off region to which the president of the bank told her he had gone. To tell the truth there was no doubt but that this rumor was started by John Simmons, whose hope to win her died hard.

She put on mourning and believed herself a widow, teaching her little Lily to love and respect the memory of her dead father. Her earthly interests centered in this little daughter, and it was a sad consolation as the child said her prayer to remind her that her dear papa looked lovingly down upon her from Heaven.

However, the poor, grief-stricken creature long before that found it impossible to live in the little town where her reputation had been irreversibly shattered. Besides she needed to do something to help support her little one and herself, for the slender means which Ned had been able to leave her would not support her more than a year or two: this she laid aside to educate her child. She had a small income left from her father's estate, and taking her baby with her she went to Worcester, Mass., where she obtained respectable and fairly remunerative employment, which added to this little income, enabled her to live comfortably in a quiet and economical way, and to bring up her daughter as she felt Ned Richardson's child should be reared.

When she left Beaton Falls, the old president's heart was torn by her simple dignity, and modest

By Augustus C. Maine and Comfort Joy

demeanor. She went to see him, taking little Lily with her. She had to arrange with him for the payment of her income, for he had charge of her funds. Infinite sadness and regret but no semblance of shadow or a sense of guilt was expressed in her large trusting eyes, and he began to doubt the justice of his own judgment and to hope there might be an explanation of the unfortunate affair consistent with innocence on her part. By his kindly manner he gave her to understand that she had a true friend in him.

While all this was happening to his wife and child, poor, broken-hearted Ned had toiled and failed again and again. He was bitten by the terrible cold of the long dark winters, eaten almost alive by the hordes of mosquitoes in the short summers, and herded among a wild, lawless class of men that might well have soiled his soul but he kept in view the ideals that had always been his, and although he believed himself a man with wasted life, he knew he still had the right to look into his daughter's eyes and kiss his daughter's childish lips.

As he sat there that frightfully cold night, he let his thought wander to forbidden ground. By one of those strange chances of fortune, the very week before he had made his discovery of gold, he had secured part of a paper, published at Augusta, Maine. It was an account of the wedding of John Simmons. Part of it was torn away, but these words were burned on his memory:

"divorced wife of—"

That was all. There was no name of the bride, it was torn off, but further on it mentioned her rare, blonde beauty, and he clenched his teeth, thinking of course it was Lily, when as a matter of fact it was a woman several years older than John, a second victim of that human wolf, who had divorced her husband in order to marry him. Ned wondered why the wedding had been delayed so long, but thought that perhaps John had trouble in obtaining his father's consent.

"And if ever a man had every cause to believe in his wife's purity and devotion, I thought I had," he told himself for perhaps the thousandth time when his thoughts reached the point of wondering why the marriage had been deferred for so many years.

"To think how she was planning that Easter celebration!" he told himself with a groan. "And poor little Lily, that darling 'Easter Lily'—and he had to clench his hands to keep from crying out loud, stern man that he had become.

Suddenly there came up in his breast such a mad longing to see his child once more. To have her put her little arms about his neck, to have her lip his name, that he thought he would lose his mind.

"I'm a rich man now, and I must see my daughter," although he shivered at the thought of meeting the mother. "I ought to have Lily," he told himself, and this idea began to take such possession of him that he kept it in mind, and it grew as the days passed by. All summer he worked on his claim, and finally sold it for a sum that seemed almost mythical, so large was it. After this there was nothing to keep him there, and he took the last boat into civilization. At first he hesitated, telling himself he would put the matter in the hands of lawyers, and kept in San Francisco, but at last the longing grew too strong to be resisted any longer, and he started home.

"I will never willingly look upon the mother's face again, but I must see my little girl," he kept telling himself. "I will take her from the mother that has disgraced her. She shall be mine. I will devote myself to her and leave her my large fortune."

He was one of the saddest things on earth, a man with a seared heart, with no interest in life, save this burning, consuming desire to hold

in his arms the child he loved so dearly. He never thought but that Lily lived in the old village, and he took the train intending to go there directly, trusting to the heavy beard which he had let grow, to disguise him from his wife's eyes. He was counting the miles as they rolled by, and wondering how little Lily would look, recalling as best he could another little girl of seven with whom he had played many years before, and asking himself if the new Lily would resemble her, or would she have more of him about her, when there was a sudden grinding jar, then a hiss of steam, he was thrown from his seat, he felt the scald of the wet heat, and a frightful pain, after this oblivion.

He lost all conception of time, but at last realized he was in a hospital, and the nurse finally told him it was located in Worcester, Mass. After this he tried to do all he was told so as to recover, for it was terrible to lie there and know he was not so very far from his boyhood home, where he hoped and expected to find his darling daughter, the one object of his existence.

One bright morning he felt so much better that he ate quite a hearty breakfast for him, and smiled when the nurse put an extra pillow behind his head.

"I think I will open the window so you can breathe in some of this nice, sweet air," she said cheerfully, and he nodded. As she drew up the sash, though, he heard a familiar sound, and shrank back, asking brokenly:

"What's that?"

The nurse looked at him a moment in surprise, then replied, wondering if his mind had been impaired by the accident:

"Easter bells, this is Easter morning."

Gone was all his pleasure in the sunshine for his trouble came back, intensified so that he wished he was back in the Klondike with no one about him but the Indians whom he had found very faithful, and certainly silent.

"You are worse," the nurse cried, springing to his side with a stimulant.

"Shut the window, the air is too much for me," he said faintly, and she complied.

However, that afternoon he felt a little better, and lay very quietly, while his nurse sat reading. As he was wealthy he occupied a private room and had a special nurse, and in fact the best of everything the hospital afforded. The door of his room is open for air. He was wondering how long it would be before he should recover so to be able to resume his quest, when into his room from the hallway strays a little, golden-haired girl, with her arms full of Easter lilies. He has seen a number of ladies going back and forth with flowers, and remembers that in civilized regions the ladies take the Easter flowers from all the churches to the sick in the hospitals.

The little girl comes in, she smiles, and he wonders why that smile so touches his sad heart, and then a clear, childish voice asks:

"Has mamma been in here? You haven't any flowers in this room?"

"No dear," the nurse replies, "where is she?"

"In the hospital distributing flowers; but I beg pardon, perhaps the gentleman does not like flowers," and she begins to back out, politeness forbidding her to turn her back on the sick man.

Strangely fascinated, he reaches out a hand, once caloused with mining, but now white and frail, and replies in a voice that is very weak:

"Flowers bring me sad memories, but you seem like a flower dropped from Heaven to bring joy to the earth, come here little angel."

"Yes, sir, and may I give you a flower?" she cries, in answer to his mysterious words, and running up to his bed, holds out one of the fragrant lilies. It all comes over him in a terrible wave of memory. Those lilies that he once crushed under relentless feet. Silently, because

he cannot bear to offend the child, he takes the flower, and then asks:

"And what is your name, my dear little rose-bud girl?"

"Not Rose, but Lily, and mamma says I'm an Easter Lily."

An unaccountable emotion makes his heart thump and flutter so that he can scarcely speak, but he whispers:

"My blessed little girl, who are your parents?"

The child is singularly lovely. Her pretty head is surrounded by golden curls that glow in the sunshine like the halo of a saint. In her dainty, flower-like face are set eyes as brown as his own. The other Lily had eyes of blue. Her pretty white dress shows a mother's tender care, but it is not costly, only dainty and exquisitely clean and neat.

"Come close, little Lily," the man whispers before she can answer, "and let me kiss you for my little Lily that I have lost."

As their lips touch much of the terrible hurt of years is gone, but the anguish returns as the thought comes that he would give all his wealth if he could only exchange places with the father of this lovely child.

Once more he repeats his question:

"Who are your parents?"

"My mamma's name is the same as mine, and my papa is in Heaven."

"When did your father die?" Ned gasps. Can it be that Lily has brought this child up to think John her father, and is he dead?

"Long, long ago when I was a little, tiny girl. Poor papa went to the Klondike, and then he died, and mamma cries and cries," and tears filled the sweet, brown eyes.

"Quick, quick, tell me your mother's name," demanded the sick man.

"Why I have told you, it's the same as mine, it's Lily Richardson," responds the child, and Ned Richardson fainted away.

While he lay there in a semi-conscious trance the choir in the adjoining ward began to sing an Easter hymn, which to Ned's bewildered senses seemed a supernatural music welcoming him to Heaven, for he believed that he was dead; and to his inexpressible joy there appeared to flit about him two ministering angels who have the forms and features of his long-lost wife and child. As he began to sense the efforts of the nurse to bring him back to life, he softly murmured, "If this be the sleep of death, do not awaken me, for it is Heaven to dream this dream forever."

As he recovers full consciousness, he knows that it is neither dream nor death, but that he has found his earthly paradise for which he had long since ceased to hope. As his eyes open he sees bending over him the lovely face of the little child, he knows to be his own, and beside hers another, sad, but loving, framed in widow's weeds.

Silently the nurse administers a stimulant, and then considerably passes out of the room, leaving Lillian Richardson with her husband and daughter.

"Oh my wife, my darling wife," he cries. He needs no further explanation. He knows that the woman bending tenderly over him in all of her life has never been guilty of an unworthy act nor entertained an impure thought. With a woman's intuition, Lily knows that her husband has come back to her unharmed by the rough, hard life he has led, and as their lips meet, the six cruel years are wiped away.

"And little 'Easter Lily'," he whispers as he kisses the child, whose wondering eyes reflect somewhat of her mother's infectious happiness. Though mystified by what she has heard and seen her sensitive young mind is impressed with the joyous influence which radiates from her mother's beaming face.

She has been to church that morning and listened to the beautiful Easter sermon, and as she looks at the sick man lying there, she remembers some of what she had heard and at last as her father's eyes turn smilingly upon her, she manages to ask timidly:

"Mamma has papa risen from the dead, too?" and in her childish question the parents see nothing irreverent, but tears came to their eyes as the mother replies through her happy sobs:

"Some day little daughter you will understand all about it. Now just thank the good Father that He has brought your dear papa back once more from what was worse than death."

With full confidence in the mother who has never deceived her, the puzzled child accepts the explanation, and is still more puzzled when she hears her father say with his voice shaking and his lips trembling:

"Six years ago, Lily, my love was crucified and buried, but when this little angel with her Easter lilies on this blessed Easter day, came in here, she raised me and it from the grave of hatred and jealousy, purified and glorified, to live forever. Forgive me Lily, if you can, the cruelly unjust, wicked suspicion which has tortured our lives for all these weary six years."

Poor little Lily was equally puzzled when her mother replied, her face like the angel's in the stained glass window in the church:

"Darling, let us rather forget there has been anything to regret or forgive on either side in our joy this happy Easter, which restores to us as from the dead a dear husband and beloved father, for Ned, dearest, my love has never changed, and I have taught Lily to love the memory of her father, whom we both mourned as dead."

THE END.

Good Until Decoration Day

Those Envelope Folder Subscription Blanks which we sent out wrapped in April COMFORT to those whose subscriptions expired with the April number or are soon to expire, are still good until May 30 for renewal of your subscription

Two Full Years for 25 Cents

Most of them have come back to us with a quarter enclosed, but a few of them appear to have been lost, mislaid or forgotten.

This is a Final Warning and the Last Opportunity for subscribers to renew or extend their subscriptions two full years from date of expiration for 25 cents, the old special low rate good to subscribers only for renewals or extensions.

In April we announced that the rate would be advanced to 25 cents a year in May, and so it will, but in deference to numerous requests from club-canvassers we have postponed the date until May 30, when the new rate of 25 cents a year will take effect without fail.

Good Until May 30

If You Found an Envelope Folder Subscription Blank wrapped in your April COMFORT and have not made good use of it, you should do so now, or if you have lost it, you should fill out the coupon below and mail it to us at once with a silver quarter, and so make sure of not missing your COMFORT with that funny, interesting June wedding story and other interesting features.

Even If You Did Not Find It

in your April COMFORT, it will pay you well to send us a silver quarter with the coupon below filled out for a two full years' extension of your subscription now, before the subscription price goes up to 25 cents a year on the 30th day of May.

You want COMFORT, you are bound to have it, and don't you think it will be a quarter well invested now to make sure of it for two years more?

You know what COMFORT is, and you will believe us when we promise you that it shall be better than ever the next twelve months. At the advanced price we can afford to make it better and we are bound to do it.

Read what COMFORT'S Publisher says on page 2 about "Protect Your Home."

"A word to the wise is sufficient," and you certainly are wise and prudent enough to profit by this suggestion:

First, renew or extend your own subscription two full years for 25 cents, using the blank below, and do it now, before you forget it.

Second, get new subscriptions among your friends at 20 cents a year or 10 cents for 6 months, before the rate goes up on May 30, and earn a nice premium for yourself.

Subscriptions mailed before May 30 will be accepted at the present low rates.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

SPECIAL RATE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON, for RENEWAL or EXTENSION ONLY

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine:
I enclose 25 cents for renewal and extension of my subscription two full years from date of expiration.

Date _____ Name _____

P. O. or R. F. D. _____

County _____ State _____

May, 1909.

Abraham Lincoln Prize Puzzle

Prizes Awarded

In February COMFORT we offered a list of prizes for the nearest, shortest and best expressed answers to the four questions therein stated. The following are the correct answers:

1st question. No. 2nd question. Yes. 3d question. Because, in comparing plain figures of equal perimeter the one whose perimeter being equilateral and equiangular has the greatest number of sides contains the largest area. 4th question. A regular hexagon.

Comparatively few of the contestants answered correctly, but we have awarded and paid the prizes according to the relative merits of the answers. The winners of the first six prizes are:

Mrs. N. R. Case, Kahlstus, Wash.	\$5.00
E. H. Gailigan, San Francisco, Calif.	3.00
Jesse Greenwood, Canaan, Indiana	2.00
Gordie Young, Pulaski, Tenn.	1.00
R. O. Hutchinson, Mendenhall, Indiana	1.00
Pauline Robeson, Kahlstus, Wash.	1.00

Lack of space in this issue prevents us from printing the names of the winners of the small prizes.

Decoration Day

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

America will always "remember the Maine," and so long as her shattered hull is visible to the thousands of people from all parts of the world who annually sail in and out of Havana Harbor it will be a disgrace, not to America but to Spain.

America can have no better and needs no other monument in Cuba than the wreck of the Maine. So let her remain in silent glory, and let her be decorated annually like our other soldiers' and sailors' monuments.

In response to numerous requests we reprint on page 18 of this number that popular song with music, "Down in the Harbor of Havana," which first appeared in June COMFORT, 1898.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

HAIL! beautiful May. I said hail, because there is a hail-storm in progress outside my chicken coop. This is usually the way spring begins in this section. I feel awfully mad today and it is not like me to feel mad, as that is not a part of my religion. A dear old friend of mine named Smith died the other day. When I went out to the cemetery to visit his last resting place and shed bitter tears over his grave for two hours, just as I was nearing the end of a particularly distressing outburst of grief, a man came up to me and said: "Whose grave do you think you are weeping over?" I said, "John Smith, the best friend I ever had in the world." Then the man burst out laughing and said: "That isn't John Smith's grave, that is Jim Jones's grave. You have been crying over the wrong grave." Now do you wonder I feel blue, shedding two gallons of good tears for nothing, and that fellow Jim Jones when he died had owned me fifty dollars for ten years, and every time he passed my chicken coop threw rocks through the window. Oh, the irony of fate. Moral:—When you weep over somebody's grave, be sure it is the right one.

I want to thank you all very much for the splendid assistance given to Mrs. A. G. Tennant, the poor consumptive of Monroe, N. C., and the poor legless boy Earl H. Craft, Shelby, Mo. Mrs. Tennant writes: "The contributions have gone a little over fifty dollars. Isn't that fine? I think if I should buy a cow it would be cheaper than buying so much milk, and if I have my porch latticed and sleep out on it, it might do as well as going away. I now feel so much more hopeful than I ever have before. When I wrote you I had no hope. You have given me a fighting chance for life. Believe me

GRAND PRIZES AWARDED and names of the winners will be announced in June COMFORT. Renew or extend your subscription two years for 25 cents NOW, before the price goes up to 25 cents a year May 30.

when I say, I thank you from the bottom of a very grateful heart." Then Mrs. Tennant thanks you all, and you are the ones to be thanked. I hope many of you will stick to this little woman in her fight for life, and see her through to the end of the struggle, the victorious end. I hope. Earl H. L. Craft writes: "The appeal you made for me in COMFORT brought me sixty dollars, which was appreciated more than any words of mine can ever tell. I went to the factory in Kansas City to be fitted for my artificial limbs. I paid eighty dollars down on account and have no doubt I shall be able to earn the balance. You don't know how happy I will be now that I am going to be able to walk again. It seems almost too good to be true, and I am sure COMFORT's readers who have put me on my feet. God bless them all."

Now aren't you all proud of yourselves? Isn't it grand to think by all putting our shoulders to the wheel we can snatch one poor soul from the grave and make another helpless dependent boy a helpful and independent member of society. Some day I hope there will be no necessity to beg for help for our less fortunate brothers. When we get civilized and know how to distribute the abundant wealth this country produces, so that it shan't all run into the hands of a trust hog billionnaire, there will be no need for charity. All that mankind needs is justice and justice we are going to have, just as soon as we all wake up and understand where we are at, and realize that it is our own fault that things are as they are, and it is we who can alter them and make them different if we will.

I want to remind you that the new edition of Uncle Charlie's Poems is now out. Most people shy at the word poetry—I do myself, but this isn't the kind of long-winded dope that puts one to sleep. This book is a cure for the blues, the best spring medicine which will be counted subscriptions to COMFORT, which will be counted toward the premium prize contest will win you this book of double-splitting fun. The picture of Uncle Charlie dictating to Maria is enclosed in every volume sent out. Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

WEST BOXFORD, MASS.
I have been your niece for three years. Mother and I enjoy your letters just as much as ever, especially your answer to Mrs. Rolanen. It is as true as the Bible. It is a pity men can't see how they darken their own lives by their selfishness and meanness to women. I haven't got my little farm yet, for I am spending all I can earn in helping to keep my younger brothers in school, but I have bought two piano boxes and fitted them up as hen coops. Last spring, I set three dozen eggs under hens, for which I paid seventy-five cents each. From thirty-six eggs I hatched twenty-six chickens, six of which were pullets, so we had twenty roosters to eat. They averaged five pounds apiece. They were hatched in May and at six months old the pullets began to lay. I only had three dozen eggs in November, but eight dozen in December. The hens are still doing well.

In the spring I bought two pigs, one of which was stolen, and the other just before Christmas weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. So you see with the pig, and chickens and eggs I have been quite a help toward the filling of months of the little flock of children mamma and I have taken to mother. They are wards of the State of Massachusetts, and by doing this we are able to make a home for our boys, and help them in school. We have three little girls and two boys beside our own, and such a busy, happy rollicking crowd as we are, between six and seven o'clock at night, it would be hard for you to imagine unless you were outside the door. First we have half an hour's singing, each child choosing its favorite hymn, and although they may sing with more zest than culture, I'm sure there's not a happier crowd in the state, and as mother gathers the youngest one in her arms to sing our evening prayer, I do not think there is a more thankful crowd anywhere. The song that gives most general delight every evening joins in with all her heart. That hour is worth all the labor of the day. These children were left destitute by heartless fathers, but I do not think many homes are blessed with brighter wee faces and loving hearts than ours.

I hope to do more this spring than I did last. I raised quite a lot of garden truck last summer. I raised all our squashes, carrots, celery, radishes, cabbages, pears, and my brother and I got fourteen bushels of potatoes in the cellar. But next year I hope to raise enough to last all winter as ours are all gone now, and it's only the middle of Jan. If any of the cousins have had experience with raising turkeys, I wish they would write me. I was nineteen years old the first of January. With a heart full of love to you, Uncle Charlie, your loving niece,
GRACE BASCOM.

Grace, your letter is not only interesting, but inspiring as well. You have certainly got hold of the right conception of life, and are doing a noble share towards the uplifting of poor humanity. I am ever so glad that you have made a home for those poor little orphans. I do not know if the work is financially profitable to

you and your mother, but it certainly is profitable to the children. I am so glad these poor mites have been rescued from wretched institutions and given their share of that blessed birthright of which neither the sins of fathers and mothers should be permitted to rob a child affection and a glimpse of real home life. President Roosevelt's last and best act before leaving the White House, was the sending of a message to Congress, in which he outlined a plan for the care of dependent children, and best of all advised that a law be passed, giving poor widows an allowance per head for each child, so that the mother can rear her children properly and not be compelled to send them to institutions, or leave them to run wild, while she is working for their support away from home. I am glad, Grace, that you and your noble mother are giving a portion of that abundant love, which wells up in a mighty volume from your big, generous, Christ-like hearts, to these poor, forsaken little waifs. A child's love is easily gained, and it is the most beautiful thing there is in the world. I wish those flinty-hearted, sexless clothes-props, called society women, who nurse pug dogs, and look upon children as nuisances and abominations, could look into your home at eventide, when you are singing, "Count your blessings." Those of our readers who have childless homes should write to state institutions and take some poor wail from these wretched places, where all the life and joy is crushed out of their lives, and give them some real happiness, some real childish joy, such as we had in those glorious days of youth, which we all so lovingly and tenderly recall. Many of you might pattern after Grace Bascom, not only in her love for children, but also as a gardener and poultry raiser. Thanks, Grace, once more for your letter. I wish there were more in the world like you. You are one grand, lovely, noble, good girl, and Uncle Charlie is proud of you.

ELKMONT SPRINGS, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl, fifteen years of age. Five feet and a few inches tall. I weigh one hundred and nine pounds. My hair is light brown, my eyes are also brown. I have an extremely large nose. Even I myself get disgusted with it. In cold weather when it gets cold it takes so long to get it warm again. I write this to you to find out what will heat it quickest. This is my first letter to you. I am becoming interested in your funny letters. My mother is a subscriber of COMFORT. Please answer.

Your little niece, SARAH ODELL.

Sarah, touching that nose question I have a great deal of sympathy for you, as I have considerable of a smaller myself. When I am eating one of Maria's wind puddings, I can smell a steak cooking in Kansas City. Many people tell me to keep my nose out of their business, but when a nose is so big it extends all over town what are you going to do? I remember once when I was in Washington, it was a very hot day, and I was lying down out in the open air, flat on my back with my nose stretching heavenward. I hadn't been there ten minutes before a lot of tourists were trying to climb my nose from the outside. They had mistaken it for Washington's Monument. Once I was on a sailing ship crossing the Atlantic, and all the masts blew overboard during a storm. I laid on my back and tied a pocket handkerchief to the top



LAURA REDSTOCK (17),
Durbin, W. Va.

of my nose, and the ship went sailing into port at a twenty knot an hour clip. Big noses are not to be despised, better have a big nose than a small one. I have a friend whose nose is so small that it looks like a push button. Every time he goes into a hotel people go and put their thumb on his nose and say: "Two beers," "pitcher of ice water," then jab it three times for the chambermaid. People who think they are "awful" funny, walk round me, and then say: "Do you know why walking around you is like journeying round South America?" Then I say: "Why?" Then they say: "Because it is going round the Horn." Now Sarah don't worry about your nose, better have a nose than a push button. If your nose gets cold the easiest way to warm it is to sit on it, that's the way I do. I might also suggest that if your nose is as large as mine that you rent it out to an advertising agency. You might let one side for advertising somebody's pills, the other side for a cough syrup. That surely ought to keep it warm. If that is not satisfactory, you stand on the roof of your house and I'll stand on the roof of my chicken coop, and we'll rub noses.

PHILLIPS, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a member of your League a half year and will always keep the rules. I will first give you a description of myself. I have a fair complexion, brown eyes, brown hair, my height is five feet and four inches, my age is fourteen years. I am a country girl and enjoy country life so much and in summer I pick berries for mamma. I am taking guitar lessons now and as soon as I am through I will

take piano lessons. I love string music the best. I have two married sisters, one is a dressmaker, the other has a dry goods' store.
Do any of the cousins know the song, "Oh, break the new to mother." If Billy the Goat will only spare this letter, I will send him a large dish of rich ice cream. I will close hoping to receive postals from any of the cousins. Your loving niece,
EMMA HENRY. (No. 20,236.)

Am glad, Emma, that you enjoy country life in summer. We don't get a chance to enjoy country life in summer here. Our summer consists of three warm days and a thunder storm, and the warm days are so hot, that you have to sit over a log fire, dressed in furs, or get pneumonia. I am glad that you are fond of music, however I don't think much of "string" music, as it generally produces a discord, with the accent on the word. There are a good many people who try to string me. If you could hear the music that results when the operation is going on, you would lose your love of string music with a sudden swiftness. I was trying to string Billy the Goat for half a dollar yesterday, then there was more fine string music. Now regarding that song, "Oh break the new to mother." I never heard of a song with such a title, in fact the title seems absurd to me. Break the new what to mother? The new frying pan, new dishes, the new hired girl or what? Now if the song had been called, "Break the old to mother," there would be some sense in it. There are a good many old things that might be broken up anyhow; old politicians, old abuses, old cranks, old platters and things that don't count, but new articles should positively not be broken, either to mother or anyone else. I presume if you break the new to mother, you will break the old to father, for the old man generally gets it in the

LOST, STRAYED or STOLEN! Some of those envelope folder subscription blanks which we sent out wrapped in April COMFORT to those whose subscriptions were about to expire, have not come in. If you got one and have lost it, use coupon on page 6 to save you money.

neck anyhow. I have an idea that you mean "Break the news to mother." If that is the case, I shall break it in very small pieces, as mother's teeth and digestion don't improve with age. As regards that dish of "rich ice cream," I never saw a dish of ice cream yet that was worth more than forty cents, and I don't call that very rich. I think it is a shame that we should have rich and wealthy dishes of ice cream when so many people are penniless and starving for a crust. It is a queer world anyhow.

CONSTANTINE, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a lover of COMFORT and am particularly pleased with the cousins' page. Uncle Charlie, many hearts were touched by Mrs. Van Colahan's letter, and your answer to it. I am glad you are not in favor of foreign missions. I believe the heathen stands a better chance in the hereafter than the civilized people of today, for the heathen has an excuse for sinning and we have not.

If one half the efforts to convert the heathens were turned to exterminating the gambling dens and saloons from the large cities, the Lord would bless their efforts a good deal more than He does the efforts to convert the heathens. I believe that the reason the world is so full of infidels is, because the world is foul with the rotten hypocrisy of the modern church members. What we want of this age is Christianity of the strongest kind, and there are a whole lot of church members that are not Christians. Uncle, I am only seventeen years old, rather young to have this subject for a hobby, but the vicinity where I reside is so full of the modern hypocrisy, that I cannot help thinking of it. I will leave it to you and the cousins' judgment if what I say isn't true. I will close. Wishing the cousins happiness and prosperity, I remain your nephew,
CLINTON HOOVER.

Clinton, I am always glad to find young men taking a deep interest in serious subjects, but let me tell you frankly that you are away off your base on this church hypocrisy business. Suppose church goers are hypocrites what of it? You have no right to expect because people go to church that they are forever after to be models of human perfection. Personally I never look for perfection in any man or any woman, and when I butt into a band of holy, sanctified, saintly people, too pious to even smile, and whose angelic wings are more than half sprouted, I want to run. I never feel at home in a church company. I frankly admit that I am a sinner, and I don't care who knows it. You expect entirely too much of the average church going Christian, but don't stay away from church because there are hypocrites there. When you, or any other man or woman go to church, it is not your business what the other worshippers are. We go to church, or should go to church to worship the loving Father and Creator of all good. If, instead of doing that, we spend our time rubbering at Mrs. Jones's new bonnet, or sizing up Bill Jones's red necktie, wondering why he doesn't pay his board bill, and generally criticizing the members of the congregation we are giving offence to the Almighty, and profaning His sanctuary. Don't stay away from church because church members are not perfect, and don't criticize hypocrites for going to church, or sinners either. Remember that while a man is going to church, and hearing God's word, there is always hope for improvement in the man. While a man is in the water there is always a chance for him to learn to swim, but he will never learn to swim on dry land, and as long as a man goes to church every Sunday, he will be surrounded by good influences, and be compelled to listen to Gospel truths that sooner or later will or should influence him for good. It is the man who never goes to church, and who is never brought under Christian influences that you should worry about, not the people who try to be Christians, but are so full of human frailties and weakness that they fall short of the mark, and cannot become the perfect Christ-like souls you would have them be. Now, Clinton, instead of criticizing and fault finding, you go to church, and by your good example show your frailer brothers how to live an ideal Christian life. Don't expect too much of other people. Probably while you are measuring other people in your bushel, other people are measuring you in theirs, and doubtless find you as full of short comings as you do them. The church is all right. It isn't doing all the work it should do, but it is doing the best it can, and it will do better later on, when people become helpful instead of critical. I do believe in foreign missions, but I don't believe in getting wildly enthusiastic over people thousands of miles away, and ignoring those at our very doors. I believe in attending to both. There are churches all around for our home people to go to, if they won't go to church that is their look out. If they ignore the Gospel that is their look out too. The Light has been shown to them, and if they ignore it that is their matter between them, and their Creator. But there are millions in heathen lands who have never had the Gospel preached to them. These poor souls are to be pitied for they have not had the advantages that

OH! THE FUN they had with that bride and bridegroom! COMFORT'S June Wedding story tells it all most fascinatingly. Profusely illustrated. If you are not a subscriber, send 20 cents for a full year's subscription NOW, in time to get June COMFORT and read it. Price goes up to 25 cents a year on May 30.

we have had. The gospel must be preached to them, until the whole world is illuminated by the Light Divine. Civilization is still in its infancy. We are all struggling onward and upward to a higher, nobler, grander plane of existence where men will all be brothers, and the Golden Rule will be the world's standard of human conduct. Let's help on the good work, instead of retarding it by useless criticism. Remember he who is without sin amongst you cast the first stone and don't forget that the best prayer that was ever uttered and the one most likely to reach Heaven is, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That is my prayer, make it yours.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as you receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

An editor cannot fail to be helped in shaping the policy of a magazine by the comments of its readers, whether the criticisms are complimentary or otherwise. Since the first of the year a number of interesting letters have come in, in response to my request for opinions, and this one aptly expresses a Westerner's view:

"This band of mutual helpers has had my silent admiration for a long time. I have been entertained, and helped, but now I am getting a little frightened at the way our editor talks. I fear the letters are going to be curtailed too much. It seems like getting letters from old friends, when I read the sisters' page from the forests, the plains, the country and the city, from the sorrowful and happy, offering cheer and giving sympathy, telling of their trials and joys, the best way of doing things, each and every letter brings its own message.

Many a heart has lighter grown From the cheering words of some unknown, Who looked for God to help and bless And comfort them in their distress. Though only a seed in good soil sown, We look with surprise, how it has grown. If we scatter the seed, some will fall In a goodly spot, and soon grow tall. So let us hope in future days, Many more letters will cross our way, From sisters of this helpful band, Scattered all over this fertile land.

"Mrs. M. G. CALDWELL, Orlando, Okla."

While it is true that we do want the letters, and there are many which would make very interesting reading it is not fair to devote the amount of space one would occupy to extracts from three or four?

It is, of course, almost impossible in running a department of this sort to please everyone; features which some like others do not. For example: many who have little use for them, object to filling the columns with various home remedies. For some time I have been thinking of this and that perhaps it would be better to put them all together, and beginning next month I will do so. Hereafter, please write these on a separate piece of paper instead of including them in the letters.

As I have said many, many times before in writing, please touch on some subject of special interest, expressing your ideas. Don't make your letters simply a recital of your own woes and a request for letters.

Hundreds do this, and while I sympathize with the writers, as you know, it is impossible for all letters to appear and in making a choice, naturally the best are selected. When requests for letters do appear, more respond than can be answered, so instead of this if you really wish correspondents why not write to a few of those whose names appear here each month. Would it not be better to receive a few letters regularly than to have a feast and then a famine?

Now that the bright spring days are here, and summer will quickly follow, do not forget to send in all your best pickling and preserving recipes, as requests are already coming in for them.—EDITOR.

That YELLOW ENVELOPE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK! Did you find it wrapped in your April COMFORT? You know what it means. Did you use it? If not, do it NOW. This is positively your last chance to renew your subscription 2 full years for 25 cents.

Mrs. H. W. Galvin, 530 Sullivan Ave., Columbus, Ohio, wishes to know how to make Elderberry wine. Send direct to her.

Mrs. David C. Cook. In response to your query, I hardly think your proposition would be a profitable investment.

The suggestion in the following letter strikes a popular note. Why not adopt this plan:

DEAR SISTERS:

When writing for this corner don't you think it would be a good idea to sign our maiden name as well as present one? Many times we might pass letters from dear friends of long ago; our paper reaches farther then we have any idea. I found that out from the many postals I have received from our readers and will state here I shall return all favors as fast as possible.

Your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. CORA STEVENSON (nee) STURDEVANT,
2825 E. 22nd St., Minneapolis, Minn.

This request comes from M. Shoemaker, 307 No. 8th St., Delavan, Wis.: Can anyone give information how shells can be thoroughly cleaned and polished?

Mrs. Gus Johnson, 1100 W. 20th St., Cheyenne, Wyo., would like to hear from anyone who has had catarrh deafness cured.

Mrs. Austin, 1913 3rd Ave., Columbus, Ga., would like the sister who wrote of mullein and whiskey catarrh cure to write her.

Mrs. Wm. Heason. The sea foam candy should be cooked till it threads, then be sure the eggs are beaten until they are stiff and the candy will harden if other directions are carried out correctly.

Can anyone send me, or tell me where I can get a recipe for making the German Liquid potato yeast. It makes the finest bread imaginable?

Mrs. J. W. WILLIAMSON, 2214 Grand Ave., Parsons, Kans.

A sister requests a harmless remedy for worms, her pet cats being troubled in this way. [If she will read the Veterinary Department she will find the information in some back number.—EDITOR.] She would also like a tested recipe for Barberry and Elderberry jelly. Address: HENRIETTA SCHAEFER, 72 Smith St., Newburgh, N. Y.

To N. L. S. Box 307, San Rafael, Cal. Tell your friend to try this for heart burn. One half teaspoonful or more of pulverized charcoal in little sweet milk, once a day. This is also good for a bad stomach and breath.

D. L. UTTERBACK, Hanford, Cal.
Mrs. W. L. Chase, Cobden, R. D. 3, Ill., who has recently moved to the country and is very lonesome, would like letters from COMFORT readers and especially those who have had experience in raising geese.

Mrs. Pattee S. Anderson, Lancaster, Ky., would like to hear from anyone having a tailless cat, as she is anxious to secure one.

Cure for Tonsillitis

Requested by several mothers:
One tablespoonful laudanum, two tablespoonfuls sweet oil, one tablespoonful camphor, one large spoonful turpentine.

Bathe throat thoroughly every half hour, rubbing it in with a flannel, but do not bind up. For a gargle use one teaspoonful baking soda to one pint hot water.

Mrs. A. STAFFORD, Kanorado, Kans.

Will readers please send recipes for home-made beer to Mrs. E. Kisek, 1522 Vliet St., Milwaukee, Wis.

S. A. E. Davis sends this sure cure for erysipelas: One pint of sweet milk and a handful of poke berries, steep and take frequently.

One who has read COMFORT for five years would like a cure for hoarseness, as her little daughters sometimes almost lose their voices. Continuing she adds: I can feel for all who have lost loved ones, since my mother passed away. Letters would be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. C. LATTON, 760 W. Chapel St., Columbus, Ohio.

A young mother sends a sincere appeal for helpful advice. I hope many of the readers will respond. She says:

I am so unhappy, due to dissatisfaction and bad luck. My disposition is poor and even though I try to overcome it and circumstances I fall dismally. How can I become more reconciled, contented and even tempered? Some COMFORT sister can surely advise and help one of only twenty who has two babies and a good husband to care for.

Virgie C. Moon. Please send me your address. Many thanks, Nellie Bufman for the package.

Mrs. JAMES HOYLE, Byar, Okla.

In response to request for removing paint will say that if it has not stood too long, it can be taken out by soaking in soap and water, then on the paint spot put baking soda, rub on the washboard and it will disappear. I would like eight-inch squares of bleached muslin with sender's name worked or written for COMFORT quilt.

I wonder if you all welcome the spring as I do. In the winter it is a lonely time indeed for me, for my husband is away most of the time and I am alone, as we have no children. Our only one a bright boy of three and a half being called back by God who gave him. So it goes, we all know something of sunshine and shadow.

Let me add before closing that gum camphor put in the drinking water is good for chickens troubled with limber neck.

Mrs. D. J. WRIGHT, Shiel, Mo.

An Arkansas girl agrees with Adele Denham's sentiments. She says:

I am exceedingly fond of my mother and have often longed for a father to love too, as mine died ten years ago when I was nearly seven. COMFORT is rightly named. I enjoy it all, the fancy work is fine but what I want has failed to appear so I wonder if anyone can send me a deer in cross-stitch. I will return the favor and appreciate it greatly.

NELLIE BALDWIN, McNab, Ark.

The following may prove of value to someone. The sender, Mrs. Elliott, Antroch, Cal., states that it was given her by one who claimed it was a sure cure:

Consumption Cure

One quart of milk and one tablespoonful of crushed hemp seed. To prepare, let one half pint of the milk come to a boil, remove from the stove and stir in the hemp seed, let the rest of the milk get hot and stir all together, season to taste, with either salt or sugar. This quantity is to be taken every day.

Mrs. K. M. Sawyer, 312 Highland Ave., Muncie, Ind., an invalid and an old COMFORT reader would like someone to write her direct, giving directions for crystallizing with alum and making salt ornaments.

Another writer says:

I am like Mrs. J. L. Rolen, I live in a mining country, but do not like it very well. It is a lonely life, as neighbors are few and far between I often go several months without seeing a woman. I have five dear children, three boys and two girls and a good husband. The editor's answer to Mrs. Rolen is a good description of woman's life in New Mexico. The most of the women in the country don't know what a sermon sounds like. We only know how to work. I live ten miles from the nearest town.

Mrs. ALLIE REASONER, Jicarella, New Mexico.

From the Big Horn River valley comes an interesting letter, a part of which follows:

We have taken up a homestead here in this lonesome country. Sometimes I do not see a woman for months, although there are two on the other side of the river.

We have been here a year and this summer expect to do more farming as they are making ditches to water the crops.

We have two children and have lost one, a boy, two years ago last June. I have been married eight years and during that time COMFORT has helped me greatly.

Can some mother send me child's night drawers pattern, a few silk pieces would also be acceptable; things are scarce here.

When the children get cut or bruised try white of an egg. No scar will be left. I enjoy the letters and am especially interested in those on the care and training of children.

Mrs. E. V. HART, Custer, Mont.

The next to join this circle, from Ill., asks how many know how to make molasses candy you can use flour instead of butter in pulling, turn out on bread board on a generous amount of flour and knead till cool enough to handle, let cool a little in plates first.

A tea made of the leaves and twigs of the Primrose will cure salivated sore mouth, drink on going to bed. Stocking legs make good underwear for little ones. Make flat seams. You will be surprised at the comfortable garments they make, use the ankle for the bottom of the leg, measure the right length, split from top down and set in a square to form the seat.

I could write more, for I do enjoy COMFORT. I wish it was a great big paper instead of a great little one. What can we do to induce Mr. Gannett to double its size?

Dear sisters won't you favor a poor lonesome with a mail shower, flower seeds also wanted.

M. A. ZIRKLE, Box 133, Tallula, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

I think there is no paper like COMFORT. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much. I would like to ask if some of the sisters will send in a border in cross-stitch suitable for the bottom of a skirt, also a design to match for the front of a shirt-waist, as I wish to make a dress using this for trimming. I will return the favor in any way possible.

MARY OLIVE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I enter your circle for a few minutes? I have had a great deal of experience in sickness and will gladly give information to young mothers in need of help. I also have a favor to ask, I am lonely and am found of reading. Anyone who can send magazines or good reading matter kindly do so.

MADAM ROTS, Okanogan, Wash.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been reading the many interesting and helpful letters in the Sisters' column for some time and would like to know if any sister knows of a remedy for a swelling in the neck, the doctor called it an enlargement of the glands or tumor growth and says it will have to be cut out.

Can anyone tell me of a remedy? I dread an operation.

Mrs. DENA M. VAN WELDEN, Manitou, Okla.

DON'T BE SELFISH, give your friend a chance to subscribe for COMFORT at the present low rates of 20 cents a year or 10 CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS NOW, before the price advances to 25 cents a year on May 30.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Some time ago I informed the sisters through this column of two new vegetable wonder plants, the one, an excellent table dessert, the other, a fine blood purifying herb for kidney trouble and extra good for rheumatism. So many applied for it that my seeds "ran" out and some were disappointed; still, I answered every letter. I have a large quantity of seed left over this time from last year, which any of the mothers may have willingly by sending me a self-addressed and stamped envelope for it. I would like to hear particularly from the sisters who wrote to me before as I have something interesting to tell them. I would like to correspond with any of the readers residing in Lawrence county, Tenn., in regard to soil and climate. Wishing dear old COMFORT great success,

A. T. CORDER, 3659 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a silent reader of COMFORT, one of the best papers on earth. I don't think I could do without it. I am deeply interested in the training of children, although I have never been blessed with any.

We should never correct a child when vexed, as the old adage, "think twice before speaking," should be applied to all rules, and I say think "three" before correcting a dear child. For we do not know how long we may have them with us.

I want to make a COMFORT spread and would love to receive velvet pieces six inches square from any of the sisters. I will return favor in any way I can, and will acknowledge each with a post card. Am crocheting a counterpane and will gladly send directions to anyone desiring them.

Mrs. J. W. CHAMPTON, Bluff City, Va.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

The letters are so cheery and helpful, I feel it my duty to try to do something in return for what I have learned.

I am fortunate in possessing a great deal of reading matter, particularly recipes, remedies, formulas, and useful information on almost any subject. I am glad of the opportunity of passing on any information which I may have, so if the sisters will write to me, stating exactly what is desired, I will answer all who inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters, especially those of my own age, twenty-seven, and any having the name of Nichols—my maiden name. I get very lonely at times, being a partial shut-in, so letters of cheer would be very welcome.

Mrs. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Painesville, R. D. 4, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Have you room for a new sister? I have been taking COMFORT for some time, but have missed lots of the numbers during the time for we have moved from New York state to Washington and we have had so much sickness I have neglected my correspondence. I am so very lonely at times I would be glad if some of the sisters will write me and I will always answer. I have been married three years and left all my loved ones in Scotland to come to one of the best of husbands. But I miss my dear old home and the dear familiar faces and often the words of the old poem, beginning thus, come to me:

"It's not myself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining,
He's a good man is Michael, and I've never felt his frown,
But there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining,
For the little wrinkled face, her I left in Kerrydown."

Mrs. JULIE WILSON, 932 11th Av., Seattle, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am another farmer's wife, am five feet, three inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have brown eyes, some say, while others call them gray and brown hair and am thirty-one years of age. Have been married sixteen years last Dec., and have one little boy eight years old. We live on a sand farm five miles from Owensville which is a thriving little town. Here in the sand the main crops are cantaloupes and watermelons and quite a good many sweet-potatoes are grown here also. It is a beautiful country and thickly inhabited. There is a nice country store about a mile from us, a union church a mile and a half distant and a good school near by. We hope, within a year to have a railroad running through the sand, which will be very convenient for melon shipping. Sisters were very con-

all surprised to learn that Uncle Charlie is a cripple? It scarcely seems possible that one so cheerful and jolly could be a shut-in. How brave and noble he is. I was and am so glad Mr. Gannett told us about him; the knowledge will cause us to appreciate him more and I'm sure our sympathy will not hurt even though it cannot cure him. If sympathy could cure, there would be very few shut-ins. I can fully sympathize with them all, for though I am not a shut-in now, I was one for several months and am slightly lame yet, painfully so at times, but doing sometimes.

Sisters, I would like very much to have a letter party; my birthday is July 15. I am very fond of reading and writing letters, so hope to receive quite a number.

Mrs. ALMA POTTER, Owensville, R. D. 17, Indiana.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Some of you may be thinking hard thoughts of me because I haven't answered your "ghost letters" as I call them. Soon after writing that letter to COMFORT I became very sick with my nerves and heart. I will not try to tell you what I have suffered because I couldn't. I told you about our homestead in the foothills. It was so hot and the elevation so high my husband brought me nearly two hundred miles on a bed in a wagon over here, about thirty-five miles from Tucson, about twenty miles below San Jose. I have been getting better slowly, but I can't do much now. Only read a little coarse print at a time and sew only a few minutes so you see it was impossible to answer all those dear letters.

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Mrs. ALMA POTTER, Owensville, R. D. 17, Indiana.

A friend of mine took part of them to answer, so I suppose some of you have heard from him. To those who have received no answer I will say that the Bible plainly shows that the dead do not return to this earth. Eccl. 9: 6, says: "Neither have they any more a portion forever in any thing that is done under the sun." Job 14 says: "His sons come to honor and he knoweth it not and they are brought low but he perceiveth it not of them." Read also Ps. 146: 4, 1 Cor. 10: 20, Rev. 16: 14, Deut. 18: 10-12, Isa. 8: 19, 1 Pet. 5: 8, Rev. 12: 9, 146: 3, 4. You know Satan was cast out of Heaven and with him one third of the Heavenly angels and it is their occupation to deceive man in every possible way. Now dear sisters I hope I have answered your question and I thank you for the letters and cards, for I did receive some lovely ones, and would like to write to all. My two little girls have taken care of me and done the work all this time, as my husband isn't well and we were not able to hire a nurse. Of course it was much harder for me. My stepson in N. Dak. has been sick for some time and we have not been able to help him much. His grandfather reared him, he died not long ago. He is a nice boy of nineteen. Well, I guess I have told enough of my troubles. They might be worse yet I have hopes of getting better. Don't work and worry too much. God bless and keep you all.

Your loving sister,
Mrs. LOTTIE BRIGGS, Morgan Hill, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a new reader and hasten to claim relationship with this helpful band of workers. I hope I will be welcomed, for sisters, mine is a lonely life. My husband is a railroad man, and his work takes us into some of the finest places, and also some very lonely ones. We are now only a few miles from the Rio Grande river, which you all know is the boundary between Old Mexico and the U. S., we are one hundred and forty miles east of El Paso, Texas, and in the mountains where wild animals are plentiful. I can hear wolves and coyotes howling most all the time and you may be sure this is not very agreeable to a "city bred" girl, but nevertheless, this is a very healthy place. I have improved wonderfully during my eight months' stay. We have just settled from a year's traveling. We went through Mexico to the Gulf Coast and had a very delightful time. I will some time write you of the many interesting places we visited, also of the manners and customs of the Mexican people.

I am twenty-four years old and just a common brunette, five feet four inches in height, weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds. I have been married over six years and have two boys, aged five and two and one half years; they are lots of comfort and pleasure to me. I know many will see this who used to know me when I was a child, especially Mrs. Otha Howard. Have you forgotten me? I wish to make a COMFORT pillow cover. I will take a long piece of dark blue satin ribbon on which I shall work "COMFORT" with red silk, this will be the center. I wish the sisters to send a piece of any color just long enough for your name, either work it with thread or write it and I will be glad to work it in order to get it. I think this will be lovely. I will do anything requested (in my power) to repay them.

Mrs. ALMA LEE (nee) WRIGHT, Lobo, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

I must speak a few words to the mothers and fathers of boys and girls.

We should realize we are bringing up the coming generation and what vast good we can do by beginning right now and teaching our boys to be pure as our girls. Do we not all believe there should only be one moral standard, what is condemned in one, should be in the other, and when it is we will have a better world to live in. Much suffering will be averted. Let us each do our part faithfully. I am the mother of four children. Lillian nine, Herf seven, Coopwood four and Byron twelve, who was a lively talkative little fellow until he was three years old, when he was kicked down by a mule and a little later had a bad case of measles and one of the two things caused him to be taken with epilepsy, and now he is a wreck, cannot dress nor feed himself, so you see I have my hands full caring for him and doing all my work for a family of six.

A tried and true remedy for old sores is soot and lard mixed together as thick as salve, spread on a soft white cloth and bind on the sore. Renew the application as soon as the first dries out; keep it up and it will finally cure.

Mrs. ANDREW CHAPMAN, Lockhart, R. D. 5, Texas.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

Since my letter was printed in the Dec. issue of COMFORT, I have been showered with papers, postals and letters for which I wish to thank each one. I received letters the same day I got my paper and before I had read the paper I knew my letter had been published, and being a shut-in for the time, I was very pleasantly entertained. Thank you one and all.

New Jersey friend. Thanks for the pretty Christmas card. Why did you withhold your name? I believe I have answered all I received so far.

Miss F. M. S.—Thanks very much for the pretty souvenir of Syracuse.

Will now give a description of Colorado as promised: Colorado, the centennial state, is noted for its grandeur in mountain scenery, and its health-giving climate, being beneficial for various diseases, and lung trouble, and the resorts and mineral springs of various sorts located in many parts of the state are being advertised over the world. The many mountains abound in wealth of gold, silver, coal, lead and other minerals, as well as furnishing pleasure for the huntsman and angler. The numerous beautiful pure water lakes and small streams abound in trout and other small fish. The mountain sides are the homes of bear, deer, lion, elk and many other game.

The country in general is covered with sage brush and cedar on the foothills and pine, spruce and fir on mountain where there is shelter for the stock and pasturage of fine grass. In most parts, one finds the rich wild fruits. The rivers furnish plenty of pure water for various purposes. In the counties of Laplatte and Archuleta include the Southern Ute reservation and allotted land of the Ute Indian. At Ignacio is situated one of the trading posts, agency and school, erected by the Government and furnished with all necessities for conducting school and teaching of farming, and engineering and educational lines for both boys and girls. The older generation and all children born before the opening of the reservation in 1899 for home-steading and desert entry, are provided with provisions and meat each month. There are about six hundred Utes on this reservation, each one being allotted one hundred and sixty acres apiece. The land is the best in the county, the soil is adapted for raising alfalfa, clover and timothy hay, oats, wheat, rye, barley, peas and beans, and the harder class of vegetables and fruits.

The agency is situated one and one half miles from the railroad. At the agency and around, is the government buildings and homes of the employers, the post trader's home and the public school along the county road between the agency and depot. At the depot, called Ignacio station,

THAT CHARMING JUNE WEDDING SHORT STORY which will appear with title-page illustration in June COMFORT tells the wedding-day joys and tribulations of a bride. If you want to read it, look to your subscription and make sure that it is renewed two years for 25 cents now, before the rate advances to 25 cents a year on May 30.

is a hotel, a small store, the section house, and one or two dwelling houses (one of which is my home).

The Ute Indians are a heavy, coarse-featured people, as a rule kind hearted and generous among other friendly tribes, they visit back and forth with the White River Utes in Utah, the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Lady Isabel's Daughter or For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne" By Mrs. Henry Wood

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"SHE REIGNS THE HECATE OF DOMESTIC HELLS."

"D" EVILS! this is your work!" hoarsely reiterated Archibald Carlyle, dragging Lady Rosamond and her mother across the threshold of the library and confronting them with that terrible picture—the fair old countess, whose stark, dead figure lay stretched on the velvet sofa, my lord prone and senseless on the oaken floor, and LaSylphine, a shuddering, frightened, white-faced heap, huddled up in the deep chair and sobbed by the dreadful shock.

Emma Mount Severn shrank away, pale and trembling. Not so my lady. She, at least was game to the last. Her glittering blue eyes swept the room, fell on those two still figures—the dead mother and senseless son—turned to LaSylphine's frightened face, shot a blue spark of fury, and then calm, and cool, and insolent, lifted her eyes to those of the solicitor.

"So the story is told, eh?" she said with a shrug of her dainty shoulders and a half-smile curving her pretty rose-lips. "The game is over—the play played out, and the curtain about to fall, is it not, mon garden? Such a pretty plot, was it not, cher ami? And it was a pretty plot, was it not, cher ami? And it would have succeeded, too, but for"—swinging round abruptly and treating the cowering LaSylphine to a look of devilish malignity—"that painted Jezebel! So this was your scheme was it, Afy Hallijohn? All the while you have been taking my money and swearing eternal fidelity to me, you have been laying your plan to sell me to these people, eh? And you have sold me—no need to proclaim it—your presence here is sufficient. So your banquet and your feigned drunkenness were only part of a well-laid scheme—a scheme to get Pierre away, and then come here and sell me to my foes? You traitress! Are you not afraid?"

White and speechless, LaSylphine cowered away, and quivering with wrath, my lady made a swift step toward her, her blue eyes glittering, her evil face convulsed, and her soft jeweled hands opening and shutting in a paroxysm of terrible fury.

"Are you not afraid, traitress, knowing me as you do?" she hissed, bending down and glaring unspeakable hatred into the dancer's rouged and powdered face. "You sold me, Afy Hallijohn, but beware! I shall never forget that I owe you an everlasting debt. Night and day I shall plan a terrible vengeance, and I swear to you, by that heaven which bends above us both tonight, I will know no rest until I have paid you back a hundred-fold for every hope you have blasted. Coward, traitress, liar! I could murder you in cold blood for this, and I will, too, if I get the chance! Do you hear me, Afy Hallijohn? I'll murder you! Nothing but your miserable life can repay me for the hope you have blasted, or—"

"Hold!" It was Archibald Carlyle's voice, and as he thundered out that one word, he came between my lady and the cowering danseuse. "Hold, wretched woman, is there not crime enough on your guilty soul? Impious demon! In the presence of the woman your infamy has slain do you dare to utter such words? You talk of remorse, are you not afraid lest Heaven should smite you where you stand and rid the earth of a loathsome viper—purge the universe of the blackest pest it has ever known?"

My lady lifted her smiling, insolent face and ripped off a short derisive laugh.

"How melodramatic we grow, cher garden," she answered mockingly. "Pray, what sentimental German trash have you been reading of late, that you talk of thunderbolts descending in this prosaic nineteenth century? Afraid? Of what? That miserable old fool who has faded over there? This besotted idiot whose faded wife I have driven everlastingly from his arms; or of your miserable, helpless self, my estimable friend? Afraid? Rosamond Mount Severn of anything where hatred lurks and vengeance is the mainspring? Bah, you fool! If it suited me, I would lay hands on this traitress's powdered throat and strangle her across a church altar, and snap my fingers at all the rubbish and superstitions you or all the world could invent. I am not a child, my precious old fool, to be frightened by spooks and hobgoblins. This woman has betrayed me. I tell you, I will have vengeance for it, at any cost. Watch the future and mark how well I keep my word."

He drew back from this human fiend who feared neither God nor man, and a look of disgust, of horror, of awful fear, crossed his white face.

"My God! and you are born of woman?" he cried out, hollowly. "Devil! beware a blasphemer's fate! The vengeance of Almighty God will overtake you yet! Beware, Rosamond Mount Severn, lest it fall tonight. Merciful heaven! and you think I will allow you to be free to work out your devilish ends? You fancy, for a moment, that I will let you go forth upon the world to plot fresh infamies and carry on your life of sin? Never—do you hear me, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn?—never!—never!"

My lady lifted that beautiful insolent face, its blonde brows arched, its blue eyes glimmering and its lips curled in a smile of ineffable scorn.

"You let, my friend?" she purred, derisively. "Bah, you are as powerless over my future as that dead old woman. What can you do to balk me?"

He took a step forward and faced her, resolutely.

"I can give you into the charge of the police, my lady," he said, sternly. "I can give you ten good years in Portland prison for this, and as surely as I stand here at this moment, that I swear to do."

A sleepy cat-like leer crept over that treacherous, marble mask, the lurid eyes looked at him, the blonde head turned aside archly, and then a laugh—silvery, derisive, triumphant—floated about his ears.

"Cher garden, I defy you," she answered tauntingly. "You cannot—you dare not do it."

"Cannot?—dare not? What do you mean?"

"What I have said, my estimable friend," responded my lady, coolly. "Give me over to the officers, will you? Lock me up in Portland prison, eh? Well, try it, my friend—try it at your peril."

"You lift one finger to stay me, Archibald Carlyle, and publish the truth of this, from one end of England to the other. Oh, spare yourself the trouble of laughing at me—they laugh best, who laugh last, my friend. I say I will publish the truth—not the miserable rubbish that painted Jezebel has told you, for she is as much a dupe as your precious self. You believe the pretty story she has told you, do you not, cher garden? You know well enough that she is no more the Lady Isabel Carlyle, than I am, but what do you know of the man in the case, my friend? Pierre Bloushar, the ex-valet to my lord the earl, engaged at a stated sum to personate the son of the Lady Isabel Carlyle and

Sir Francis Levison. This was the tale she told you, was it not? She knew no better—I was scarcely fool enough to tell her—but the plot was not all a sham, my friend. In this at least there was truth."

"Just heaven! you mean—"

"I mean that the man called Pierre Bloushar is the real and not the feigned half-brother of Lord Lionel Beresford's outcast wife," answered my lady, with a brutal leer. "If you doubt here are the papers testifying to how he was found in the wreck of the train at Cammerville, France, and adopted by one Dr. Bloushar, principal surgeon of the Coeur Sacre. You will read there a description of the nurse in whose arms he was found, a description of the woman known, when it was too late, to be his mother, and also the fact that her baggage was marked 'I. V. C.' and was forwarded from Grenoble on the very train Lady Isabel was known to have taken in company with her nurse and child. I have known it from the first. Pierre Bloushar is Lady Isabel Beresford's half-brother. And I laid my plans hoping that he might yet be stained with his own sister's blood, and so carry the curse of my hatred down to all who sprang from the Lady Isabel Carlyle, your dishonored wife. There are the papers, mon garden. Read them. You cannot fail to be convinced, as I

was, that this low, murderous brute, is the half-brother of your cherished child."

There it ended, that awful revelation, and had not my lady been too much engrossed in the misery of the man before her, she must have heard that bitter gasp rise up from the shadow of the roses on the terrace; must have seen the livid face—Pierre Bloushar's wild, white face—that rose for one instant above the ledge of the window, and then sank back into the darkness again and so disappeared.

"Are you satisfied with the proofs," she laughed mockingly, as he crushed the papers in his hand and reeled back with a bitter cry; "and do you think it will pay to prosecute Rosamond Mount Severn, now? It will get into the papers, this charming affair. Isabel—wherever she is—will be overjoyed to learn that the whole story was not a sham. Will you like to have her read—to have all the world read—that this murderous wretch really is her brother. It will be a bitter pill for Lord Lionel Beresford after he has been led to believe the man an impostor. Don't stand there like a statue, mon ami. Answer, is it to be peace or war between us?"

For a moment he stood looking straight before him, white and stark and still as a resurrected corpse.

"Promise me that Lord Beresford shall never be undeceived—swear to me that Isabel shall never have the truth proved to her, and it shall be peace," he answered, hoarsely.

"Very well, then, I promise."

"And you, Afy Hallijohn—you too, if you would escape justice."

"Oh, I swear I won't tell—never so help me," gasped LaSylphine.

Archibald Carlyle turned away with a smothered groan.

"Heaven deal with you as you keep that vow," he said, chokingly. "Go, Emma Mount Severn—go, Lady Rosamond. Leave Ravenswood court before the sun rises, and you are free from me."

The only answer was a low triumphant laugh. My lady made a mocking bow, cast a look of implacable hatred on LaSylphine's face, drew her mother's trembling hand through her arm and so passed out of the library.

Thirty Wheel Chairs Given by COMFORT in Eleven Months THREE IN APRIL

DEAR FRIENDS:

Again I have to express my disappointment and regret that the subscriptions in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club for the past month fell short of our splendid record for January and February. In January and February COMFORT put out four wheel chairs each month, but in March the club subscriptions dropped down to barely enough to earn three, and now they fall more than a hundred short of earning three for April, but I am sending out three wheel chairs in April, on my faith that the spirit of Christian charity will move you to do better next month. The April chairs were sent to Mrs. Farr, Potts Camp, Miss., Martha Carter, Clinchport, Va., and James Gilliam, Klondike, Tenn.

In April Easter COMFORT I called attention to the situation and made a special appeal to our wheel-chair workers to put their shoulders to the wheel and give this most worthy charity a good big boost, and I hoped you might bring the number up to four for April.

As the May COMFORT has to go to press about the middle of April I am only just beginning to hear from you in response to my April call, and so I hope that the last half of this month (April) and the whole of May will give much better results for the poor shut-ins.

I renew my Easter appeal to you in behalf of destitute crippled humanity, and I beg you not to forget the sufferings of the shut-ins as you able-bodied ones wander forth into the life-sustaining sunshine and fresh air laden with the perfume of spring flowers and musical with the songs of the birds.

It certainly will add in a large measure to your enjoyment of these inestimable blessings which God has bestowed so freely, if you have the conscious satisfaction of having done what you could, be it ever so little, to bring a little sunshine, a little happiness into the lives of those destitute invalids whose lot at best must be miserably sad. Don't let them be unnecessarily sad for want of a wheel chair.

Now please make a big effort to get subscriptions for the WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB this month so as to get the chairs out early and give the recipients a good, long summer out of doors.

I have previously announced that COMFORT's subscription rate goes to 25 cents a year this May, and so it will; but in deference to numerous requests I have postponed the date to May 30. So any subscriptions mailed before May 30 will be accepted at the old rate of 20 cents a year, 10 cents for 6 months, or 25 cents for a two-years' renewal or extension. This postponement of the new rate will naturally assist you in obtaining subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club.

The good letters and kind words of encouragement which often accompany your subscriptions are highly prized by me; so please don't give up writing just because I have not time to answer nor space to print many of your welcome letters.

I thank you most heartily for the noble work you have done, and I thank you in advance for what I have faith to believe you will do in aid of COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club.

Don't fail me, don't go back on COMFORT in its great charity work; don't desert the cause of the poor shut-ins now when they most need your help.

Show your gratitude for health and strength with which kind Providence has blessed you by devoting a little of your spare time in aid of the unfortunate.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT's WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID'S WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy destitute crippled Shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

The following letters from a few of COMFORT's beneficiaries show how much good we are doing and how grateful the shut-ins are. I am sure they will touch your kind and generous hearts and arouse you to renewed efforts in this great work.

The Happiest Day of Her Shut-in Life Was When COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Arrived.

AVENA, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I wish to thank all of you so very much for my beautiful wheel chair. The day it came was the happiest day of my shut-in life. To everyone of you who let your subscriptions go on the wheel chair, I thank you from the depths of my heart, for it was your kindness and self sacrifice that made this gift possible. May God bless all of you, and COMFORT'S Publisher too.

Your grateful and loving cousin,

MOLLIE BOWMAN.

Had to Crawl on Her Hands and Knees and Could Not Go Out of Doors Until COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Came as a Godsend.

ATHENS, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I have received my beautiful wheel chair, and I can't tell you how proud I was when it came. Hitherto I have had to crawl on my hands and knees anywhere I have wanted to go, and I had to stay in the house as I could not crawl on the damp ground outside. My hands are all covered with corns from crawling on the floor. Now I can get out in the fresh air and sunshine. I never will get through thanking you for my chair. I wish every poor cripple in the world could have as nice a one as mine. They are a God-send to us poor afflicted ones.

Your grateful cousin,

LILY MAY HUNTER.

Wants the World to Know What COMFORT Is Doing for the Shut-ins. Twenty-two Years a Shut-in, At Last Gets Out by Means of a COMFORT Wheel Chair.

ADAM, WASHINGTON CO., MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I want to thank you for your kindness in sending me such a nice wheel chair. I am so proud of it. It is such a great help to me. I am a poor shut-in and haven't walked for twenty-two years. Fortunately I am strong in my arms, and can run my chair so easy, so when I get tired staying in the house I can get in my chair and go all over the yard. Lots of friends have been to see my chair and are delighted with it. I hope you will publish this so that the world may know what COMFORT is doing for us poor shut-ins. God bless you all for your good work.

Yours with love,

LOU TURNER.

Thanks from a Shut-in and Her Husband. Says COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Was Much Better Than They Expected.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

MR. W. H. GANNETT: DEAR SIR.—I write this morning to thank you for the lovely wheel chair we received the first day of this month, March, and would have written sooner but had the promise of some subscribers and have waited. I won't wait longer, will send subs when I get them, and we, both my husband and myself, thank you over and over for that nice chair. It is much better than we ever anticipated it was. We thank you many more times and hope you may have a long and happy life.

Your friend as ever,

MRS. J. C. BEDFORD.

Too Feeble to Write, This Dear Old Lady Gets Her Neighbor to Convey Her Thanks and Her Blessing.

BERLIN, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Mrs. Satterlie is very thankful for her wheel chair and hopes you and Mr. Gannett will be blessed in your good work.

MRS. REUBEN MOON.

No Longer a Shut-in, Because COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Enables Her to Get Out and Call on Her Neighbors.

VERNON, LA.

MR. W. H. GANNETT, AUGUSTA, MAINE: KIND FRIEND.—I have received my wheel chair. Got it the 11th day of March. I cannot express how thankful I am to have a nice chair so that I can go out and enjoy myself. I have been crippled five long years and have not walked any since I have been crippled, but now I can roll about to see my neighbors. I enjoy myself so much since I received my precious chair. No one knows how much pleasure it has brought to me. I came here from Harris County, Georgia, twenty-eight miles north of Columbus four years ago. I would be glad to see all my friends and relatives out in Georgia. I received eleven post cards from the cousins of COMFORT. I enjoyed reading them so much, and also received a letter from COMFORT. I enjoy reading the precious letter and post cards. Am glad to know that I have lots of friends. I live three miles from Vernon. We have a rural carrier passes twice a day. He is lots of company to me. Well, after thanking Uncle Charlie and all of the cousins hoping they will come again, I would be glad to have their pictures. I will close sending my many best regards and asking God to help COMFORT.

PEARL KING.

A Very Pitiful Case. One of COMFORT'S Wheel Chairs Used by Mother and Son, Two Shut-ins in One Family.

FAIRBAULT, MINN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the handsome wheel chair which COMFORT so kindly forwarded to me. I am very pleased with it, and thank you all so much. I will greatly enjoy it as will also my mother, who is also a shut-in.

Gratefully yours,

WILLARD R. SANDERSON.

Sends Five Subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club and Says She Cannot Do Without COMFORT.

MENOMONIE, OKLA.

MR. GANNETT, Augusta, Maine, Publisher of COMFORT: KIND SIR.—I will send you five new subscribers to be given to the Wheel-Chair Club. Oh, how I wish I could send two hundred and fifty. I have been taking COMFORT several years and cannot do without it. We are thinking of going to Missouri. As soon as we are settled I will try to send more names. May God ever bless you for doing so much for the dear shut-ins.

Your friend,

MRS. J. S. HUFFMAN.

Ten minutes later the violent pulling of the bell-rope summoned the servants to the scene of the tragedy. My lord had revived from that awful swoon—revived, not recovered.

He lay on the floor beating his bosom, and muttering incoherent words—raving like a maniac, as he was fated to rave for many a week to come in the wild delirium of brain fever—and tender hands, lifting him up, bore him out of the dead presence of the mother whose pride had killed her, and into a darkened room away from the noise and bustle and confusion, where he fought the battle of life and death and knew nothing of the new tragedy which made Ravenswood Court a scene of universal horror.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE DAY BROKE.

In the dim hallway Emma Mount Severn reeled and clutched my lady's arm.

"Lost at last," she cried out in a dull suffocating voice. "Oh, Heaven! I knew it. I felt it. Rosamond. The vengeance of a lifetime is balked at last. We have lost the game, and all through her—all through Afy Hallijohn."

My lady shut her teeth with a clicking sound and a dull, drab shadow flickered over her beautiful face.

"Hush, mother—don't madden me," she said in an intense voice. "Don't drive my thoughts to her until the hour when I can repay her measure for measure—blow for blow. Oh, the fool I was to trust her, the idiot I was to hope for deep waters in a shallow pool. And she betrayed us—always let me remember that—she betrayed us mother, when the scheme was working so well."

Emma Mount Severn shuddered and looked away.

"I told you I feared it," she said, hollowly. "My intuitions always come to pass."

"Even the vision in the Laurel Hedge," sneered my lady. "So the corpse you saw entwined in lilies must have been Lady Vivienne Beresford's, and the dark cell, the one Archibald Carlyle threatened me with, and would have thrust me into, you may be sure, if I hadn't balked the interesting intention."

Emma Mount Severn uttered a little gasp.

"I wish we could have avoided that revelation," she said, in a faint, shuddering whisper. "We never allowed Pierre to suspect the truth, and I would to Heaven we could have kept it from Archibald Carlyle. Merciful powers! Rosamond, if those two men should meet by chance—if Archibald Carlyle should ever reveal to Pierre Bloushar the story you told him tonight—ugh! it makes my blood run cold. That wild, dark Frenchman would stop at nothing. If a world stood between you, he would tear it down until he reached your side, and then—"

"Hush, hush, for God's sake. Do you want to madden me, mother," broke out my lady, in an awful voice. "I have been thinking of that ever since I was forced to make the revelation—don't torture me by driving the nail deeper. I know. I realize well enough what would happen. He would murder me in his wrath, this French fiend. I should be found dead in my bed some morning, and Pierre Bloushar would be over the border and safe from justice. I wouldn't have told Archibald Carlyle could I have evaded it, but I had to speak. I had to tell the truth, or we should have to spend the next ten years in Portland prison. It was a bad job, but it is done, and the only thing is to prevent the truth from reaching Pierre Bloushar's ears. Hark! what's that striking. The half hour after four. Ma foi! it will be broad daylight presently. Quick! give me my wrap and let us be off."

"Oh!" repeated her mother, in a half-suppressed tremor. "Off where, Rosamond?"

My lady snatched up the dark cloak which had fallen from her shoulders when Archibald Carlyle seized her, and winding it about her, glided toward the outer door.

"Off where? Why off to the mere—to the foot of the Oak Walk," she whispered swiftly. "Pierre is to be there at five to report to me about Afy Hallijohn—don't you remember?"

"Yes, but—"

"But nothing. We must stem the rising tide," responded my lady, nervously. "If fate sees fit to lead Pierre into Archibald Carlyle's path, I shall be a corpse in a week. When he comes to meet me I must tell him the scheme is upset—Afy Hallijohn has betrayed us, and Lord Beresford has offered five hundred pounds for his arrest. That will terrify him. I shall give him money to leave England at once, and we have nothing more to fear."

She had reached the great doors by this time, and swinging them noiselessly back, glided like a shadow down the broad, stone steps and out into the cool, dark garden.

Moon and stars had passed away. It was the dark hour before dawn, and over there in the eastern sky the first ragged glimmer of day shone like a corpse-light through the spectral outlines of the motionless trees.

My lady groped her way across the lawn to the yawning gulf of darkness that marked the entrance to the great Oak Walk, and reaching it, wound the dark cloak yet more tightly about her ere she glided in.

A deadly stillness reigned over the solemn place; the dense trees, shut out even the fitful glimmer of the watery dawn—the nightingales are still, not an insect breaks the awful silence with so much as the flurry of a wing, and the swift pit-pat of my lady's hasty footsteps sounds awfully clear and solemn in the unbroken stillness as she hurries onward to her doom.

The very density of darkness can almost be felt, but she knows her path well, and she flits on in silence until the bend is turned.

It is lighter here—much lighter. The feeble dawn looks down on the still bosom of the mere, all matted with floating lilies, and the reflection fills the Oak Walk with a spectral bluish dusk.

My lady drops her mother's arm and quickens her pace. For a moment the awful silence seems to intensify itself—her footsteps cease to echo; she hurries on—down between the tall garbled oaks, past the blossoming vase, over the strip of grass to the bank of the mere, and then something springs up before her with a brute-like snarl, a pair of sinewy hands reach out and clutch her soft, white throat, a pair of strong arms whirl her round, and so, in the gray light that struggles down from the glimmering east, she looks up into Pierre Bloushar's lurid eyeballs.

"Pierre!" She gasps that one word—no more—his tightening fingers clutch like iron and choke the sentence in her throat.

"You hell-hound, you insatiable fiend!" he cries out in an awful voice. "Down on your knees and pray—the hour of retribution has come. Wretch! I know all. I was beneath the window when you revealed it, and I have come for my revenge."

A woman's shriek rings out and drowns the last word. It is not my lady who utters it. All stark and still she kneels and looks with lurid eyes into the face above her, but she had heard that shriek and her last earthly hope has gone out with it. There is no one now to give an alarm and save her. Her mother lies on the sward beside her, white and still in a deep swoon, and looking up into the eyes of the man she has betrayed, my lady thinks of the words Archibald Carlyle spoke in the library, and knows that her sins have found her out—realizes that she is face to face with death, and all the powers that be cannot avert her coming doom.

"Mercy!" It breaks from her white lips in a faint, palpitating cry that is half a gasp and half a moan. "Mercy, Pierre! Would you murder a defenseless woman?"

He drags her to her feet and draws her so close that she can feel his hot breath, hear his heart beat.

"Mercy!" he answers, through his shut teeth. "Did you give it to her? Did you show a trace of it to your helpless victim? As you sow, so shall reap!" They are the words of that God whom you laughed to scorn tonight. Take them

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

RUTH GLENDENNING'S EASTER

Or, A Lesson in Faith

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By Ida M. Black

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Herbert Graham tells Ruth Glendenning she will regret she does not trust him. His lips must be sealed until he returns. Ruth turns disdainfully away. It is the first time Harold Graham refuses a request since she attended the inaugural ball at Washington to which she goes with her friend, Jean Tilden. Jean's brother Herbert and Harold Graham are associated in business and inseparable companions. Herbert raves over Jean's college chum and Harold's curiosity is aroused. It is a case of love at first sight. The acquaintance ripens into love and Harold requests permission to call on Ruth's parents and ask their consent to an early marriage. Ruth goes home. She is met by the old family coachman. Her mother is ill, unconscious. Her father sits by her mother's side, he fears he has killed her and with a cry for pity falls heavily. The doctor is summoned. Her father is beyond earthly help. He fears her mother's state is critical. Her father receives bad news and telling his wife, the shock causes paralysis. Can he save her? Can she do anything? Her life is in God's hands. The doctor's advice is to rub frequently. Ruth sits by her mother's side. "In God's hands." The words ring in her ears. She glances at her mother. There is no recognition. "Faith without works is dead." Ruth looks startled. Did someone speak? Has she faith enough to believe that her mother may regain life and power? Ruth works as she never worked before. Her mother's eyes change, a look of intelligence comes into them and the dear voice whispers. "Ruth." The doctor calls. Her mother may get well. Ruth writes Harold. He is to come to her on Easter Sunday and ask for the gift that makes him the happiest man in all the country. The mother knows it will help Ruth bear what she has not dared to break—her father's loss. The home is left, but it will take an income to keep it up. Easter Sunday dawns clear and bright. Ruth goes to the station. Harold tells her all his hopes are shattered, unless she has faith and love enough to trust him. Love, without perfect confidence, does not amount to much, if he does not confide in her. She has every reason to think there is another woman in the case. Ruth returns home. It is all over, she loves him and he loves her. She falls in a death-like swoon from which she awakens in a raging fever, while Harold steams away to Italian skies.

CHAPTER II.

THE THREADS UNRAVELED.

HAROLD GRAHAM was sitting in his office, apparently hard at work on the legal papers before his eyes, but in reality many miles distant, anticipating the joy of his expected meeting on the following day with the little girl who had stolen his heart away. "A lady to see you, Mr. Graham," announced the office boy. "Show her in, Robert," said the lawyer, with a weary sigh. It was hard to come back to business, when he was indulging in such dreams of bliss. A tall woman in black, heavily veiled, followed the boy noiselessly. Something about the silent figure seemed familiar to Harold Graham, and involuntarily he shuddered. "What can I do for you, madam? Pray be seated." "You can do a great deal for me, Harold Graham, if you will," came in tones of liquid music. Harold Graham started from his chair at the voice. "My God, Madeline, is it you? I thought you had gone to another world. Were not the proofs they sent me of your death authentic?" "Not quite as much so as the proof of our marriage that I still hold, and will take good care that no one shall deprive me of." "Our marriage! Woman, you are insane! Are you still possessed with that idea? When you came to me five years ago with this miserable story I tried to convince you that you were terribly mistaken, but the more I tried the more

convinced I became that you were hopelessly insane on the subject. Pitying your helpless condition, and friendless state, I sent you home to your own country, where I made arrangements for you to go into a sanitarium. Not many months after I received word that death had ended your hallucinations. What does it mean? Why are you here to torment me again?" "I am here to obtain justice, Harold Graham. It is true that I was reported dead, but it was a case of mistaken identity. Two of the inmates of the sanitarium escaped one night. One of them, attired in the other's clothes ended her misery in the lake, she was not discovered until so decomposed that she could only be identified by her clothing. As this was what I had worn when I had disappeared, naturally was supposed to have been the suicide. But after changing clothing with the poor unfortunate, I escaped and fell into the hands of those who are willing and anxious to fight for my just rights. Now Harold Graham, in the little church, where you so often went, during that summer spent in your sunny land, you can find the proof of what I claim, that you took me there and married me before witnesses five years ago this summer."

Harold gazed at the woman in speechless amazement. Her dark face was aglow with the burning fire of her coal black eyes, but the insane look that he had previously seen, had disappeared. She seemed rational, all but this one insane idea that possessed her. Well, he remembered the first time he had looked upon her dark beauty. It seemed as if it were but yesterday that he and Herbert Tilden were summering among the Italian lakes. Even still he could feel that fascination of the warm Southern air, the scent of the flowers, the intoxication of the music. He could see again the little Catholic church, could almost smell the incense, just as he did so often when he would enter to gaze upon the lovely flower girl who was so faithful in her devotions. Both he and Herbert were interested in the pretty Italian, although his interest was merely that of a lover of the beautiful, he never even spoke to the beautiful girl, for shortly after he took the Roman fever which confined him to the hospital for weeks. Herbert remained to be with him until he was on the road to recovery, then left to complete his studies in Paris.

Well, Harold remembered the next time he saw Madeline Morelli. It was the winter following his sojourn at the lakes. She had come to his home and claimed him as her lawful husband. It did not take him long to discover that she was suffering from insanity, and pitying her helpless condition, he had sent her home, and provided for her care in a sanitarium.

Five years had changed the lovely girl into a beautiful woman. No one could think for a moment that she was insane now. That she believed that she was his wife Harold felt convinced, but what could have caused such a delusion? He was morally sure that he had never spoken to the girl until her visit to his own home. Could it be a case of mistaken identity?

Turning to the woman, who was devouring him with her eager eyes, he said: "Now, Miss Morelli, be sensible, and tell me calmly just what are your proofs of this supposed marriage. You are mistaken, but perhaps I can unravel this mystery for you."

His kind, honest manner seemed to calm the excited woman. "The Signor is right, I was insane when last I called on him, but now my mind has been restored and I remember perfectly all that happened, that summer when he and his friend used to buy flowers from me outside of St. Cecilia's. I used to like well your compliments and admiring looks, and when at the bal masque, you told me that you loved me and asked me to go around to the little church and have the priest bless us, I believed you. I went very willingly, for the

signor was handsome and had much money." "The bal masque!" cried Harold. "I never went to one while I was in Italy."

"For shame, signor! How can you deny it? Don't you remember how you led me out into the garden and begged so passionately that I would give you my love, and when I said, only if the priest would sanctify it, you said: 'Well, let us go to him then?' And were married in the church so dimly lighted with only one candle we could hardly distinguish faces when the priest made you lift your mask before he would marry us."

"Do you mean to say that you married a man whose face you could scarcely see?"

"Yes, signor, you know I was but a child, and anything that you said seemed all right to me. If you will come to the little church you will see your own signature—Harold Graham, with mine—Madeline Morelli, beneath it."

"I will do it," cried Harold, excitedly, "this mystery must be solved. I believe your story, but someone has shamefully deceived you, and I have my suspicions as to who the guilty person is. I will telephone for a stateroom at once, there is a boat that sails on Monday. You remain in Washington until my return, and I will do my best to unravel this mystery. Now I must ask you to leave me, for I have many things to do before taking such a trip."

"It is very strange, signor, your words sound true, there may have been a mistake, God pity me if there has!" and sobbing quietly, the graceful woman left the office.

At first Harold was bewildered. He could not think what course would be the better for him to pursue. One thing was certain, he could not ask for Ruth's hand with this shadow hanging over him. He finally decided to go to her with the result that we have seen.

When Harold reached the little church in sunny Italy he was not surprised to find his suspicions verified. He was too familiar with Herbert Tilden's handwriting not to recognize at a glance that he had been the villain in the case. He could scarcely believe that he could be so vile. His course was plain now, he would take the next steamer home and confront him with his crime.

When Harold first accused him of his treachery, Herbert tried to deny it, but when he learned that Harold had seen the signature, he weakened and finally confessed that in a moment of youthful folly he had yielded to the temptation, which he had regretted ever since. He promised to make restitution to Madeline, which he did by another marriage in his own name, which eventually was a happy one, for he had always been in love with the pretty flower girl, while she soon learned to love him, for he had many admirable traits.

When Ruth recovered from her illness, she found that she viewed Harold's conduct in a very different light. Always impulsive, she wrote to him immediately, telling him how sorry she was that she had shown so little faith in his love, and begging him to forgive her and come to her when he returned.

Do you think that he needed a second bidding? The roses were in bloom, and Ruth and her mother, sitting on the piazza, drinking in their sweet scent, were buried deep in the mysteries of the latest successful novel, written by Miss Ruth Glendenning, when a familiar footstep aroused Ruth. Looking up she beheld the honest, laughing eyes of Harold Graham, in which there was no trace of shame or guilt, and she needed no other assurance of his devotion.

"I have come, Ruthie. Bless you, darling, for your loving letter. I can justify your faith in me now, and there shall never be a secret between us again I promise."

With an exclamation of joyous surprise Ruth advanced to meet him, and the rapturous unresisted kiss with which he greeted his sweetheart was at once his introduction and his engagement announcement to the happy and approving mother.

THE END.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Navajoes in New Mexico and some of the eastern tribes. There are nearly always visitors from other tribes during their merry making and dancing, the principal dance being the Bear dance in the spring. At that time they erect a circular fence of pinon bows, enclosing about one acre. Inside are the musicians and dancers, the instrument is composed of a large dry-goods box and played with several notched sticks in the hands of as many of the Indians as can gather around the box. They make a noise just like the imitation of a number of bears growling and they sing or "grunt," I call it, their chant. The Indians in dancing form two long lines, as many as can get on the ground, the men in one line, the squaws in the other line, holding hands like a string of school children playing "pop the whip" they step back and forth, the "bucks", as they are called, and the squaws facing each other; they keep that up till they are nearly ready to drop, and the amusement lasts for from three to six days.

Their dress during that time being the best they can afford, is made of bright and varied colors, trimmed with beads, bells and ribbons of gaudy colors and designs, they also wear furs trimmed with small round looking glasses and bells and wear feathers in their hair and paint their faces in different colors and designs.

The other dances are the war and sun dances, and during those amusements they have horse races, foot races, ball games and the potato and sack races and chicken pulling. They bury a chicken or a sack containing some coin in the ground and ride a horse on a gallop, leaning over to get it as they go by and the one that gets it starts off as hard as he can go and the others after him, trying each one to get it away from him and the one that gets back to the starting point with the money wins, whether it is the one that gets it out of the ground or another. It is very exciting and dangerous, but very seldom anyone gets hurt. They live very much like the uncivilized Indians did in tents or tepees of their own make; in summer of bows of green trees, in the winter of canvas or logs covered with bark and dirt. They rent their land to anyone for cash rent or a share of the crop. Their business is all done through the agent. They have to have an interpreter, but many of them speak the Mexican language. The squaws make articles of beads and buckskin, purses, belts, hat bands and moccasins of which they sell a good many. The papoose is carried in a covered board about three feet long by one and a half feet wide covered with buckskin and beaded, till he is about eight or ten months old when the mother carries it upon her back, supported by a strap around her shoulders and wrapped in her shawl.

Mrs. E. A. POTTER, Ignacio, Laplata Co., Colo.

DEAR SISTERS:
I am a farmer's wife and mother of six children. We live four miles from town on a farm of one hundred and twenty acres. Butter-nut is located in the northwestern side of the state and fifty miles from the city of Ashland which is the county seat. There is a postoffice, four churches, four general stores, two saw mills, one stove factory, one veneer factory, cheese factory, creamery, three hotels, two restaurants, hardware store and two meat markets in this town and the Wisconsin Central Railroad is going through the town. The principal crops raised here are hay, potatoes and grain, such as oats, peas, barley, some wheat and rye. There is no fruit grown in this part of the country besides crabapples, and berries on account of the frosts

that visit us in June and latter part of September which spoil everything. All sorts of vegetables are raised also.

Cutting timber in winter and working in the fields in summer are the main occupations, dairying is also taken up by some, and almost every farmer owns sheep.

This is a healthy country with hot summer days, but cold dry winters. I enclosed I am sending two good recipes which may be found in a different part of COMFORT. Now for a few hints.

To prepare a new iron kettle for use and prevent rust, fill with potato peelings and boil for one hour, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe dry and rub with a little lard. A basin of cold water placed in an oven will soon lower the temperature. A small quantity of green sage placed in the pantry will keep out red ants.

Before I close I wish to ask the sisters for a favor. May 15th is my birthday and I would like to be remembered by the sisters with the name and address of sender worked in washable red silk for a COMFORT bedspread. With best wishes to all.

Mrs. A. VONDRASEK, Box 192, Butternut, Ashland Co., Wisconsin.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to give a few hints which I hope will be of use to someone.

When sewing by hand thread the needle from the first end of the thread as it comes from the spool, this prevents kinking.

When running rods through curtains place the finger of an old kid glove over the end which is run through the hem and it will facilitate matters greatly.

By heating lemons thoroughly before squeezing you will obtain nearly twice as much juice.

Save the pieces of embroidery cut out from the armholes of corset covers and use them for apron pockets, collars, tabs, etc.

When stitching on the machine turn the work at the end of a seam and stitch back a short distance which will finish the work neatly and firmly.

To those who use hard water for dishwashing will find it very helpful to add a small teaspoonful of baking soda, which will make the water much softer.

Hoping to hear from many of the young people, I remain,

Miss BERTHA E. ORRIS, Box 65, Millerstown, R. D. 1, Pa.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR SISTERS:

So many letters have come I must answer through these columns. To begin with I was born in Columbiana, Ohio, Oct. 11, 1821. From there my father and neighbors started out to look for new homes in the West. They wandered on until they came to what is now Jay Co. and there selected their garden spot. In those days people moved in covered wagons and in this way they came to their new home, where there were still plenty of Indians and wild animals.

Now, how changed things are. I live all alone and do my own work, reading COMFORT and writing letters in spare time and so the day goes.

Mrs. M. G. MERRIDITH, Pennville, Ind.

DEAR FRIENDS:

For such you have proved to be, I wish to thank you all for every kindness shown in response to my appeal of a year ago. Many who remembered me signed no name but I thank you each. I enjoyed the cards from Tangerine, Fla. very much.

Davis Pierce and Mrs. DeCoster. Please write again, also others who would like to remember me on my fifty-sixth birthday, June 10.

Mrs. S. A. MAPLES, Decatur, R. D. 4, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I am so slow answering the many letters which have come to me since my letter appeared in December, I feel that I should say a word of thanks to you all through these columns. Letters, cards, reading matter and quilt pieces all gave me much pleasure and I will try to respond to you each as time and postage allow.

MISS MARY A. SNYDER, Blair Mills, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I once more beg the privilege of entering this great family circle. It is now over a year since the sisters remembered my birthday, Feb. 24, '08, and what blessings the cheerful letters brought me, dear friend, though I cannot say I am any better, I am no worse, that is comforting.

Let us all count our blessings, then love, contentment and peace will be ours and we will

FUNNY TRICKS they played on the June bride charmingly told in June COMFORT. If you want to read it, don't let your subscription run out. Renew or extend it two full years for 35 cents NOW; on and after May 30 it will cost you 35 cents for one year.

earnestly desire to help those worse off than ourselves. Much more I could say but will wait. Thanking all who visited me, and extending an invitation to all to come again with such cheer as you can bring. Now just another little request, will you also remember my invalid sister, whose health was sacrificed caring for the sick. Her address is Miss Rosetta Lee Dunn and to her came one of COMFORT's blessings, a wheel chair. Your devoted COMFORT sister,

AZUBAH LEE, Dunn, N. C.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Cocoa Icing

Take one tablespoonful of cocoa, one cup pulverized sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, mix all together, if too thick add a little more milk or cream, spread on the cake and set aside to harden.

Preserved Cucumber Salad

Take medium-sized cucumbers, peel and then slice, put in a stone crock, salt and let stand twenty-four hours, then drain off and put in airtight fruit jars, pour over it acid vinegar and seal tightly. When wanted to serve add some pepper and if not sour enough add a little vinegar.

Mrs. A. VONDRASEK.

Brown Stone Front Cake

One half cup chocolate grated, one half cup sugar, one half cup sweet milk, one egg, mix all this and boil until it thickens, cool then mix with the following:

One cup sugar, one third cup butter, one half cup sour milk, two eggs, two cups sifted flour, one teaspoonful soda, one half teaspoonful vanilla. Mix all together and bake.

Pilling

Two cups of sugar with water enough to moisten the sugar, boil until it hairs from spoon, pour on the whipped whites of two eggs, beat until cold.

Mrs. H. E. SCURLOCK.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

VERMONT, N.H.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Your kind invitation, even to cousins who have not reached, as yet, the one hundred year mark, sets me all agog to make your acquaintance. Your witticisms and educational reminders, and even your chastising applied to the tender (?) heart of the boy that pumped five charges of lead into the quivering body of a helpless opossum, leads me to believe that your heart rests within a kindly bosom. As a boy I carelessly yielded to cruelties that cause me now as an old man of eighty years, a sense of remorse. I have seen something of life, and now at the close, when I am brought face to face with the hereafter, how the thought of my indifference and carelessness looms before me like the ghost of Banquo in Macbeth, as a punishment to teach me that I ought to have known better and done better. I have crossed the Rockies four times. Have been in thirty states of the Union. Lived for twenty years in the wild and woolly West, near Spokane. Listened to the incoming tides of the Pacific. Trod the sacred soil of the Aztecs in the city of the Angels—Los Angeles. Crossed the battleground where General Custer was killed. Camped at the foot of Starved Rock, where the Illinois Indians sought refuge, but which proved a death trap to the whole tribe.

Well, Uncle Charlie, I started in to compliment you, but have only done so in part. You are doing a good work, God bless you. Forgive all mistakes, my education has been very limited, having left school at the age of ten years.

Your friend, cousin and uncle all in one,

J. W. STENSON.

John, I am very glad to welcome you, and am only too happy to give your letter a place in our columns. I wish the cousins could see your writing, it puts to shame the attempts at penmanship of all our young folks. Sad isn't it that not until we are about ready to die do we know how to live. Looking back o'er the years that are gone, years full of those experiences which come only to a busy strenuous life, years full of hopes, sorrows, disappointments, trials and tribulations (relieved here and there by streaks of happiness, rays of sunshine, and heaven-sent gleams of love), we can see where we have erred, and strayed from the narrow path (God's path of peace and contentment, righteousness and per-



A BRIGHT AND INTERESTED WHEEL-CHAIR SHUT-IN.

fection), into the byways where sin, wrong and remorse are enthroned, a world that none can enter without defilement and degradation, nor leave without a struggle, and without a loss of character, manhood and respect. As we look back o'er the years that are gone, we contemplate with joy and count even as a miser counts his gold, the good deeds we have done in the past. We grieve over the sins we have committed, the wrongs we have done, the sorrows we have brought to others, the poor old mother's heart we nearly broke in the wild escapades of youth, the father whose gray hairs we brought in sorrow to the grave, the trusting little maid whose heart we won and cast aside, the money we borrowed and never returned, the goods we warranted to be perfect, which were inferior and imperfect; the lies we told to cover up our evil doing, the deception we practiced to get the best of others, the insults we heaped on those too weak to resent them, the cruelties we practiced on defenceless, speechless, dumb creatures, the crimes we perpetrated, for which others suffered. All the misdeeds of the past come to rack the conscience, and oh, how we wish we could recall that past, undo the wrongs, kneel at the feet of that broken-hearted mother and plead to be forgiven, and live life over again, living it as God intended it to be lived, loving all men and all things, doing unto others only as we would have them do unto us, shedding only happiness and joy around us, having a kind word for everyone, owing no man, living and doing right. But it is all too late, too late. "For of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: 'It might have been.'" We can only live our life once. We can grieve over the past, but we cannot mend it. All we can do is to ask God to be merciful to us, and trust to the few good deeds we have done to outbalance the mountain of wrong. Let me beg of all you young folks to read and study Cousin John's letter, and my comments, so that when the snows of many winters have whitened your head and brought you to the rim of eternity, you can look back o'er the past and say: "I have fought the good fight, and tried to live as God intended I should live; now I can face eternity without any misgivings, feeling confident that that mercy I have shown to others, God in His infinite mercy will also show to me." I thank you, Cousin John for your letter. I trust your thoughts and the comments I have made on them may influence many a life for good, and especially do I hope that it will help those poor dumb animals, who are so fendishly abused and maltreated by millions who have the audacity to call themselves human beings, but who are in reality inhuman fiends.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

GENEVA, FLA.

Will you admit a Florida girl in your happy circle? I live in the country on a farm and enjoy country life fine. It will soon be time to plant corn and then the field will begin to look pretty. I sure sympathize with the shut-ins. They have so many trials to endure.

Oh! we have been killing hogs. Will Uncle Charlie please send me a recipe for making kidney stew?

Uncle, I would like to see you living in that chicken coop. I know you look grand. I am eighteen years of age and can milk the cows and do any other work that a country girl ever did, and do nearly all the housework as mother is not able all the time to be up. I have black hair and eyes and a dark skin that the sun won't blister. That is something for a Fla. girl to brag of is it not?

Your loving niece and cousin,

STELLA SHY.

Stella, I am glad to admit you into our magic circle and extend to you the hospitality of our columns. Stella you say: "We have been killing hogs." I don't think a young lady should take part in a sanguinary operation of that kind. You ask me if I can give you a recipe for making kidney stew, and I certainly can, as I have killed and cooked a good many kidney stews in my lifetime, it being a dish of which I am exceedingly fond. First of all you must decide what kind of a kidney stew you want, whether male, female, or otherwise. Having decided this vital point, you should procure a hunting kit, a couple of double-barrelled shot guns, revolvers, hunting knives, etc., and with the assistance of a troop of cavalry track the kidney stew to its lair. Great precaution should be taken in hunting the kidney stew, as in some parts of the United States, it is exceedingly wild and ferocious in its onslaught when attacked. The kidney stew, when closely pressed, usually takes refuge in a high tree, and is dislodged with difficulty. After having shot the kidney stew, do not approach it in its dying struggles as its bite is sure death. After death the kidney stew should be skinned and all the bones and feathers removed. The kidney stew should now be taken into the kitchen and beaten with a club for three months until tender. It should then be placed in hot water and boiled for two weeks, stirring gently all the

time to soft music. When the water has come to a boil, put poultices on the boil until it is heated and then cut up portions of rubber shoes, and dust in two sofa pillows and a chair leg, stir and boil gently for another two weeks. Now take out the kidney stew, powder it with chloride of lime, send for the undertaker and minister, and give it a first-class funeral in the back yard, and leave it buried in the ground, ten feet deep for ten years. At the expiration of that time, dig up the kidney stew. It is now ripe, and in prime condition for eating. Take the kidney stew into the house and soak it in the bath-tub for two weeks. Be careful to see that the baby does not fall into the bath-tub while it is occupied by the kidney stew as it may get bitten and die of kidneyphobia. Remove kidney stew to kitchen, call out a company of the State Militia to stand guard over it while it is being put into the frying-pan. If it objects to going in the pan chloroform it. Before placing it in the pan, and while it is in a state of insensibility, cut off its ears, nose, tail, and whiskers. Have a nice cold fire under the pan, roast for twelve years and sixteen months, sprinkle with Paris green, mosquito legs, shoe blacking, hair restorer, carbolic and other condiments, then cut up in quarter mile sections, and serve red hot. This is the only and correct way to cook a kidney stew, and I heartily recommend this method of preparing this entrancing delicacy to our readers. If the kidney stew refuses to digest—call in the police and have it arrested. Stella, I'm so glad you are such a help to mother.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes an actress, wanting a seat on that generous lap of yours. I don't suppose you very often hear from girls that are on the stage, do you?

Although I am traveling from city to city, I never fail to read dear old COMFORT every month. This is the way I manage it. I have COMFORT sent to my home address and my mother sends it to me. I just received the December copy a day or so ago.

I am going to tell you now all about the stage and how I like it. I like it very much indeed. I think it so much nicer than working in stores and factories for six or eight dollars a week, and working from seven till six o'clock. I work only about seven or eight hours a day and get more money in a week than many a girl does in a month.

Of course traveling is very expensive, but you get to see the country and have a nice time.

We usually give two shows a day; matinee, commencing at two o'clock and we get out at four forty-five p. m. Then we have until seven thirty before we go back, getting out again at ten thirty-five p. m.

I am always in bed by twelve o'clock and sleep until eight or nine o'clock. I have four or five hours to go around and see the city.

Most cities look alike, but I never fail to take a nice car ride or a nice long walk most every day. Some people have such bad ideas about the stage and imagine every girl is loud and loves to smoke, etc. Now I know a girl on the stage can be just as good as a girl off and for good. I have never had a bad word in my mouth and I never touch any kind of drink.

Of course a girl meets with more temptations while on the road but she doesn't have to give into them unless she wants to and I never intend to.

We have this season passed through many cities, starting from New York and going South to New Orleans and then West and back East again. I have been in every large city in the eastern part of the U. S. and I can't tell you now which one I like best.

I have never yet been in Augusta, for if I ever do I am surely going to steal you uncle.

Tomorrow which is Saturday, we will leave here to go to St. Louis. Every week we are in a different city, and we only go to the large ones. My age is nineteen.

With many kisses to you uncle and a greeting for every cousin, I am your loving niece,

A LITTLE ACTRESS.

I am glad to get this letter, as I have long wanted an opportunity to say something on the stage as a career, especially for young girls. The writer of this letter who prefers that her name should not be used gives a rosy view of stage life, too rosy a view in fact. She has shown you only one side of the life, and her experience is evidently a limited one. She will wake up later. As a matter of fact a stage career is the most poorly remunerated, the most exacting, and the most unsatisfactory, heart-breaking, soul-crushing work that any human can take up. Acting as an art is beautiful but the artistic side of the life, and all the love of the art is quickly crushed out of one. The stage is a beautiful fairyland for those who sit in front of the theater and see the idealities and know nothing of the realities of the life. I recently had as my guest for a month a woman whose name is a household word all over this country. This lady was for a number of years a stage idol, and the toast of every blood on Broadway. Her pictures stared at you from the store windows all over America. She was clever and beautiful. Successful, well-to-do, and head. She has been a good wife and a good mother, and when she was a guest in my chicken coop her greatest delight was to get on her hands and knees in the kitchen with a scrubbing brush. The other day she wrote me: "I am sick to death of this life, my throat is torn to ribbons, and I can hardly speak." I have an ice bag round it now, and a splitting headache, and God only knows how I will get through this night's performance. Oh, if I could only get away from it all. Me for the kitchen and the scrubbing brush, peace of mind, home life, quiet and contentment." That same identical cry is going up from the hearts of ninety per cent of the people who are on the stage today, and it will be the cry of the writer of this letter after she has had a little more experience. She speaks of stage earnings. I want to bet if you take a thousand actresses and a thousand shop girls, and add up their earnings at the end of a year that the shop girl will have earned the most money, and have had infinitely more happiness and comfort. The theatrical season is a short one at the best. I know clever artists lining Broadway, New York, today who have not had three or four months' work in two years, and during the time they were working received payment for only half the time they were employed. Suppose they work ten weeks in a year at forty dollars a week. That would be four hundred dollars—eight dollars a week for the entire year. Out of that there would be costumes to buy, hotel bills an expensive item) to pay, railroad sleepers, and other things to provide for. Don't be dazzled or fooled with the stories of big salaries paid on the stage. Only the most successful, and best known in the profession are able to save anything and secure homes for themselves. A miserable, boarding-house existence is the life most of them have to live. The writer of this letter is playing what they call one week stands and getting her salary. Next year she may have to join a company, rehearse for a month (during which period she gets no pay), buy costumes, go out on the road for two or three weeks, get no salary and have to appeal to her friends for money to get home. The balance of the season she may have to spend in a New York boarding house, eating grub that would kill Billy the Goat, living in a dark hall bedroom, grimy with age, dodging an irate landlady, sitting for hours daily in the offices of over-crowded theatrical agencies, and pawing her few trinkets for car fare. That is exactly what ten to fifteen thousand unemployed men and women of the stage are doing in New York today. The suffering some of these poor souls endure is beyond all human belief. The majority of the traveling companies play what is called one night stands. To endure a season of this kind of work requires the constitution of fourteen elephants, and the digestion of ten goats and fifty ostriches. The first season I had of this kind of work landed me in a hospital with typhoid fever. Drinking polluted water and contaminated milk in a couple of hundred towns year in and year out it is a thousand to one that you will get typhoid germs in your system, and few indeed are those who get through their stage careers without a siege of typhoid. Here is a simple day of an actor's life. You go to the theater at night. There are probably a dozen of you crowded into two filthy, evil smelling dressing-rooms, many of them without any sanitary conveniences whatsoever. The majority

of them as damp as a graveyard vault. There is a stage manager ready to curse both men and women for the slightest infraction of any stage rule he may make. He will fine you as well as curse you. If you sing a song and make a big hit the star of the company will tell you you are getting too chesty and cut your song out, and remind you that he or she is the star and not you. Your heart will burst with resentment, and you will feel like grabbing a stage brace and knocking him over the head. Then you will remember that you are two thousand miles from New York, and that walking is bad, and you swallow the insult and say nothing. If you can't swallow repeated insults don't go on the stage for you will be made to feel like dirt more times in a month than you can count. After the performance, if you are lucky you may get to your hotel to sleep for two hours, lying down on the bed with your clothes on. At two o'clock in the morning, dead tired, you will be routed out and have to walk to the depot, possibly through a rain or snow storm. You board the train, travel for an hour or so in a day coach, then you have to get out at some tank station and wait from four, maybe till eight A. M., in a miserable waiting room which does not contain a semblance of a chair and is miles away from a hotel. Down you all flop on the floor with your satchels for pillows and go to sleep, dreaming of the little snow white bed back in the old home that you would insist on leaving for the glories (?) of a stage life. At eight o'clock a train comes along and a bear-eyed bedraggled band of Thespians must board it and be carried a few more miles to another junction. Here you will find a lunch counter where you can get a slice of cold razor-back hog, and a cup of mahogany juice, by courtesy called coffee. Now you must travel until one o'clock, when, if you are lucky you will hear the welcome cry: "Twenty minutes for dinner." The dinner may be good, but the odds are it is bad. Now more traveling and more changing until seven o'clock when you reach the town in which you are to play. There may be time to rush to the hotel and swallow a mouthful of supper, often though you have a rush straight from a train to the theater, and play with stomach empty. After the performance there may be another rush to the train, and it is also possible if you are in luck that you may get a night's sleep, but the odds are against it. One thing I will say however at the end of a season of one night stands all the artistic fervor and all the ambition and all the golden dreams will be knocked clean out of you, and if you don't go to a hospital with a case of typhoid you will probably go home with a lovely case of rheumatism, brought on through undressing, while the body is reeking with perspiration in a damp dressing-room. Our little friend is only nineteen, by the time she is twenty-nine she will know more than she does now, and by that time the bloom of youth will be gone and that is the tragedy of stage life for a woman. As soon as the bloom of youth goes the managers do not want you. She is spoken of as a "has been", and it is a crime to be old in this country on the stage. The most pathetic thing in the world is to see a chorus girl past the thirty mark, trying to look young by daubing paint all over her face, so that she can compete with the young ones who are pushing her into the background and off the stage, and when she is pushed off the stage what becomes of her? She is utterly unfitted for any ordinary routine of life work. To what then must she drift? That question you must answer for yourselves, I would rather not. Keep away from the stage, it is a hollow life at the best, full of temptations and disappointments. Some have secured happiness and fortune out of it, but they are few, very few, and far between.

RUDY, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a new member from the dear old state of Virginia, and I can truthfully say I am the very best state in the Union. We raise very good crops here, consisting chiefly of corn, tobacco, wheat and oats, and have fruits of various kinds, among them are apples, pears, peaches, plums, and berries of all kinds.

I am seventeen years old, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, light hair, and blue eyes, wear glasses, have fair skin. I have given a description of myself and what do you think of me? Nothing bad I sincerely hope. I have two sisters, one nineteen and the other fourteen. We are very busy going to school. Come down uncle and I will take you for a horseback ride. My sister and I have been out riding this morning. I will let you ride the mule. He falls down sometimes and I will ride the horse and we will look fine, you bet. We are expecting to have a picnic when our school closes, you must be sure and come. You can ride the mule over there and be down. How does that strike you? Let me know if you are coming so I can be at the train and lay claim on you first. I think I had just as well close my letter as I already fear it is getting too long and the fire has gone out too. All the cousins please write me or send cards. I am your new niece,

ALICE SULLIVAN.

Allie, Virginia is all right. George Washington told me that he couldn't quite make up his mind whether to be born in Virginia or Kansas, so I told him he had better choose Virginia, as there were fewer cyclones, and it wouldn't take so long for us to get COMFORT to him every month, and it would be harder for him to push his trunks into the White House and get ahead of Taft, when the elections came around. Your description, Alice is very nice. I never think bad, or ill, of anyone until I am absolutely obliged to. I also was very busy when I was going to school. I had about a mile to go, and there was something doing the whole mile. I had the whole country in a riot. I was never very busy however, when I got to school. It is no good being busy going to school if you are not going to be busy in school. I remember when I was in a school once the teacher asked me what shape the world was. I never was quite sure whether it was round, square, oblong or otherwise, so teacher to impress the matter on my youthful mind said: "What shape are my sleeve links?" so I said: "Square." He looked at his sleeve links rather non plussed and said: "I don't mean these but the ones I wear Sundays." Then I at once replied: "Round," as I had often seen them, they being the only jewelry in the village. "Now," he said to me (thinking that I ought to have the correct answer in my mind), "What is the shape of the earth?" I at once replied: "Square on week days, and round on Sundays." That's where I got mine, and it hurts yet. I should be very glad to attend your school picnic, and will ride the mule, if you will let me take a seat in his inside. I don't want you to lay any claims on me, remember I am not not a piece of real estate, but if you are a poor girl with lots of money, I am going at bargain counter rates if you want to make the purchase. I am sorry your fire has gone out. You should lock the door, so it can't get out. I remember I was in a hotel once, and they had turkey on the bill of fare. I said: "I will have some turkey." The waitress said: "The turkey is out, sir," so I said: "When will it be in?" Then she went off and told the landlord of the hotel that I was getting fresh. I told him I was getting fresh, but I wasn't getting turkey. It was in that hotel that I had an oyster stew. To my surprise I found an oyster in the stew, but I didn't know they had a piece of string attached to it. Just as I got the oyster in my mouth, they jerked the string, and I lost the oyster. Wasn't that a mean shame? Oh, you will never know what troubles I have had.

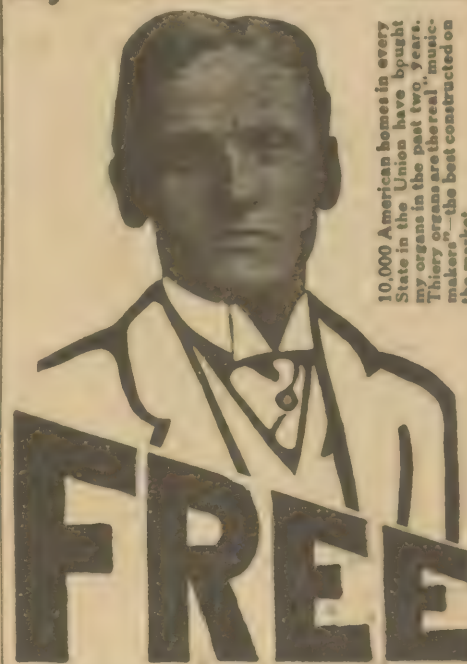
EASLEY, R. D. 2, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As a result of the appeal you made for me, letters poured in by the hundred. Such dear delightful letters of cheer and sympathy. Many of them contained a dime and several sent a dollar bill. I do not know how I should have gotten through the winter had it not been for aid given by COMFORT friends. They nearly all mentioned Uncle Charlie and told how much they loved you. You indeed have a golden-hearted, loyal band. I do thank you so sincerely for your help. I am so alone in this big world, no health, no means, no dear ones, so that all this kindness shown me has been like an oasis in a great desert. You have caused sunshine to fall in my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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A SPECKLED BIRD

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Beulah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage.

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-see, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nita Herriott. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, holds a position by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and tears follow. Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Mona Dane, has the glove counter at Fourteenth St. Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type. A note is left and the message to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Eliza realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Eliza's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. Her father warns her of bitter consequences. Eliza questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Eliza's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Eliza goes to work. Herriott finds her in the old Grand Roman theatre. At Leighton Dane and he realizes an undisguised annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Eliza break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. The physician forgives everything. Eliza and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation and Eliza fronts the world with calm defiance. She learns from a newspaper clipping the cause of her father's resignation.

Father Temple tries to dissuade Mr. Herriott from his proposed Polar trip. Eliza receives and reads a letter from Mrs. St. Clair concerning Mr. Herriott's future plans. Eliza hears footsteps, and her father's voice, "Eliza will be home soon." Herriott is glad to talk in her absence. Judge Kent knows the deplorable matter to which he refers. Duncan Keith dying casts an oath from Herriott that he takes a box to his boy when he is twenty-one—the proof of his innocence is in it. Judge Kent knows it will disgrace him and break Eliza's heart. She listens numb with shame, she will secure it at any cost. She meets Noel and begs him not to leave her. If he goes it breaks her heart. If he must go will he take her with him. They can be married at night. They board the train. There is only one proof that will convince her she is lost in his heart. Give to her the box of papers that will incriminate her father. He refuses and she admits her object in marrying. She cannot get possession of what she purchases. She has no papers and he no wife. He requests a marriage. Eliza allows him to throw it away. He has no right to it—it is hers. He places it back. It is the badge of her loyalty—not his. Nothing avails to abate the rage of his disappointment.

Noel receives a telegram announcing Duncan Keith's death, and her father's shame is shielded. Judge Kent receives a telegram requesting him to meet Eliza at Philadelphia. Mr. Herriott takes Eliza to his old home. Amos Lee meets them at the door. Going to Noel's room, Eliza realizes for years he has been entirely hers. She begs for one word of forgiveness—he shall never be out of her life.

Eliza returns to her home. Her father avoids all mention of Herriott, except to rail at the mediocrity of Arctic explorers. Eliza receives a parcel from her husband and a note without any address. His words sting her. Mrs. Mitchell refuses to believe she wronged him. Eliza notices the frequency with which her father falls asleep. He is stricken with paralysis. Recovering a little he asks Eliza to remember that no other man ever had such a daughter and how precious she is. Judge Kent dies and Eliza carries his body to his native State in New England.

Eliza is called to Noel's home. Amos Lee is ill, and he worries over Noel's continued absence. His news of Noel is the latest Mrs. Herriott hears. Amos thinks Eliza drives Noel away; she asserts her innocence. If blameless he must not feel so bitter. The last day of her stay she walks to the beach. Returning to the house she visits his den and sees the dawn of day that takes her forever from the house she has learned to love too late. Later she reads the "Return of the Abnugah." Two of the party remain. The following winter is long and cold. Mrs. Mitchell and Looking Glass visit New York. Eliza goes to Calvary house. She requests to see Father Temple. He is in Philadelphia. She enters the chapel, and from a box takes two pulpit falls and a chalice veil. As she smooths the "fair linen cloth" on the altar, the vision of an abbess seen in memoriam by a wife widowed by Arctic perils rises before her. A voice comes from the abbess's gallery. Looking Glass, Eliza's Mr. Herriott. As he advances to the steps, she covers her face with her heavy veil. The time has come when she wishes to leave America.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I HAVE DONE THE BEST FOR MY CHILD—AND FOR YOU."

"Willow Creek Plantation,"

"Wednesday."

"Mr. Herriott."

"Dear Sir: Permit me to say at the outset that these lines are intended solely for your eyes, and I beg you will regard them as strictly confidential. If I were not so sure you are an honorable gentleman, they would never be written. On the 18th my foster-child and I expect to leave my little home at Willow Bend, where we have lived since her father's death. By her desire we go to Europe, and, as we shall remain there indefinitely, I should like to talk with you of some matters that concern you—matters I am unwilling to mention unless we are face to face. The railway station Maurice is near me but if you do me the favor to grant my request, it would be better for me to avoid Y— and come directly to Sunflower, ten miles north of Maurice. If you can be at Sunflower on the 17th, I will meet you there when the one o'clock train arrives. Unless

you come that day, it would be too late. You will see no one but me, and no one must ever be told I went to Sunflower, or saw you. My child is absent in Y—, and will not return until night of the 17th, when I meet her at Maurice. Do not write me. Do not telegraph me, I scarcely allow myself to hope that you will come, and if I do not see you I shall regret it for many reasons. If I fall in my conscientious effort to right a great wrong, it will not be my fault.

"Very respectfully,"

"ELIZA MITCHELL."

Allowing two days' margin for accidental delays, Eliza indulged no doubt that this letter would reach its destination in ample time to enable Mr. Herriott to keep the appointment, should he consent to meet her, and, after putting on a special delivery stamp, she mailed it at Maurice with her own hand.

The probability of a change of residence had been so fully discussed that preliminary arrangements had long been made; but the early date, suddenly fixed, necessitated great activity to insure readiness for departure.

Eliza's calm, listless indifference had given place to feverish impatience in expediting all preparations incident to the journey, and the perplexed and anxious little woman who watched her movements was rejoiced when business of importance called her to Y—, where Mr. Whitfield was confined by gout to his room. Since the day

"Oh, Mr. Herriott! I was not sure it was you. Thank God! I was so afraid you would not come."

He took off the goggles and dropped them in his coat pocket.

"I dare say these glasses partly disguise, but snow-blindness left my eyes rather sensitive, and I wore them as guard against railroad dust."

"Come with me, Mr. Herriott. This little place is full of strangers today on account of a Masonic meeting, but there is a quiet spot in the grove yonder, where a recent picnic party left some benches."

In silence they reached the grove of old red oaks, and Eliza sat down on a rough, broad seat; but he declined to share it, and stood before her, his eyes an interrogation.

"Mr. Herriott, I asked you to come here because you are pursuing a course I think you would abandon if you knew some facts that only I can give you. But first, I want your promise that no matter what the future holds, you will never let Eliza know or suspect that I wrote you, came here, or saw you. If she found it out she would never forgive me; she would desert me, and I am running a great risk. Give me your word of honor to keep this meeting always strictly confidential. If you promise, I shall feel easy."

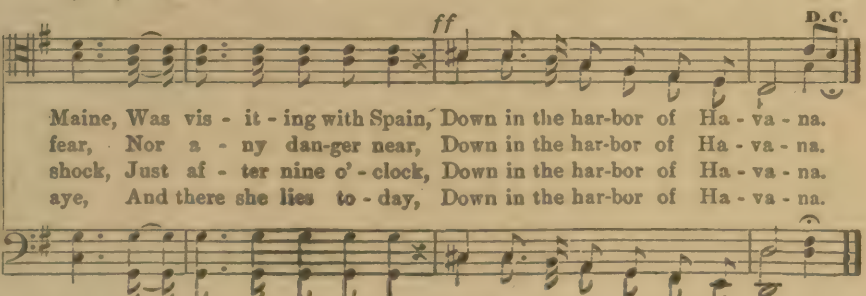
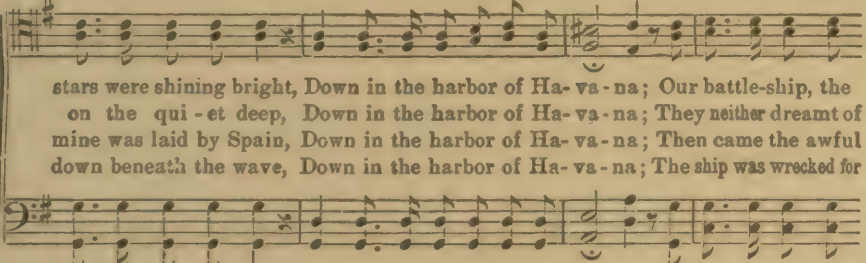
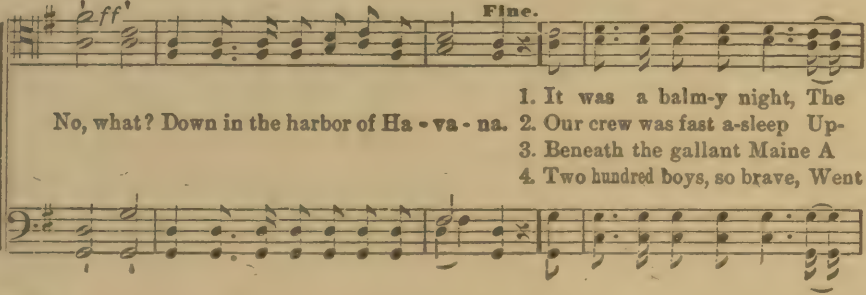
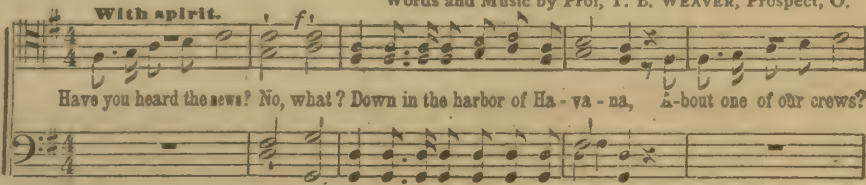
"I promise. You may trust me."

"Thank you, sir. Before I say more, will you

Down in the Harbor of Havana.

Dedicated to Mr. C. M. Williams, Base Virtuoso.

Words and Music by Prof. T. B. WEAVER, Prospect, O.



5. The Spaniards, nevermore,
Shall ravage Cuba's shore;
Down in the harbor of Havana;
But Cuba shall be free,
And the Maine remembered be,
Down in the harbor of Havana.

6. We'll plant the crimson star,
With the white and azure bar,
Down in the harbor of Havana;
And keep it there o'er head,
Till the sea gives up our dead,
Down in the harbor of Havana.

at Calvary House, Eliza had observed a marked change in Eliza; the wistful, hopeless expression had vanished, and proud defiance settled on her face. While tortured by suspense, she had yielded to the tender yearning of her heart; but the sight of Mr. Herriott, safe, well, and strong, contentedly planning a future in which he assigned no niche to her, stung her womanly pride, intensified her longing to evade forever the possibility of meeting the man who had so completely ignored and repudiated her.

Since delay in the preparation of papers Mr. Whitfield required her to sign kept her in Y— longer than she had intended. He very carefully wrote her will, in which, following the trend of her grandmother's sympathies, she bequeathed Nutwood and adjoining lands as a Maurice Home "to childless widows of Confederate soldiers in the state." To Vivian and Maurice relatives of her own mother, who refused association with Marcia after her marriage, and whom Eliza had always avoided, she gave one plantation—Canebrake. To Mrs. Mitchell Willow Creek Bend was left, in grateful recognition of her loving care; and all personal property, stocks, and bonds were devised to the vestry of her father's church, for the erection and maintenance of a memorial Chapter House.

Business concluded, she telegraphed that on the 17th, at eight p. m., she would reach Maurice, and wished Mrs. Mitchell to meet her with the trap.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th, the over-see's wife desiring to avoid the passenger train, went in the caboose of a local freight to Sunflower. It was an "excursion" day in honor of the opening of a Masonic hall just completed, and many strangers strolled about the village awaiting the hour fixed for the dedication ceremonies. At one o'clock, when the fast southbound train paused long enough to deliver the mail bag, Eliza stood on the little platform, watching the line of dusty cars. As a tall figure, valise in hand, stepped from the Pullman sleeper, she did not promptly recognize the clean-shaven face, wearing gray goggles. Handing his valise to a negro porter standing on the baggage truck, he glanced about him, and approached the little woman, who was trembling with suspense.

"How are you, Mrs. Mitchell?"

He held out his hand.

tell me if you still love your wife?"

His face hardened and his eyes narrowed.

"Pardon me, madam. I did not come here to be catechised."

"If you have ceased to love her, then I should betray a holy trust by lifting a very sacred veil. I can speak freely only to a man who loves her as she deserves—and as I have always believed you did. If you no longer love her, I have come on worse than a fool's errand."

There was a brief silence, and hot tears ran over the little woman's cheeks.

"And if I love her still? Go on, go on."

"Then why are you breaking her heart?"

"Madam, her heart has never been in my keeping. You must know that for years I made every effort to win it, and failing, I abandoned the hope. Our merely nominal relation was dissolved by mutual consent, and I gave her entire freedom before I started North. I have never been close enough to her heart to wound it."

"Please, Mr. Herriott, listen to me patiently. I must go back so far. She did not love you when she married you. Why she so suddenly took that awful step I don't know. She refused to explain. I believed that her father had persuaded her, but she assured me he had no knowledge of her intention until after she had voluntarily made her decision, and she is absolutely truthful. She is reticent and proud, but of false statements she is incapable. She has never confided the motive of her rash marriage to me, and what she is unwilling to have that anyone living else can ever tell me. Better than anyone living I understand her, and when she came back with her father from Greyledge I saw a great change in her; she was not the indifferent girl whom you had taken away. The estrangement between Judge Kent and her had ended, and she rejoiced in the cordial reconciliation, but some sad mystery in the background overshadowed her and puzzled me. The day she received that express package from you she suddenly seemed to go frantic, and her distress was so overwhelming I was frightened. Never before or since has she shown such passionate grief. She told me she had wronged, wounded you, and that you would never forgive her. How she wronged you she would not explain, and I don't know any more now than I did then. But she insisted again and again that you were not to blame—that it

was entirely her fault, and she must bear the sorrow she had brought upon herself. She wrung her hands and begged me to pray she might die before you came back and rejected her. When I tried to comfort her, and asked why you should do such a cruel, unjust thing, she wailed: 'You loved your husband; if you had wounded him past pardon, could you bear to talk about it? Don't question me. Think of your Robert, and try to realize how I feel.' All that night she walked the floor of her room, and next morning she looked years older—so white, so silent, as if gazing down into a grave. Since then she has never been the same Eliza. Something in your last message, which I did not see, slew her peace of mind for all time. She shut herself away from society, lived exclusively with her father and with me. When Judge Kent died I dreaded a total collapse in the child who had worshiped him from her babyhood; but she bore the awful strain silently, calmly, surprisingly. Mr. Whitfield put his arm around her shoulder as she stood by the coffin, and, with tears in his eyes, the old man praised her devotion and her bravery. She looked up at him with a strange smile on her bloodless lips.

"One can suffer only so much, then numbness comes. After the misery of many months a last blow does not crush. The petrified are not always where they belong—in the grave."

"After the funeral she closed Nutwood, moved her books, piano, and horses down to my little cottage in the heart of the pine woods, denied herself to everyone, and there we have lived in strict seclusion. Day and night she pored over books of Arctic travel, and on the walls of her room she had maps and charts, and what she called her 'comfort calendar,' that she patched together from almanacs, to mark what time day and night began near the Pole and when the new moons were due. It made my heart ache to see her face each day as she searched the papers for some news of you. At last she ceased to expect any, and your name was not mentioned. Mr. Herriott, do you recollect your striped silk smoking-jacket, with pink poppies embroidered on collar and cuffs and down the front?"

"Yes. I had such a jacket."

"One sultry summer night, about one o'clock, I went on tiptoe into Eliza's room to get a vial of medicine that was kept in a closet there, and, as she slept poorly, I tried not to disturb her. Her window was open, the curtains looped back, and a full moon shone in. She was sitting up in bed, with her face buried in some bright wrapping, and a sort of strangled moan came from her. I went to the bed and asked what the trouble was. Had she neuralgia in her face, that she was muffling it on such a hot night? Oh, Mr. Herriott, if you could have heard the quiver in her voice!"

"No, no. Heartache—heartache only the grave can ease."

"Next day, while she was away, I searched for that striped thing which I had never seen before. She kept it in a long, satin-lined, sandalwood case, among her perfumed laces, and when I examined it I found a smoking-jacket, with a dog whistle in one pocket, and in the other a handkerchief marked 'Herriott.' I—"

Mr. Herriott had walked away, and after several moments recalled the search for the missing jacket on the day of his departure, and the pride with which Amos only three nights ago, had shown him a warm, quilted cashmere gown "the madam" had sent him because the jacket left for him had never been found. When he came back to the seat, he stood with his face turned from her, and she could see only his profile.

"Sir, if you don't hear me out, you can't understand why I came. Eliza would sit for hours, a book before her, her hands folded in a way peculiar to her—her wedding ring against her lips—so silent, so still, she seemed a stone; but she seemed to a manifestation of interest when we heard our old gardener was ill and needed attention. While we were at your house she seemed more like herself than at any time since that express package reached her; but a deep undercurrent of sorrow she could not hide. Over the house and grounds she wandered continually, and that long lake beach was her favorite walk. Every evening she shut herself in one of the rooms down-stairs—I think it was your smoking-room—and the last night we were there she spent locked in that room. She sent for a photographer from the city and had copies taken of your mother's portrait and of yours—that one hanging next to your father's in the drawing-room. Today on her dressing-table stand two pictures of you and one she insists resembles you—the photograph of a French poet she saw once in Arles. She thinks the brow and eyes and nose are yours, and, though she does not like the lower portion of the face, she had the photograph enlarged and framed. I could not keep my tears back when, looking from the carriage, she took her last look at your home. There was such a world of suffering in her sad eyes, and her dear lips and chin trembled like a little child's."

"Being here is next best to seeing the master. I can never come again. When he returns I must be in Europe, out of his way."

Mr. Herriott turned suddenly and looked down steadily at his companion.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Mitchell. You prefer to stay at home? You do not wish to go abroad?"

His keen eyes searched hers, and their flash answered him.

"Whatever the child thinks is best for her peace I want above everything else! and I am ready and willing to go with her to Europe, Africa, the Fiji Islands—to the ends of the earth. I do love my little home, still more my husband's grave, almost in sight of it. I love my cows and my chickens; but first and last, and better than all, I love my baby, who came to my arms when she was three hours old, and who now, in turning her back upon an unjust world, clings only to me. I never took an oath before God that I would 'for better, for worse, love and cherish her till death,' but I rather think my love will abide, will stand all tests and trials that have crumbled some other vows she once trusted."

"After a moment she added:

"Perhaps I have already said too much, and you may not care to hear more."

"Madam, I wish you to tell me everything you think it best I should know. I am here for that purpose, at your request."

"Eliza was terribly hurt to find Amos had heard twice from you while, consumed with suspense, she had received not even a line. After we went home she grew more and more restless, but I noticed she carefully avoided any allusion to you. One night I heard her moving about, and then she left her room. It is a lonely little place where we live, rather unprotected, and the servants—man and wife—do not wake easily. Eliza had a way of walking about the gallery and yard when she could not sleep that made me uneasy. I went out to expostulate, and found her sitting on the steps in the moonlight, with that jacket of yours in her arms. I sat down, and took her hand. In a horrible dream, she had seen you lying dead between two blue stabs of ice, a white owl on your breast, and she was hugging and stroking that striped silk as only those who love can caress the garments of lost darlings. You know she very rarely cries. In all her life I never saw tears on her face more than three or four times. I tried to soothe her, and said that full moon overhead was making the Pole itself bright. She turned suddenly to me, the tears dripping, and, oh, if I could give you the heartbroken tone in which she said:

"The broad noonday was night to me,
The full-moon night was dark to me,
The stars whirled and the poles span,
The hour God took him far from me."

"After that night she guarded herself more closely against any expression of feeling, and carefully abstained from all reference to you until the evening she learned from a Boston paper that your vessel had returned to Europe,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Caponizing

SEVERAL correspondents have asked me for detailed instructions for caponizing young cockerels, so I will endeavor to explain the operation, for naturally it is not very easy on paper. First of all, to answer the frequent question, what is a capon? A young cockerel who has been operated on; in short, the star of the flock. Everyone living in a farming community knows the difference, in size, weight, and market value, between a bull and a steer. It is just the same with cockerels. The bird which, kept until roasting age, say nine months, would weigh five or six pounds, will at the same age, if caponized, weigh nine or ten. Under natural conditions, young male birds spend most of their time rushing around, worrying pullets and hens, getting up fights amongst themselves, eating twice what they ought to, yet never get fat, and have always to be marketed at a loss. After caponizing, a cockerel becomes placid, gentle and lazy, grows a remarkably fine coat of feathers, but no comb, wattles, or spurs. Belonging neither to the male or female sex, it develops a fondness for the companionship of little chicks; a fact which our French cousins have always taken advantage of, using capons largely to brood chickens during the time they are growing and fattening after the operation. Before we had the large brooder house built, I kept them busy in the same way. Capons seem to prefer sitting on the ground, or nesting in a pile of hay, to roosting, so to this peculiarity we cater, giving them a house without perches, and piling hay up along the sides for them to nest in at night. When one is wanted to brood chickens, we just go into the house after dark and select any bird which has been operated on seven or nine weeks before, carry it to a brood coop, tuck from twenty to twenty-five chickens under its wings, and the next morning Mr. Capon takes up all the duties of a foster-mother in the most exemplary manner, and when let out after two or three days, will marshal the chickens about in a much more patient and careful way than any hen I ever saw.

The best time to perform the operation is when birds are between two and four months old, or when they weigh about a pound and a half. Smaller birds are difficult to operate on, and have not developed sufficiently. Over six months of age there is little profit and some danger in attempting it. I have heard of people who succeeded admirably with no other tools than a pocket-knife and a piece of twisted wire, but as the work naturally requires delicate accuracy, I advise every one to procure a proper set of instruments, the cost of which is very trifling, something between two and three dollars. Any season of the year is appropriate for caponizing, so long as the birds are of the required weight and age. It takes from five to seven months for a capon to reach the height of perfection in size and flesh, and as the greatest demand for them is from November to June, so from April to October is usually selected for the operation. After studying several pamphlets, I gained my first practical experience by operating on birds that had been killed for the table, and think it is really the best plan for the amateur to adopt, as there is no movement or fear of giving the bird pain to cause you nervousness.

Any small strong table which can be easily moved close to a window, will do to operate on. The bird should be confined in a clean coop for twenty-four hours, without food or drink, to insure the intestines being empty. Prepare two pieces of strong twine, with a slip noose at one end, and a weight at the other. Half a brick or a stone will do. We had two old pound weights with slots in them that fitted over a scale bar, and as they were easily attached to a string, we always used these. The string should be long enough after the noose is made and the weight attached, to reach from the center of the table to within a foot of the ground. When you are ready to perform the operation, slip the noose of one cord around the bird's shanks just above the foot, then draw the wings up over the back until they touch, slip the noose of the second string over the wings, below the second joint. Lay the bird on its left side on the table, allowing the ends of the strings to which the weights are attached to hang down on each side of the table. This keeps the bird's feet and wings perfectly still and out of the way. Now dampen the feathers on the bird's side with cold water, to keep them flat, and also to check bleeding. Then with the left hand press down the skin towards the leg, and hold it in position whilst with a sharp knife you make a cut about an inch long between the first and second ribs, above the hip, following the shape of the ribs. The bird will start as the cut is made, but will lie quite still the next moment. Of course the point of the knife must be used, and the skin only cut. Place the wire stretcher which comes with the tools in the cut to hold it open. You will then be able to see the white fiber-like skin which encloses the bowels. This must be attacked with the sharp hook belonging to the kit, and care-

(both of which belong to the kit), letting the wire form a loop at the curved end, and ends well out at the other end.

Sometimes both testicles are in sight, but not often, as the other usually lies beyond and more to the other side.

Now comes the only dangerous part of the whole operation,—getting hold of and removing the testicles. But with a steady hand and plenty of light not one bird in a hundred should be lost. Attached to the testicle and lying back of it is one of the principal arteries of the fowl, and this if ruptured is sure to cause death. It is here that the proper tools prove of the greatest advantage. The wire being small and very fine is easily slipped between the testicle and artery without injury to either, and a clear, clean cut made. Take the canula in the right hand and adjust the wire in it so that a loop, about one half inch long, will extend from small end of tube, leaving the two ends of wire extending far enough out of the open end to secure a good hold. Insert the end of tube that has the loop on it very carefully and slip the loop over both ends of the testicle, and entirely around it; hold end of tube close down to the testicle. When it is entirely encircled by the loop, take both ends of wire which comes out of the other end of tube, with thumb and first finger, holding it tight, and draw it up carefully but firmly until it is severed, then remove the wire spreader and allow the hole to close in the other skin which you pressed down with your left hand at the beginning of the operation, and as the skin resumes its natural place the outer cut will be upwards of an inch above the inner cut; in this



SILVER SPANGLED COCKEREL.

way the outer skin makes a covering for the inner cut, and keeps out all dirt and insures its healing quickly.

To complete the operation, turn the bird on its other side, and proceed exactly as before. Some experts can work entirely from one side, but it is risky, and difficult for an amateur to try it. After the operation, keep the bird in a small coop, and feed lightly for a few days, and there will be no ill effects.

Correspondence

M. M.—What is the matter with my young turkeys? All goes well until they are three months old, then their heads get dark blue, they get weak, have a yellowish discharge; in about a week they die. Every year the same thing happens. (2) How should I feed my ducks not to have them lay until about the tenth of April? (3) Are peafowls profitable? (4) Can peacocks' feathers be sold?

A.—Your turkeys were attacked by what is termed blackhead, a disease which really commences in the intestines, and only after it has got a good hold on the bird does it show color on the head; for this reason it is difficult to deal with. Another year feed the young ones until four months old on mash, to which add, once a day, two tablespoonfuls of charcoal and chopped garlic, or onions; when about six months old mix the mash with scalding water that has had rice boiled in it (a tablespoonful of rice to a quart of water). This checks the tendency that turkeys have to bowel trouble at that age. When insects get scarce in the fall add some animal meat. From six weeks to three months is the danger age with these birds. (2) Keep them on very moderate rations without any animal meat until about March tenth, then gradually change. (4) Yes, to both questions.

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G. M.—Wants whitewash recipe. This has been done several times in this column. However, it shall be repeated, as everybody keeping chickens ought to want it just now.

A.—Common lime wash for chicken houses: Put four pounds of lime into a pail, cover with boiling water and let it slake, stir with a wooden stick, add water till it is of the consistency of thick cream; keep hot, and just before using add a pint of kerosene oil, and two ounces of crude carbolic acid.

Mrs. R. H.—This letter I am going to give almost in its entirety, and answer more fully than usual in this department, because it seems as if there was a positive epidemic of the trouble in Kansas and Missouri. I have received the question so often this winter. This is Mrs. R. H.'s letter:

"I lost a number of pullets when they came to lay the first egg. Later on, the pullets lay soft-shelled eggs which break, but the skin of it does not pass away. They seem to suffer greatly and die in a few hours, or perhaps live a day. Only in one or two cases could I think they had been hurt. They lay several soft-shelled eggs every two weeks. I have two breeds, Plymouth Rocks and Brown Leghorns, both kept in close quarters and well fed. The feed is wheat, wheat bran, and lard cracklings, oats, a little vegetable food and table scraps. They are very fat and I thought that, perhaps, might help to cause the trouble. There is plenty of flint and limestone grit, also old mortar in their pens. Some are kept in straw or coarse hay to scatter it on so that the hens have to work hard for every grain. Remove roosters from the yards. At the end of four weeks stop the magnesia, and for a short time add ten drops of tincture of nuxvomica to every pint of drinking water; this will tone the birds up.

The above will also answer F. F., or M. C. I., and One in Trouble.

R. F. A.—I have a large flock of chickens that don't lay. I thought they needed meat, and as green bone and scraps were not to be had, got a bag of dried blood; mixed it with good corn and wheat, but they do not seem to like it.

A.—The prepared animal meal for poultry is meat and bone mixed. I have never known birds of any age refuse to eat it—quite the contrary. Mix one part quart of ground feed, two quarts wheat bran and one pint animal meal. Pour enough boiling



SILVER SPANGLED HEN.

fully picked open. Naturally every precaution must be taken not to pierce the intestines, but as they will be empty after the bird's long fast, there is not much danger if care is used. As the breaking of this skin causes the bird no pain, there is no necessity to hurry or to get flustered, but it is well to work as quickly as you can. After the inner casing is open, one of the testicles will be in sight, a cream-white kidney-shaped membrane lying near the backbone.

Before commencing the operation at all, you must thread the canula with a fine steel wire

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water on it to just moisten. Cover and let it stand until the next morning. Put a few rusty nails in the drinking water, and be sure the flock is free from lice remember, too, that hens must have some vegetable food. Use clover hay cut into half inch lengths and well-steamed in place of the bran three times a week.

F. N. A.—What incubator do you recommend? (2) Is there any reason why a fifty-egg machine should be more successful than a hundred, hundred and fifty, or two hundred egg machine?

A.—There are so many good machines on the market that I really cannot recommend one above the other. (2) A hundred and fifty or two hundred are the popular machines.

I cannot answer long letters by mail. Your question about capons is fully answered in this article.

M. E. E.—I have about forty hens and pullets to breed from next spring. What kind of roosters should I get? They are just a barnyard lot, and I want to improve the flock. Many are small, and I desire large fowls. Also good layers. A few are Barred Rocks; three are black, the rest mostly white. Should I get a Black Barred Rock rooster, or a Black Minorca, or should I get a couple of each, and let them run with the hens? Or can you suggest a better way of improving my flock?

Please tell me what you think is the matter with one of my hens. She has trouble to breathe, and a very distinct comb; often shakes her head and makes a noise in her throat. I have had several die in the last two or three years; they have all been old hens and Plymouth Rocks.

A.—As you live in North Dakota I can't recommend Minorcas, for they have very large combs which are easily frost bitten, so would not be satisfactory. If you have yards in which to divide the hens, put all the Rocks in one, and the white birds in the other. Get two Barred Rock roosters for the first, and two White Wyandottes for the second. Sell the black birds, or let them run loose for table eggs. If you have not yards in which to confine them decide which you really prefer, or which you have the most of, then sell or exchange the others. Don't try getting roosters of two distinct breeds, like Rocks or Minorcas, and letting them run with the whole flock, for the chicks would be most unsatisfactory mongrels, no better, and probably much worse than those you now have.

As it is only old Plymouth Rock hens which have been attacked in the way you describe, it may just be the result of overfeeding and old age combined; but it will be as well to look round the sides of the house and convince yourself that there is no knothole or crack through which the wind can strike one particular bird while on the roost.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I saw a request in October number of COMFORT for "Fairy Pudding." Here it is: Bring fruit juice to a boil, after diluting one fourth with water. Thicken as you like it with corn starch, remove from the fire and while still hot add the beaten whites of two eggs, serve cold with whipped cream. Any kind of fruit juices is good, also good with two or other kinds mixed together.

Mrs. B. K. Sleet has asked for a way to can corn or peas. Here is one that will can either:

To six quarts of green corn, beans or peas, cut corn from the cob, take three quarts water, one ounce tartaric acid, boil together twenty or thirty minutes, pack in either tin or glass cans with enough of water in which it is cooked to cover the corn. Set away in a cool place and if glass cans are used wrap in paper. In preparing it for the table when it comes to a boil on the stove stir in a scant one half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water, then season as for fresh corn or beans.

Oatmeal Bread

Two cups oatmeal, one cup molasses, one tablespoonful lard or butter, little salt. Four cups of boiling water over it. When cool add a dissolved yeast cake and thicken stiffly with flour, rise, mix with spoon, put in pans, let rise, and bake in rather slow oven.

Rice Muffins

Mix one half teaspoonful salt and three level teaspoonfuls baking powder with two cups sifted flour. Break up one cup cooked rice in one cup milk; add one fourth cup melted butter and one egg beaten lightly. Stir in flour mixture, beat, and drop in greased gem pans. Bake about twenty minutes.

Frosting or Icings for Cakes

The whites of eight eggs beat to a perfect froth and stiff, two pounds of white pulverized sugar, one tablespoonful starch, one half ounce of pulverized gum arabic, the juice of one lemon. Sift the sugar, starch and gum arabic into the beaten eggs and stir briskly. When the cake is cold lay on a coat of the frosting. It is best not to take much pains in putting on the first coat as little bits of cake will mix up with it and give the frosting a yellow appearance. By dipping the knife in cold water you can smooth evenly.

Cake without Eggs

Mix a heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar with two cups of flour, and sift four or five times; add one cup of sugar and sift again, then add a scant cup of sweet milk in which is dissolved a half teaspoonful of soda, and lastly beat in three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Flavor as desired and bake in a loaf or layers.

Economy Cake

Cream together thoroughly one half cup of butter and one cup of sugar; add the beaten yolk of one egg, and stir all together until light. Have ready two cups of flour well sifted with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

and you had preferred to stay in Arctic regions. My poor baby! She looked so white, so stunned, as if someone had struck her a heavy blow."

"Mr. Herriott, she felt assured you would not come home because you feared you might meet her, and then she asked me to keep my promise and go with her to Europe as soon as some stone-cutting designs could be filled. She waited only to see three memorials completed. From the day she learned the 'Ahungah' had returned, I saw a bitter, resentful element beginning to invade what had been only regretful tenderness, and her lips were locked. The window in the Episcopal Church at Y— was placed, and soon after we went North to see the monument ordered for her father's grave. I dreaded she would break down there, but she was as quiet as the marble angel of the Resurrection standing on the slab. She showed me where she wished her body laid, close to her father's, and then she asked me to be sure after she was safe in her coffin to take off her wedding ring and send it to you, because you had wanted it back from the day you gave it to her. She refused to stop in New York, fearing some of her friends or yours might see and question her. Any allusion to her marriage was as the touch of red-hot iron. On our way home she went one afternoon to Calvary House to see her cousin Temple—the priest—and look at an altar she had given him. I waited outside in the carriage, and she joined me, holding her thick mourning veil over her face. As she and her father designed this altar after they had seen some other abroad, I thought her silence and evident distress resulted from its association with him. After a while she said, in a strange, muffled way that she had done everything she was sure her father would like if he could speak to her, and now her hands were empty, and she wished to sail for Europe at the earliest possible date—probably within a week. As she leaned against me, and I held her hand, I felt her shiver. Then she told me she had just seen you at Calvary House, strong and well, and she must leave America at once."

"She saw me! When?"

"Mr. Herriott had grown very pale. A week ago yesterday, she said you had brought some sick, blind man there, and you were going home. I asked her why she did not speak to you, and she answered that three years ago you had killed her and she should be strangers; you had built a wall of silence, and no word, no sign from her should ever break it. Unobserved by you, she had seen you in the cloister, heard you talking of your plans for future travel, and, fearing discovery, she had hurried from the chapel. Since then every nerve has been strained to get away."

"Mr. Herriott walked a few yards, put on his glasses, and stood for some time with his hands behind him. A sad, perplexed face met Eliza's eager eyes when he came back, and for the first time seated himself beside her. "To what portion of Europe are you going?"

"To Spain; to a quiet little place hidden away in the Pyrenees, where she hopes she will meet no one who ever heard of her, and where, having nothing to remind her of three horrible years, she can try to forget her suffering. To avoid all acquaintances, she will not sail from New York, but goes directly to Charleston, and thence to Havana, where she can take a steamer to Spain."

"I think, sir, no one can understand her terrible humiliation; but sometimes I think God, who says my heart and knew I did not intend any wrong, might have spared me some of the bitter dregs I have had to drink. With all her pride, she is acutely sensitive to adverse gossip. From childhood she has borne so much on account of her father's unpopularity in the state, and people do not understand her. In Washington her loyalty to the South and to the Maurices subjected her to sneers and much unpleasantness. Her sudden marriage and subsequent events, especially her coming home before you sailed, have caused annoying comment, and now she is hurrying through Y—, anxious to get away before the fact of your return is known here. She does not suspect the opposition manifested by some of the vestrymen to that memorial window. Only the pleadings of the rector and the influence of Mr. Whitfield, who is not an Episcopalian and who had no cause to like Judge Kent, availed to smother the objections to its erection. This mortification we have managed to save her. Now, sir, you will please pardon me if I speak very frankly. What passed between you and Eliza after your marriage I do not know, nor did Judge Kent. Her lips have been sealed, but I have often thought the estrangement arose from your discovery of the fact that she did not love you as she should have done before she married you, and therefore I have come here to try to save you both from making shipwreck of your lives. If that was the cause of the trouble, it exists no longer. She loves you now as devotedly as even you could wish."

"He shook his head and swept his hand across his face. "Madam, she pities me, she deplores my disappointment; perhaps she censures herself unduly, but love! She knows no more of love than a baby in its cradle. She never will. She is absolutely incapable of loving any man. Too many have tried zealously to touch her heart, and failed as signally as certainly did."

"Mrs. Mitchell's black eyes sparkled through her tears. "Mr. Herriott, since she was three hours old she has been my child. I know her as well as I know myself. I am a woman; I loved my husband better than my life, and when I see genuine, loyal, tender love in a wife I know it as surely as you know where the sun rises. My baby did not love you when she took her marriage vows, but you were deep in her heart when she came home; and her love has grown until it is now so strong it is a slow torture, from which she would gladly escape if she could. Do you suppose a woman proud, reserved, cold as Eliza is would treasure and caress and sleep with her cheek on a man's faded old smoking-jacket if she did not tenderly love the wearer whose touch had made it sacred? Oh, Mr. Herriott, if you could have seen her all these years—her patient, hopeless face! If you could realize the life she leads in the overseer's house and contrast it with that brilliant past when you saw her admired and sought in New York—even in London—you might perhaps understand how changed she is. I longed for you to know that your wife's heart is wholly yours, because I have believed you would always love her. If she ever suspects I have told you her secret she will never forgive me, and I will disown me. You must not cause me to lose my child. Just now she is sorely mortified and resentful, but—"

Eliza paused and looked at the man beside her, but she could not see his eyes. "Please do me the kindness to finish your sentence."

"But if you could meet her and—"

"Again she hesitated, discouraged by the expression settling around his mouth. "In consequence of a voluntary pledge on my part, I could not now intrude upon her."

"If you called and asked to see her, I am sure she would decline to receive you; but if you really desire to see her before she sails, it could be arranged without her knowledge or cooperation. We go from Maurice tomorrow night at eight o'clock and pass through Y— without stopping. Eliza comes from Y— at eight tonight. Tomorrow she will be at my house all day until four o'clock, when she goes over to the Willow Bend plantation to say good-bye to the Boyntons and negro tenants, and also the tenants and field hands from Canbrake plantation, whom Mr. Boynton will have present. Eliza usually takes a book and spends the morning under the trees in my front yard, or in the old mill, where she often sits for hours. If you merely want to see your wife again before she passes forever out of your life you can easily do so from the shelter of my butter-bean arbor, which is near the trees, and she will never know it. If you care to speak to her, you may be sure of no interruption. Mr. Herriott, God took my husband, but I could not have borne my loss if Mr. Robert had voluntarily taken himself from me. My heart aches for Eliza. She is indeed my all in this world, and I have risked a great deal to put you in possession of the truth. She loves you as earnestly and tenderly as you could wish, but it remains for you to make her admit it—to compel her to confession. Her pride has been so sorely wounded she would die sooner than move one inch toward reconciliation."

"She looked at her watch and rose. "My train will soon be due."

"As they walked toward the small station-house, Mr. Herriott held out his hand. "Whatever the future may hold, I shall always thank you for the confidence, the sacred trust you have reposed in me, and I will never betray it. I doubt the wisdom of seeing Eliza. I know only too well the difference between true love and that regretful compassion her kind heart indulges. There are reasons that make me unwilling to violate my own pledge to her, but if I should decide to go to your house, will you direct me how to find it?"

"You can drive to Maurice, ten miles south, or take the night train, which will not stop here unless it is flagged. Once at Maurice, anyone will show you Willow Bend road. When you pass the plantation, which is quite a settlement, cross the bridge, turn to the right, and you will soon see an old red mill in front of my gate. Here comes my train."

"No, madam; not your train. That is only a freight-engine and gravel cars."

"I came on it, and I go back the same way. For many reasons I prefer to keep this trip as secret as possible, at least until after tomorrow, when we leave home; so I avoided the passenger train that brought up some Maurice Masons. The smaller the place, the wider the eyes, the keener the ears, and the more nimble the tongues that dwell there. Rufus Boiling, the conductor yonder, expects to marry my favorite Sunday school pupil, Minna Gaines, tomorrow night, and I have done all I could for the child's wedding. Consequently, though the railroad officials grumble and forbid, he consented to let me ride in the caboose, provided I would not sit at the window, and promised not to sue for damages if I lost a limb or an eye on the trip. I have done my best for my child and for you. God help you both!"

"He took her hand and pressed it cordially. "In any event, you may rest assured I never shall cease to thank you for your efforts; and life will always be sweeter because of some facts you have given me."

"He assisted her into the close, smoky caboose, lifted his hat and, as the engine pulled slowly out, he took off his glasses and walked back to the red-oak grove."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware at a low price. We bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of the Spoon is new and very attractive and we have forks of same design to match, also Knives. We intend to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to mail a liberal gift offer on these Spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER.

If you will send us 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the address and to you we will send as a free gift a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of 5 you can earn a dozen Spoons. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Gold Lined Silver Dish FREE!

To introduce our famous little Giant Oxien Pills, giving all the chance to derive the wonderful benefits from these new life-giving wonders, we send two boxes absolutely free all charges paid. You sell the Pills for 25c. per box, send us the money within 20 days, 50c. in all and we give you as a Premium this wonderful Gold Lined Silver Dish free. These dishes are warranted quadruple plated silver, they are dished top and beautiful and useful ornaments; they are suitable for dining table use or used as side dish or for bon bons they are elegant and will last for years. Send your name and address at once to your friend and derive the great benefits coming from the use of Oxien Pills and you get the profits as the dish can be sold in a moment for 75c. These Pills are noted for their quick action on Liver, Stomach, Heart, Bowels, and special organ of either sex. All life venal as if by magic if you use these Pills. Send quick so as to be sure of a dish before they all go, and get full particulars of our great money-making agency proposition where you get hundreds of dollars from a one dollar investment. THE GIANT OXIE PILL DEPT. N. Augusta, Maine.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, or any of the above, write at once to Mrs. M. Summers, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, and your health and peace of mind will be restored to you. I will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the trouble of going to a physician. Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and make women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Hints on Home Dressmaking

Owing to the many requests that COMFORT opens a home Dressmaking Department for its Sisters, we have secured the valuable services of Mrs. Geneva Gladding who has had years of practical experience in this work. Our object is to assist and guide our COMFORT Sisters in all the perplexing situations arising in their endeavor to perfect themselves in the art of utilizing and making the most of their resources. We invite the Sisters to ask questions through this column which will be answered intelligently and conscientiously. Please make all questions as brief and concise as the subject will permit. We are answering some of the questions recently received in the following article. Sisters will note that their questions have been condensed, thus enabling us to give more space to answers and thereby aiding others who seek similar information. Address all questions to HOME DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NEVER before have I seen such a variety of dainty and practical waists, skirts and one-piece dresses as are being shown in the best shops. They are so simple in line and construction that the home-dressmaker will have little difficulty in turning out something smart and effective.

All the cotton materials such as lawn, dimity, batiste, gingham and muslin as well as linen in white and colors were shown in the princess or one-piece dresses.

The accompanying pattern illustrations will give you a clearer idea of the dresses I am about to describe, and which I shall refer to by number.

Dutch collars are made up in all the pretty cotton materials, the edge scalloped and heavily buttonholed with white mercerized cotton, edged with lace slightly full between scallops. One of the most attractive ones was of tuckered lawn, the edge trimmed with crocheted lace. (See pattern of Dutch collar on shirt-waist No. 2849.)

Square-cut necks are about the summer novelties and are finished with bias bands or insertion. Many of the thin gowns are made with collarless necks finished with a frill of the same material and a flat small velvet bow in black or colors at the throat.

Hand decoration of all kinds is very fashionable.

No. 2875 represents one of the new one-piece models which are so popular. Seven yards of gingham are required for size 36. Make belt, finish off square neck and arm size with bias bands of same, decorating with a little hand work. Or if the material is light or medium blue or pink, make the bands of a darker shade. Still another equally good effect would be produced by using a plaid material, making your bands of a plain material to match one of the colors in your plaid. Make your guimpe serve two purposes by making a tucked shirt-waist. Tuck white lawn in half inch tucks, lengthwise of the goods, leaving a space between each of half an inch. Then place on your pattern and cut the front and back. For sleeves tuck crosswise of the goods so the tucks will run around sleeve. This gives you one of the latest models in shirt-waists.

Hipless effects are still the rage, and the correct lines are scant but not tight. Pattern No. 2867 made up in light weight wool, heavy cotton or linen makes a very desirable walking skirt to be worn with shirt-waists. A 24-inch waist size requires four yards of material 44 inches wide or seven yards 27 inches wide. In ordering pattern be sure and give your exact waist size, drawing the tape measure quite tight, as too large a pattern is difficult to alter where there are plaits. Before cutting measure from the waist line to within two inches of the floor then adding three inches for the hem. Then compare this measurement with length of the pattern making a mark where the edge of the skirt will come. If the pattern is too long, raise to the mark you have just made for your edge and cut according to pattern. If too short make your mark where it should come and draw down your pattern and cut accordingly. In this way you will not waste your material and will save the labor of perhaps facing your skirt. As the beauty of a skirt depends greatly on its hang, before attempting to turn up the bottom put it into the binding. Take a piece of stiff cardboard two inches long letting one edge rest squarely on the floor and mark either with pins or chalk at the top of cardboard resting against the skirt. This will give you a true line by which to turn up your hem. In no other way can you turn up a skirt so evenly. Vary your measure according to the distance you wish skirt to clear the floor.

Children's dresses are made from practically the same materials as grown-ups. From one to five years the straight models are most becoming and childlike. No. 2846 can be made at a small cost. For a child four years old four yards of material 27 inches wide are used. Select a plain color decorating sleeve-bands and shoulder pieces with a bit of embroidery, or they can be tucked in one eighth inch tucks three fourths inch apart, edged with a bit of narrow hand-made lace. A pretty effect is gained by making a lingerie hat of the same material as dress, embroidering it in white mercerized cotton as shown in pattern No. 8046.

Sashes hold a prominent place in shirt-waist costumes this season and a great variety is shown. One particularly good for any style of waist or skirt is made by taking satin or silk seven inches wide and about one yard and a half long and making a very narrow hem on side edges. Make three soft lengthwise folds in about 24 inches of the center of your strip for your waist and tack lightly into place so not to give your sash a pressed appearance. This is held together by passing the ends through a crocheted ring done in color to match sash. The ends were finished by a three-inch hem which was passed through a smaller ring and confined at top of hem giving a bow effect.

Three quarters of a yard of silk 21 inches wide, cut into three strips, will make this sash, concealing seams where it is confined by ring at waist.

Many ladies are making their own handkerchiefs, buttonhole-stitching scalloped edge in mercerized cotton to match color of dress. Sometimes a flower or letter is done in the corner in color to match edge.

A Few Questions Answered

Mrs. C. M. Day wants advice regarding how to cut over serge dress.—Yes, there is a satisfaction in making something nice out of little or nothing. You certainly ought to make your little daughter a serviceable school dress from your blue serge. First carefully lay the dress flat. Take a day when cloth will dry quickly and wash serge in warm water and hard soap, rinsing thoroughly in two waters. Iron when nearly dry. This is better than to sprinkle. Use pattern No. 2838 and if pressing is necessary, bring seams under belt. If your pieces are too narrow, make extra small tucks to conceal seams and press solid by laying a cotton cloth very slightly dampened between tucks and iron.

Mrs. W. H. Prescott would like to know how to repair stockings.—The question of repairing children's stockings is a serious one to all mothers. Small holes should be darned but if the hole is of any considerable size, patch rather than darn, saving all the worn out stockings for this purpose. Cut from the best of the stocking a patch that will cover hole. If the patch is on the leg where it will show and the stockings are ribbed, care should be taken to make seams between ribs so it will not be conspicuous. The top and bottom edges of patch to be secured on inside, opened and cross-stitched that then pressed. The patches on the feet must be done by basting on the piece very loosely. Then trim your patch the exact size required and fold down the raw edge. Then cut away the stocking underneath leaving a lap of about a quarter of an inch and carefully fold down the edge of stocking. In this way you have a lapped seam sewed at both edges which will not irritate the foot and if properly done will wear nearly as long as the new stocking.

Mrs. Rita Adams wants suggestions for every-day patterns.—This is a question much discussed and the following suggestions have been adopted by many, as it is labor saving and practical. Make a five-gored skirt top measuring to the knees in white or colored fabric and use an elastic around bottom four inches apart. Make another four yards wide and deep enough for required length of skirt. Put into binding and work buttonholes to correspond with buttons. A piece left of any dress can be used for a ruffle. In this way you can always have a clean petticoat for any occasion.

Miss Lena Wheeler wants an economical method of fastening shirt-waists.—Work four lengthwise buttonholes in both hem and plait of shirt-waist in exactly corresponding positions. Take a strip which when made double and finished will be an inch in width and the same length as waist and sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Remove this when waist is laundered. Thus one set of buttons will do service for many waists.

Miss Nellie Harris desires to know how she can best utilize a black silk skirt for her mother's use.—Carefully rip and sponge with ammonia water, using a tablespoonful to quart of water. If any creases are left, spread a clean cotton cloth over them and press, not iron, with a fairly hot iron. Select a pattern not too severe in its lines for a person of your mother's age. Style No. 2853 in this number would be appropriate. You need not use bands over shoulders and sides of front unless you wish. A pretty finish for neck, edge of sleeves and opening at front would be a fine plaiting one inch wide which you can make yourself by hemming a strip three times the length of the required amount of plaiting. Turn and stitch a narrow hem. Baste hemmed edge into plait and dress remainder of plaid into shape with not too hot an iron as this will be rather slow work. When this is done cover your plaiting and press hard with hotter iron, covering plaiting with clean, thin cloth.

Mrs. N. E. Patten wishes suggestion regarding play clothes for her three-year-old boy.—The rompers are universally worn by children from two to five years of age. (See design No. 2799.) Beside this useful garment, take the duster portion, sew it to a plain waist and use for drawers to match colored

dresses. This is often an opportunity to use old but strong material.

Emma Turner wants to use pieces of linen.—Your best use would be to make collars and ties. Cut by neck band which comes with any shirt-waist pattern making it the required height and length, allowing a lap of a full inch. Make the turn-over part straight, same height as band and to just meet in front. For tie make two tabs one smaller than the other, placing the small one on top. Or a pretty effect is gained by plaiting a piece of linen, fastening plait to about an inch in width so the tie will slip under turn-over part of collar. Here is an opportunity for girls to see what original designs they can produce in embroidery, using either colors or white in the mercerized cotton. These little homemade pieces of neckwear make a most acceptable Christmas gift for your girl friends and very pretty employment for the hours you will spend sitting out of doors on long summer afternoons.

Mrs. O. L. Weymouth wants to know how to baste skirt together.—First do your seam basting on a table keeping your work flat and taking a stitch at a time. If basted in your lap and over your hand you cannot help letting one edge slip by the other in places and causing your skirt to sag because one breadth will be fuller than another. This flat method of basting will at first be tedious, but soon you will do it as rapidly as the other way and you will be more than repaid by results. Put in baste as near as possible where the stitching will come; otherwise you cannot tell just how it will fit when tried on. Get the exact length of your binding and hold even with skirt when basting on, thus preventing the slightly puffed appearance at the top of skirt so commonly seen. For further instructions read fashion article on this page.

Latest Spring and Summer Fashions

Usually our pattern service is the best; this Spring it is superior to any offering we have ever made our readers. Practical in the extreme, our patterns are just suited to the use of the home dressmaker. There are Skirts, Waists, Aprons, Undergarments, as well as a variety of Children's wearing apparel suggestions. In addition to regular patterns, we offer four special transfer designs, Nos. 8046-8049-8050 and 8004. These deserve special notice, as they furnish a handsome design which may be transferred readily to any material; then hand embroidered. All perforated patterns are seam allowing, having plain, easy-to-follow instructions. Success is assured.



2849—LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

2868—GIRLS' DRESS, WITH QUIMPE. 4 sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2844—BOYS' RUSSIAN SUIT. 4 sizes, 2 to 5 years.

2838—GIRLS' ONE-PIECE DRESS. 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.

2841—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

2853—LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

8046—TRANSFER DESIGN OF LAZY DAISY FOR CHILD'S HAT. For solid embroidery.

8030—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR A DUTCH COLLAR. The embroidery may be done in eyelet, French and eyelet or all French.

2859—LADIES' DRESSING-SACK. 4 sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 44.

8019—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CENTERPIECE. Measuring 18x18, to be worked in Wallachian stitch.

8004—DESIGN TO BE TRANSFERRED TO A CORSET-COVER. For solid embroidery, the scalloping being done in buttonhole stitch.

2845—LADIES' CORSET-COVER. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2846—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS. 4 sizes, 1 to 7 years.

2847—LADIES' LOW-NECKED DRESS. 5 sizes, 1 to 9 years.

2875—LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS, WITH QUIMPE. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2852—GIRLS' DRESS. 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years.

2874—GIRLS' ONE-PIECE APRON. 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.

2862—MISSES' COMBINATION CORSET-COVER AND PETTICOAT. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2872—MISSES' NINE-GORED SKIRT. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2850—GIRLS' SEMI-FITTING COAT. 4 sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2867—LADIES' SEVEN-GORED SKIRT. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2858—MISSES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

Special Offers. Send ten cents for trial six-months' subscription to COMFORT, with five cents extra, for any single pattern mentioned above. Send two trial six-months' 10-cent subscriptions for a pattern free, or two yearly 20-cent subscriptions, or four trial six-months' subscriptions, amounting to 40 cents, for three patterns. A single pattern for ten cents. Order by number and state plainly size or age. These are the popular seam-allowing patterns. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

March Prizes Awarded and Paid

IN COMFORT'S GREAT SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION PRIZE CONTEST which began November 1, 1908, and closes April 30, 1909, with a list of monthly cash prizes ranging from \$50.00 to \$1.00 for each month, doubling and tripling to those who win them two or more successive months, and with Grand Prizes ranging from \$250.00 to \$5.00 for the six months.

We have paid the following March Prizes:

First Four Prizes

E. Wagoner, Galesburg, Ill., (\$50.00 doubled), \$100.00
Ada Humphrey, Woodbury, Ky., 25.00
C. F. Clark, Le Roy, N. Y., (\$10.00 doubled), 20.00
Lula E. Blackman, Atlanta, Ga., (\$5.00 doubled), 10.00

\$1.00 Prizes Thribbled

Mrs. Alice Warner, Redwood Falls, Minn., \$3.00

\$1.00 Prize Doubled

Mrs. J. E. Hawley, So. St. Joseph, Mo., \$2.00
Mrs. C. M. Richardson, Willabro, N. Y., 2.00
Rev. Levi Elliott, Coffeyville, Kansas, 2.00
Mrs. H. A. Lopez, Carson City, Nev., Mrs. Anna Whitcomb, 2.00
Mrs. E. E. Webb, Laurel, Miss., 2.00
H. A. Ogilvie, Beaumont, Texas, 2.00
Mrs. F. E. Owens, Ranger, Tenn., 2.00
Miss Annie Orrell, Advance, N. C., 2.00

One Dollar Each to Next 22 Persons

Mrs. Ellen Larz, Clara City, Minn. Abble Seagraves, Hastings, Neb. Mrs. Alfred Jefferson, Dunkirk, N. Y. Miss Rose Portic, Altoona, Pa. Mrs. Agnes Guess, Memphis, Tenn. Mrs. J. E. DeFore, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mrs. Otto Ellery, Marshalltown, Iowa. Nellie V. Pitt, Rocky Mount, N. C. Eunice Rawls, Bradford, Tenn. Mrs. Mary Reinke, Cable, Wis. Edw. H. Olt, Irvington, N. J. S. R. Hudson, Cumberland City, Tenn. Mrs. J. W. Rulison, Burlingame, Kans. Mrs. Cora Faught, McHenry, Ky. Mrs. Minnie Sissen, Detroit, Mich. Mrs. P. N. Tunstall, Oxford, N. C. Minnie Schaffer, Canton, Ohio. Mrs. Mary Stratton, Stigler, Okla. Mrs. Geo. Evans, Wilkes Barre, Pa. Eva Wain, Denver, Colo. Kate Mabry, Brock, Neb. J. O. Ellington, Greensboro, N. C.

We have also paid a Consolation Prize of One Dollar to each of the following named one hundred ladies for March:

Virginia Chunn, Blue Springs, Miss. Mrs. Lillie Rush, Lawrence, Miss. Mrs. E. L. Suavely, Vaughan, Miss. Mrs. J. B. Liles, Brantsville, Mo. Mrs. E. E. Graham, Bulka, Neb. Lammert Fredericks, Upland, Neb. Mrs. H. Lopez, Carson City, Nev. Mrs. Anna Whitcomb, South Taworth, N. H. Miss D. Stroh, Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Geo. Hummel, Esopus, N. Y. Mrs. Geo. Christ, Maspeth, N. Y. Flora E. Wheeler, South Spafford, N. Y. Mrs. T. E. Mize, Asheville, N. C. Pearl Forkner, Ararat, N. C. Jennie Swann, Washington, N. C. Mrs. Essie Bennett, Charlotte, N. C. Mrs. A. Cole, Chandler, N. C. Miss Artie Edwards, Globe, Ariz. Mrs. M. F. Shuckhart, Sligman, Ariz. Amos Denning, War Eagle, Ark. Mrs. J. A. Webber, Sebastopol, Cal. Mary Garbin, Boulder, Colo. Dan Piccone, Durango, Colo. Edward Carter, Torrington, Conn. Mrs. M. E. McCord, Atlanta, Ga. Miss Tessie Brown, Cartersville, Ga. Miss Pearl Ferguson, Atwood, Ill. Ellen M. Lewis, Bridgeport, Ill. Helen Wolgast, Danforth, Ill. Mrs. J. A. Devor, Hennepin, Ill. Mrs. B. W. Gordon, Herrin, Ill. Lillie Rickard, New Boston, Ill. Estella Mills, Shobonier, Ill. Mrs. Christian Burkhardt, Troy Grove, Ill. Daisy Barnett, Ullin, Ill. Mrs. John Shera, Brookville, Ind. Snow Booher, Fisher's, Ind. Desa, Foster, Kurtz, Ind. Edna Ketchum, Lawrenceburg, Ind. Lydia B. Gentry, Shirley, Ind. Miss Myrtle Huston, Allerton, Iowa. Mrs. Ed Boesen, New Hampton, Iowa. Mrs. Jennie Barnett, West Grove, Iowa. Mrs. John W. Glema, Collyer, Kans. Helen M. Taylor, Chanute, Kans. Mrs. A. Carnes, Fall River, Kans. Miss Edna Glidewell, Liberty, Kans. Belle Thompson, Osborne, Kans. Jessie Balch, Wichita, Kans. Bertha Gaston, Manhattan, Ky. Martha Howard, Owensboro, Ky. Mrs. Otis Stephens, Samaria, Ky. Miss Rena Wroe, Van Zant, Ky. Mrs. Mary Blagden, Hyannis, Mass. Mrs. S. L. Todd, Mount Pleasant, Mich. Miss Eva D. Moore, Swartz Creek, Mich. Mrs. Julia Knutze, Stephenson, Mich. Mrs. Annie A. Bernice, East Lansing, Mich. T. H. Thompson, Glenwood, Minn. Mrs. M. P. Scott, Franklinton, N. C. Minnie Meers, Leicester, N. C. Miss Emma Hales, Sharpsburg, N. C. Marie Sellers, Sanford, N. C. Mrs. Janie Disher, Walkertown, N. C. Mrs. Martha Bergman, Berlin, N. Dak. Mrs. Ben Carls, Winona, N. Dak. Mrs. J. W. Gallier, Alliance, Neb. Mrs. Elsie, Marsden, Neb. Mrs. M. A. Gilger, Zanesville, Ohio. Mrs. A. J. Denton, Lindsay, Okla. Mrs. S. A. Cantrell, Stoner, Okla. Mrs. B. Vincent, Central Point, Oregon. Mrs. H. Albright, Portland, Ore. Mrs. B. L. Rolfe, Harrisburg, Pa. Mrs. Geo. Weaver, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Mrs. S. E. Smith, Providence, R. I. Mrs. J. J. Scates, Kelton, S. C. Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Huron, S. D. Bessie Kelton, Mosheim, Tenn. Mrs. S. E. Callthorpe, Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. L. A. McGill, Pinson, Tenn. Miss Cordelia Young, Pulaski, Tenn. Mrs. Mollie Bay, Lebanon, Tenn. Mrs. Ida DeMoss, West Nashville, Tenn. Emma Davis, Elmira, Wash. Matilda Irke, Fond du Lac, Wis. Mrs. Henry O. Ebert, Waukegan, Wis. Miss Joanna Williams, Williams, Va. Mrs. J. Grison, Roanoke, Va. Mrs. C. E. Carter, Gainesville, Texas. Mrs. Lillian Crew, Geneva, Texas. Mrs. Fred Myers, Pikeville, Tenn. Mrs. E. D. Guffey, Margaret, Texas. Mrs. Nannie Lively, Valley Spring, Texas. Mrs. Mary Allen, Summit, Utah. Mrs. Delle M. Butler, Buell, Va. Edna Burnett, Greenville, Va. Miss Nettie Brook, Petersburg, Va. Miss Elva Hess, Ansted, W. Va. Victoria Sperwich, Fenton, Miss.

We have also paid a Consolation prize of One Dollar to each of the following named children under fifteen years of age for March:

Florence Duncan, Youngstown, Ohio. Master Willie Ashley, Denningville, Mich. Master Harold S. Childs, Rowlandville, Md. Truman Johnston, Gainesville, Ga. Cecelia Norris, Marion, Ohio. Myrtle Calico, Edenton, Ky. Annie May Pogue, Thomasville, Ala. Martha Walker, Carlisle, Ark. Master Lloyd Slagle, Harrison, Ark. Leila Hazel, Jonesboro, Ark. Gladys Barry, Orange Lake, Fla. Willie Couch, Brainers, Kans. Mrs. Rogers, American Falls, Idaho. Mary Hutson, Hildago, Ill. Ruth Edwards, Winchester, Ind. Master Leonard McDonald, Glenwood, Iowa. Mabel Inlay, Burlingame, Kans. Katie Nevins, Edna, Kans. Luther Whitlock, Exile, Ky. Melbert H. Frazer, Corunna, Mich. Winnifred McMichael, Dansville, Mich. Harry VanGorder, East Jordan, Mich. Master Victor Salmen, Mohawk, Mich. Fred Retan, Sherman, Mich. Amelia Durand, Cook, Minn. Harvey Gausman, Morris, Minn. Geo. Beeman, Battlefield, Miss. Clara Odum, Ideal, Miss. Audrey Wilson, Oliver, Miss. Dicie Bowles, Palmyra, Mo. Lloyd G. Nash, Carlyle, Mont. Master Alex Dawes, Kirkland, N. Y. Irma Massey, East Durham, N. C. Zeb C. Burton, High Towers, N. C. Velma Windsor, Jennings, N. C. Roy Rentsch, Bollivar, Ohio. Milton A. Turner, Lisbon, Ohio. Audrey May Hampton, Napoleon, Ohio. Elsie VanKirk, Pleasant Hill, Ohio. Milton Pelley, Wells-ville, Ohio. Master Leo Sheridan, Johnstown, Pa. Ivaz Leach, Taylorstown, Pa. L. F. Glenn, Anderson, S. C. Pearl Cochran, Eopers, S. C. Freddie A. Carpenter, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. Elmer Sprinkle, Greenville, Texas. Master Fred Burkhardt, Seguin, Texas. Miss Leone Davis, Farmville, Va. Asalia I. Rockett, Castle Rock, Wash. Mary Burt, Arcola, Ill.

On May 7 we shall award and pay the April monthly prizes and the Grand Prizes also and the names of the winners will appear in June COMFORT.

Fat People's Misery

The approach of warm weather brings misery to all fat people and death to many. Obesity (overstovness) is a disease that shortens life ten to forty years by blocking up the vital organs with unhealthy fat so that the blood circulates badly, the heart, stomach, kidneys, etc., cannot perform their functions properly and a general condition of feeble health and premature old age is certain, unless the sufferer's life is cut off suddenly by heart failure, heat collapse, sunstroke, apoplexy or some other awful fatality.

Everybody knows how over-fatness spoils the figure and ruins the complexion.

There's no use in trying to permanently, quickly and safely reduce weight by patent medicines as those who have wasted time and money upon this delusion can testify. The Bradford method acts with remarkable quickness and the health, as well as beauty, is restored. A proof treatment can be obtained free, postpaid (in plain package) by any reader who writes H. C. Bradford, M. D., 20 E. Twenty-Second St., R. 6, New York, N. Y. Correspondence is strictly confidential and you are not put under the slightest obligation by accepting this free offer.



VETERINARY INFORMATION

Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in this column free by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

DROPSICAL SWELLING.—My cow was in good order before she had a calf, but is very thin now. Some time ago a lump formed under the lower jaw just under her mouth. It is open and bleeding. Her calf is about two months old; it has a lump on one of the hind legs about as large as a cup in diameter, it looks black or like a lump of blood, it is hard. When the lump was smaller I cut it one inch deep, only a little blood came out.

REPLY.—The dropsical swellings are a symptom of bloodlessness or anemia and semi-starvation is the common cause. The feed should be made complete by balancing with meals and grain along with the best of mixed hay. It also would be well to have the cattle tested with tuberculin as tuberculosis often gives rise to similar symptoms. Paint the lump on leg each other day with tincture of iodine.

BROKEN SHOULDER.—I have a three-year-old Jersey heifer with fore leg out of place in shoulder blade, has been down three months. Can there be anything done for her?

REPLY.—There is no chance of remedying the condition at this late hour and the cow should be sold to the dealer as her meat may yet be fit for use.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse about fifteen years old that is very thin, her front shoulders and legs. She can't walk very fast. She has been used in the buggy.

REPLY.—We take it as most likely that founder is the cause of the soreness and its seat in the fore feet. In that case the feet will be thrust out in front of the body when the horse starts out from stall. If that is so clip the hair from the hoof of both fore feet and blister repeatedly with cerate of cantharides rubbed in for fifteen minutes, washed off in three days and then followed by daily applications of lard until the state of the skin will allow the blister to be used again, if that is seen to be necessary.

WIND GALLS.—I have a mare milk about five years old. When she was two years old wind galls came on her right hind leg just above the fetlock joint. They nearly went away the following winter. The next summer when I worked her they came back as large or larger than they were and she would get a little lame and I put liniment on them and the puffs went down in size, but last summer they came back as large as ever. I have rubbed and bathed them with liniment but they never have entirely disappeared. The puffs on the outside of her leg are larger than the one on the inside or right side. The puffs are all on the right hind leg. The one on the inside is a very big one. You understand they are on both sides of her leg.

REPLY.—"Wind galls" are practically incurable unless treated properly at the first sign of their appearance. There is no chance of permanently removing the ones in the case in question. Lameness may be removed by clipping the hair from affected parts and blistering with cerate of cantharides. The puffs may be somewhat reduced in size and prevented from enlarging by giving them a thorough hand rubbing each time the mare comes into the stable and then apply bandages.

KNUCKLING.—I have a mare about twelve years old. She walks on the toe of her shoe and has been like that for five years or more. It appears to be rheumatism and in dark weather it seems to get worse.

REPLY.—An expert surgeon could straighten out the joint by severing the back tendons (tenotomy) and treatment apart from this will prove useless. Only a trained expert should attempt to perform the operation suggested.

TAILS DROP OFF.—What is the matter with my pigs? Their tails become sore and finally drop off.

REPLY.—The tails drop off because the pigs are kept in a wet, filthy place which causes rotting and sloughing. Such cases are common and are easily prevented by cleanliness and proper care. Where filth is not the cause and the tails are not wasted and ergot in the food may be suspected and this would be most likely where they are fed.

TAPEWORM.—I have a valuable lamb that has a tapeworm. We had a calf that had one and it died.

REPLY.—Starve the lamb for twelve hours and then give it one dram of freshly powdered kamala in a little cream or milk. If necessary follow with a dose of castor oil in a few hours. Care must be taken in giving medicine as lambs are easily choked. You do not state age of lamb so we have prescribed a dose fit for a young sheep.

IMPACTION OF STOMACH.—I had a cow in good flesh and eating heartily, suddenly she refused to eat. She had been fed on corn and shucks and run to straw; she was nearly eight months with calf. She seemed stupor with great nervousness and twitching of the muscles with pain in abdomen, constipation with small evacuations and passing albumen. With check of kidneys, the third day she was worse, with severe pains and striking at the ground with her feet, and would drop and lie for a while with her head up and her tongue out; her mouth seemed to be stiff with water running, resembling fine bubbles on soap suds. As she grew ill if anything bothered her she wanted to fight it, she would cry after being separated from the other cattle. The inside of her mouth and nostrils became a reddish color and seemed greatly inflamed. The fourth day she fell and could not get up. She was shot in the brain, from which she bled about a gallon.

REPLY.—The symptoms point to impaction of the third stomach as the most likely cause of the sickness; but it should be stated that somewhat similar symptoms denote rabies from the bite of a mad dog or "corn-stalk disease" due to germs or fungi taken in with food picked upon corn-stalk fields. Most likely it was impaction and that is difficult to remedy. At the outset a full dose of castor oil or epsom salts usually is given and to be followed by copious draughts of warm flaxseed tea containing stimulants and dram doses of fluid extract of nuxvomica given every four hours. Rectal injections of soapy warm water and glycerine may also be given with benefit. Prevention is of most importance and is to be had by feeding succulent food and allowing plenty of salt and pure drinking water to keep the bowels freely open. Too much coarse dry fodder should be avoided.

TOO EARLY MILK FLOW.—I have a mare eight years old; she will foal May 30, 1909. Her udder is full of milk and when she gets a little warm the milk flows freely. This is her first foal. She is in good flesh and feels good.

REPLY.—The mare is getting too much rich food. Turn her out and let her eat hay alone until the milk flow stops. Also rub the udder thoroughly with camphorated oil once daily and at same time strip away some of the milk. In such cases it sometimes is found by examination that the foal is dead or ready to come away and the mare then requires professional assistance. In most cases, however, the milk comes because the mare is too highly fed and gets too little exercise.

COUGH.—I have a horse that coughs, but it is not a heavy cough; it seems to be more like a cold.

REPLY.—Wet all food and see that stable is kept clean and free from irritating gases. Give him from one half to one ounce of glyco-heroin two or three times daily as found necessary. Have his teeth attended to by a veterinary dentist.

CORN-STALK DISEASE.—In Dec. 1908, I turned my cattle in a stalk field, and in five days I lost five head of yearling steers. I took them out and lost no more; the stalks were of late corn, and lots of them on them. As the stalks they ate or the smut? Is the smut poison? I have a heifer that

will bring a calf when she is about fifteen months old. Is there any danger of her dying at time of calving?

REPLY.—(1) Corn smut is not poisonous to cattle. That has been satisfactorily proved by many experiments. But when cattle die on corn-stalks they are killed by some other fungus poison on the stalks and no remedy has been found. It is well to test all stalk fields with some old worthless steer before turning in the good cattle. (2) Keep her out doors and so feed that her bowels are kept active and she should not have any difficulty at calving time.

LAMENESS.—I have a colt eleven months old that is lame in the right bone leg. It is swelled above the hoof. In the morning she was all right, at dinner she was lame a little, by night she could hardly walk.

REPLY.—By the time this reaches you the part will have opened and discharged, after which lameness would subside. Treatment in such cases of bruise, caking or boil (furunculus) consists in applying hot antiphlogistine poultices until the matter appears, then cover and use antiseptic dressings until well.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse that is lame on the front left foot it is worse on rough roads than on soft and smooth. I have examined him and found it in the foot entirely, horney sole underneath seems to be sore and tender that when I would take the foot and press on his shoes he will pull it away, and he will always keep that foot standing forward. I've had the horse shod and put a piece of leather underneath which gave a little relief.

REPLY.—You have done all that is possible in such a case and unless he has a dropped sole from founder the thin sensitive sole should thicken up after a time. Clip the hair from hoof head and blister with cerate of cantharides as this will help to relieve pain.

SICK COWS AND HOGS.—I had a cow nearly sixteen years old. She did not come up. I went for the cow and she was where she had found her calf and I could hardly get her away from there. She wouldn't eat. We coaxed and gave her some turnips and she would eat; the day her calf was nine days old she died. About six weeks ago another cow failed to eat and she couldn't stand long and would fall. And I gave her powders and fed her on fodder and flour and she soon got all right. I saved the milk till six days ago. She failed to eat corn and she ate some meal and I gave her some turnips and she ate them that night. We thought she was poisoned and we gave her raw eggs and made coffee, both green and parched. We tried other remedies. The cow died. Is this disease contagious? I have one cow giving milk, two nice heifers will come in in about two months, and a large, fine bull and one bull six months old. What can I do for them? I had a hog that would eat all right sometimes and then it wouldn't eat enough to keep it alive. After a while we killed it and its shoulders and loins looked red all over the skin and the meat looked bloody.

REPLY.—The strongly suspect that the old cow did not take sufficient care of her life and this also may have been true of the other cows. There are no diseases such as you mention and all of the treatment described was absurd and useless. Under the circumstances it will be necessary to have an examination made by a graduate veterinarian who does not believe in such myths as "hollow bones". Most of the cattle owned by different pastures and see that they are well fed but do not give them any "stock food." What they need is grain, meals, hay or grass, roots, etc. The meat of the diseased hog wasn't fit for human food. Distortion of the bones of the snout (bullous or shuffles) may cause the hog to starve and there is no cure.

DIABETIS.—I have a mare along in years. Some two years ago she began to urinate often. I gave her Buchu extract and boric acid one ounce, she appeared to have good life and ate heartily, until lately, she is not looking as well and began to urinate frequently. I noticed your remedy, Syrup of Iodine or Iron and Potassium. I have tried it and it has followed more closely. The most important thing is to see that the hay is perfect in condition as moldy hay is the most common cause of diabetes in horses. Substitute flaxseed tea for drinking water, giving enough to keep the bowels moving freely but not scouring. If not in foal mix in the feed once daily one dram of dried sulphate of iron (copperas) which is cheap and a good astringent.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse that is lame on the right hind leg, when he is driven hard. After standing he gets lame and when he starts off it appears to hurt him. There is no swelling. When I press on his leg below the hock joint right in front of and above the hoof he flinches.

REPLY.—The symptoms indicate lameness due to bone spavin which would have to be treated by firing and blistering of the spavin and hock joint, followed by six weeks' rest tied up short in narrow stall.

INDIGESTION.—I have a cow that gives strong milk when calf is between seven and eight months old. The butter has such an old taste we cannot eat it. I feed her corn meal, wheat bran, hay, corn, and she gets green wheat, has good appetite, keeps her flesh, is her third calf.

REPLY.—When the trouble starts give her a full dose of physic and follow with half an ounce of hyposulphate of soda twice daily in drinking water. Stop all rich food and feed a light laxative ration, avoiding green wheat. See that all milk utensils are kept clean and scalded.

RUPTURE.—(1) I have a colt ten months old that was ruptured at the navel at birth; it was as large as a small hen's egg and is the same now. Will it grow up without treatment? (2) I have a mare that has a lump back of her ear on top of her head; it is hard and about as large as a hen's egg; does not seem to affect her; it has been there about two years. (3) Also have a mare ten years old that frequently goes lame on her right front foot. I cannot find a mark on foot or leg; it seems to affect her after she has driven her about ten miles, sometimes she will not show it for five or six weeks and then it will appear again, holds her foot in front of her when she stops.

REPLY.—(1) Such ruptures usually disappear as colt grows but to hasten this it is well to blister the part lightly with sulphuric acid. Repeat treatment if found necessary. (2) If the lump becomes bruised it doubtless will form an abscess. Better let it alone. (3) Mare probably interferes when leg weary and careless. Try use of boot to protect ankle.

HEAVES.—I have a mule ten years old; his hair looks dry and hard. The mule has a dry, hacking cough and runs at the nose. Some nights I can hear him coughing, also in the morning, and when I drive him on the road he will cough.

REPLY.—We suspect that the mule has heaves. Wet all of his food and give him half an ounce of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic night and morning. Avoid dusty, bulky food. Heaves are incurable.

RETAINED AFTERBIRTH.—I have a cow that does not clear the afterbirth at calving. I have a three-fourths Jersey cow, nine years old, that had a calf Jan. 6, 1909, and she never got clear of the foetus until the ninth day, when I had to take it by force. She seems to be all right now, only is very thin in flesh. She eats heartily as she ever did. She has never had any trouble about clearing before, some say it being her first heifer calf was the cause. I gave her everything I had ever heard was good but it had no effect. What is good for cattle with the "scours"?

REPLY.—As the cow is thin she may have tuberculosis and retention of the afterbirth may be due to that disease. When a cow does not "clear" promptly feed six to eight quarts of whole oats at one feed and inject into vagina two gallons of lukewarm one per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant. Repeat the injection every four hours. If afterbirth does not come away in forty-eight hours it should be removed by hand. When a cow scours the cause should be discovered and removed, then give a full dose of raw linseed oil. Persistent scouring sometimes is a symptom of tuberculosis.

WARTS; SPAVIN.—(1) I have a driving mare about four years old that has a large wart on her neck. I cut it off, but it has returned and several small ones. (2) Also have a horse that has had spavin for a number of years.

REPLY.—(1) Have the warts cut out, then saw wounds with a red-hot iron. Should the warts commence to grow again paint them twice a week with terebinthine of antimony. (2) If spavin does not cause lameness let it alone. If he is lame have the spavin and hock joint fired and blistered by a veterinarian then tie horse up short in stall for six weeks, during which time he is not to lie down or move back and forth in stall.

INDIGESTION; LAMENESS.—(1) I have a mare seven years old in good condition. I feed her four quarts of oats a day and good hay. Her water is thick, slimy and white. (2) This mare is lame in left forward foot or leg. She doesn't limp only when she trots; when she steps over anything high she lifts up that foot as well as the others.

REPLY.—(1) She has indigestion and it probably

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comes from over eating and too little exercise. Stop feeding grain and see that she is worked or exercised every day. (2) If the lameness is in the foot she will thrust the foot out in front when she stands at rest. If she does that clip the hair from the hoof head and blister with cerate of cantharides. Repeat in three or four weeks if found necessary.

BLOATING.—I had a cow that ate some dried-up sugar beets and acted as though she was trying to dislodge them; the slime came from her mouth and nostrils, she would not eat or drink, and seemed to be in great pain and the third day died. She bloated quite a little. I had her cut open and the undigested beets were in her stomach.

REPLY.—We suspect that death was due to choking by one of the beets having lodged in the gullet. She should have been tapped for bloat and given a physic but if no choke was present this would do little good but by operation it would be possible to open the stomach and remove the roots.

DISEASED LIVERS.—My turkeys won't eat anything and the ofal resembles the yellow of an egg. They are sick nine days then die in about three weeks. Another one will take it and die, then it will be five or six months and they will get sick again. I cut one open and the liver was full of yellow spots. M. E. B.

REPLY.—Without an examination we cannot say confidently what is the matter as there are several liver diseases of the turkey including "blackhead," "tuberculosis" and "hydatids." Better have an investigation made by an expert.

SWELLING.—I have a mare that was kicked on the hind leg just below the knee and it has swelled quite a lot; there is no sore on the leg, it is just swelled up something like a curb.

REPLY.—In such cases the swelling is apt to open and discharge in which case fractured bone (shelly) is present and must be removed. Each other day rub the swelling with a small bit of ten per cent. oleate of mercury.

ABSCESS.—I have a horse six years old that has a very sore shoulder. He was in a pasture and when found had worms in the sore. I killed them and the sore healed; then his shoulder seemed to rise and he had to be lanced, and continues to run all the time. It is soft from top of shoulder down about ten inches.

REPLY.—Clip off the hair and open the abscess freely, near its base so that pus will drain out. Then pack the cavity once daily with oakum saturated in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil.

GARGET; WARTS.—I have a cow, three years old, that was fresh last spring; she lost one quarter of her udder entirely and one quarter is caked. The other two quarters are in good condition; she will be fresh next month; there is milk in the two quarters that were injured. Is there anything we can do for her? (2) I have two horses and one cow that have warts about their head. Is there anything that will remove them and not leave a scar?

REPLY.—(1) The cow should not have been bred as the entire udder will be liable to go wrong when calf comes and the two spoiled quarters will not regain their function. Foment under twice daily with hot water and then rub in a little of a mixture of equal parts of olive oil and fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna leaves. (2) Rub warts with castor oil twice daily. Twist off any that can be so removed.

TURPENTINE FOR GRUBS.—Lay a sheep on its back, hold its mouth shut, put one half or two thirds teaspoonful of turpentine in each nostril is a sure cure for grub in the head. Holding its head up, and turning any liquid in its nose goes straight to the stomach and does not affect the grub.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

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Fine art cards beautifully colored. Flowers, Landscapes, Pretty Girls, Love Sets, Birthdays and other choice cards. All different. No comics. The kind that sell for 3c to 5c each. Large illustrated catalog showing 250 latest cards at lowest prices—FREE.

HOMER GEORGE CO., Dept. 18 CHICAGO.

25 Postals

Six Finnish Postals, 10c each. Beautifully colored. All different. No comics. The kind that sell for 3c to 5c each. Large illustrated catalog showing 250 latest cards at lowest prices—FREE.

HOMER GEORGE CO., Dept. 18 CHICAGO.

35 Rich Postal Views

Many colors. Rich. Beautifully colored. All different. No comics. The kind that sell for 3c to 5c each. Large illustrated catalog showing 250 latest cards at lowest prices—FREE.

HOMER GEORGE CO., Dept. 18 CHICAGO.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Mrs. J. Kay, Room W. 125 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., will send absolute free, postpaid, her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

25 Richly Colored Postals

Flowers, Pretty Girls, Landscapes, Tinsel cards worth 3 for 10c. Agents wanted.

SMITH BRO. CARD CO., 1008 Ward St., Chicago

March Picture Puzzle Prizes Paid

We have paid to the following named persons the Cash Prizes which we offered in March COMFORT for best answers to our DISSECTED PICTURE PUZZLE:

Mrs. Cora T. Lewis, Stonington, Ill., \$5.00
J. L. Norman, Pass Christian, Miss., 3.00
G. L. Truckenmiller, Stonington, Ill., 2.00
Mrs. Emma Garibaldi, Mendocino, Cal., 1.00
E. H. Galligan, San Francisco, Cal., 1.00
Cora E. Kline, De Kalb, N. Y., 1.00
Percy Crouse, Westminster, Md., 1.00

Fifty Cents each to the following ten persons:
A. D. Dart, Irvington, Va. Mrs. V. M. Tual, Arcadia, Mo. Anna A. Wagner, Wrights town, Wis. Jacob Hare, N. Kaukauna, Wis. W. W. Willford, Norfolk, Va. Mrs. G. H. Chambers, Dallas, Texas. Edith Peterson, Belleville, Ohio. Miss Clara Estee, McAllister, Kans. Agnes Julia O. Keefe, South Shafsbury, Vt. Mrs. J. B. Walker, Oregon City, Oregon.

To all others who tried but did not win a Cash Prize, we are sending one dozen of our elegant assorted Souvenir Postal Cards.

Besides the above mentioned Prize Offer which appeared in March COMFORT, we also made another outside prize offer on the same cut-up picture, but on different conditions and for a separate list of prizes. We have paid the Cash Prizes promised in this last mentioned offer to the following persons:

J. Leora Brown, Whitewater, Wis., \$2.00
Mrs. Stella Stivel, Kurny, Pa., 1.00
Katherine Kaufman, Safe Harbor, Pa., 1.00
Mrs. W. E. Clark, Seattle, Wash., 1.00
Helen M. Taylor, Chanute, Kans., 1.00
Alice B. White, Hardwick, Vt., 1.00

Fifty Cents each to the following ten persons:
Miss M. Grenett, Douglas Flat, Cal. Bertha H. Meier, Echo, Minn. Mrs. E. B. Chafman, Glendale, Oregon. B. L. Cogill, Spooner, Wis. Mrs. B. E. Eayrs, Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. Jessie Bowden, Fort Totten, S. Dak. John A. Holt, Staves, Ark. Miss Iol Amund, Delta, Ohio. John J. Neysen, Ellsworth, Minn. Mrs. A. Hesselbach, Rake, Iowa.

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

D. F. M. Westminter, S. C.—You can't learn the detective business out of a book; you have to be born that way. Write to Chief of Secret Service, Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. M. Plarim, Texas.—Most states have feeble-minded institutions for the benefit of their citizens, and Texas probably has such. Someone in your town ought to be able to tell you. If not, write to Hon. R. B. Cousins, Sup't. Public Instruction, Austin.

J. A. W., Evansville, Ind.—The growing of mushrooms requires special skill and considerable capital, and unless you have both, we advise you not to attempt it. In a city the size of yours you should be able to find customers for a variety of articles that could be made at home. You must find out from your own people what they need and try to supply it.

R. M. F., Fairfax, Mo.—Write to H. Malkan, No. 42 Broadway, New York City, and ask him for rates on the three you mention. You can sometimes save money by getting a bunch. He will give you separate prices, as well.

W. P. N., Pueblo, Colo.—You will have to do that sort of business through local dealers. Any druggist in Pueblo can tell you about the venom, and the Chief of Police ought to be able to put you on to the Snake man.

E. G. P., Oakland, Cal.—Write to Commissioner, Public Lands, Ottawa, Canada, or to General Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Can.

M. A. J., Ft. Plain, Ala.—The government has no training schools for nurses that we know of. Before trying to become a trained nurse ask any doctor you know if he thinks you are fitted for it. It requires special qualifications.

A. K. K., Scranton, Pa.—Write to Empire Dramatic School, Empire Theater, New York City. (2) COMFORT does not accept short stories for publication except as ordered.

W. C. D., Sherman, Texas.—Your town has a population of over ten thousand. Did you know that? Jewelers can and will answer your questions right there at home more satisfactorily than can be done in print. Go and ask anyone of the leading firms.

A. L. Scottville, Ky.—Write to Charles B. Yandell, Board of Trade, Seattle, Wash., for full particulars about the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and you will get reading matter enough to last you till the show opens. They are great boomers out that way and Kentucky will have a big day there along in June. You ought to go out. The walking is fine.

Mrs. N. R., West Toledo, O.—You will find some of the best right there in Toledo. If you don't find what you want there, you can get it just over at Grand Rapids, Mich. You are a thousand miles nearer to it than we are.

F. H., Brownstown, Ill.—Advertise the old book in the Chicago papers and get it before collectors. A collector might pay a very good price for it, but dealers, buying on risk, will pay very little.

E. O., Akron, O.—There are 1,396,319 Old Fellows in this country and Canada and the order paid in benefits in 1907, \$5,112,993.75. They are among the highest of secret organizations and are growing. Detailed information is not made public, and for further particulars you should write to Grand Secretary, John B. Goodwin, Baltimore, Md.

Subscriber, Wingate, N. C.—You will get all needed instructions about the U. S. Navy by addressing Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. Our advice to you, or to any young man, who is not already established is to spend three years in the navy of the United States. If he gets out of it all that it has to offer to the right kind of a man it will be the most valuable experience he can get anywhere.

A. Mc G., Ft. Dodge, Iowa.—Rulers are as follows: Russia; Czar Nicholas II.; Italy, King Victor Emmanuel III.; Holland, Queen Wilhelmina; Sweden, King Gustaf V.; Norway, King Haakon VII.; Denmark, King Frederick VIII.; Morocco, Sultan Muley, Hafid; Egypt, Khedive Abbas Pacha. (2) Maine has no canals except such short ones as connect lakes and they are not open to general traffic. They are not down in the list of canals. (3) Get your geography and study the map. It will do you more good than reading here about it, and you'll remember longer. You'll find maps plenty in Ft. Dodge, we guess.

G. D., Mineral, Texas.—The copy of the N. Y. Herald which you have is only an imitation of the original. More than a hundred thousand were printed during last February and distributed over the country. Issues of the same have been printed several times since President Lincoln's assassination.

Q. A. Q., Blairsville, Pa.—Diamonds come in blue, pink, yellow and white. (2) \$10,000 is the largest denomination of U. S. money and not many bills of that sort are scattered around. (3) Look up that French poet yourself. You'll find out all about him at your local library. If Blairsville hasn't one, ask Mr. Carnegie for his help.

T. E. W., Petersburg, Va.—Write to Editor, American Kennel Gazette, New York City, or to Editor, Dog, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. T., Alton, Ill.—Second cousins may marry in Illinois or any of the states.

M. A. B., Leonora, Ill.—Your old violin is an old fraud, with an inscription put in it by a dealer who would like to have from some COMFORT reader the book, "The Complete Home." Has anyone such a book?

W. E. D., Vesuvius, Va.—Try Oliver Ditson Company, Music Publishers, Boston, Mass.

M. D. A., El Reno, Okla.—Thanks for information. We have lately seen The Oklahoman and endorse your opinion of it.

M. H., Union Deposit, Pa.—Write to John Church Co., Cincinnati, O.

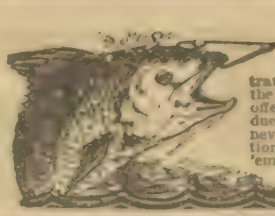
Subscriber, Galena, Kans.—Myrtle Reed, author of "Lavender and Old Lace" and other books is the wife of James Sydney McCullough, to whom she was married in 1906. She was born at Norwood Park, Chicago, Sept. 27th, 1874. Her address is No. 2281 Kenmore Ave., Chicago.

J. S., Paront, Fla.—Epiphany is the commemoration of Christ's appearance to the Gentiles and is celebrated January 6th. Ash Wednesday is the first day of Lent, a season of penitence and prayer continuing forty days exclusive of Sundays, and observed by Episcopal and Catholic churches. Trinity Sunday comes in June and commemorates the Trinity. Michaelmas is the feast in honor of St. Michael and occurs September 29th. "Old Christmas", we suppose refers to the change of date in 1582 by Pope Gregory who took away ten days to make up for lost time so that Christmas in 1582 came ten days later and has so continued. We don't know of any other. If you have a Catholic priest, or Episcopalian clergyman in your neighborhood they will be glad to tell you more about these things than we have space for.

H. P. W., Rector, Ark.—See advertisements in COMFORT.

G. M. D., Storm Lake, Iowa.—The old magazines have not value enough to worry about.

W. K., Edison, Ga.—No school can teach anybody how to write stories. It is a born faculty.



FISHERMEN'S OUTFITS COMPLETE

50c., \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 and \$5. Send immediately for our complete outfit applying everything needed, and sold at cost for the purpose of introducing the wonderful MAGNETIC FISH BAIT. This is a straight offer, and now's your time to take it up. MAGNETIC FISH BAIT is a scientific bait, bringing the fish to hook by the double appeal of sight and smell. You never saw anything like it; it literally draws the fish by irresistible temptation of his senses, and the result is "catch" that's worth while—and it wins 'em all alike, regardless of species. It costs less and does more than any other preparation. Write for book "Facts About Fish"—free. Magnetic Fish Bait Co., Dept. 4, Republic, Mo.

4c A DAY PAYS VICTOR OR EDISON

Complete outfit including cylinder (1 dozen) or 10 inch double disc (14 selections) records sent right to your home for

Free Trial

NO DEPOSIT, GUARANTEE OR C. O. D. Return outfit at Our Expense after enjoying the finest entertainments if you do not care to keep it; or make it your own by paying for same in the easiest monthly payments at rock-bottom cash price. No embarrassing explanations to make if outfit does not prove satisfactory. 4 beautiful booklets sent FREE to all who answer this ad. Address Central Distributing House, Dept. 52A, Chicago

Gold Watch GIVEN

FOR SELLING POST CARDS. We positively give both a Yarns Allen Watch Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Gold Laid Chain, American chronograph, face, guaranteed five years; a Gold Laid Laid Ring set with a Onyx Stone, sparkling like a Diamond, for selling 25 packages of beautiful high grade Art Post Cards. \$1.00 per package. Order 5 packages and when sent us \$5.00 we will positively send you the watch and chain. ALTON WATCH CO. Dept. 841, CHICAGO

Make Up Your Own Minstrel Show

Book full of fun, comic songs, and men's jokes, conundrums, dialogue, stump speeches, funny lectures, plantation sketches, negro songs, dances, banjo solos and marches. Largest, best collection minstrel wish published. It is a large set of 64 double-column pages. By mail postpaid 10c. C. C. SMITH, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

SONG WRITERS AND POETS

We arrange, compose, revise and publish vocal and instrumental music. Send us your poems and manuscripts for free advice and best terms. VICTOR KREMER CO., 336 Marine Bldg., CHICAGO

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

City Carriers, Postoffice Clerks. Many examinations coming. Salary \$1000. Annual vacation. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for schedule. Preparation free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F. 7, Rochester, N. Y.

84 Cards for 10c 40 Best View Post Cards

The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamps or coin. Central Trading Co., 863 Lake Park, Dept. XX, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS CREDIT. Perfumes, Flavors, etc.

Big Profits. Expr. Pd. Terms free. Herbene Agency Co., Box 254, Station 10, New York.

REVOLVERS \$2.00 and up.

Send postal for full description. FREE BIFBAR, Dept. 29, 40 Dearborn St., Chicago.

RODS SPANISH NEEDLES, GOLDMETERS

For Treasure Seekers. Booklet Free. P. & M. AGENCY, 14 Bay St., PALMIRA, PA.

Uncle Charlie's Poems—Sure cure for the blues.

Cloth bound 50c. Address Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CANCER

Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

50 FLOWER POST CARDS 15c

Roses, Pansies, Daisies, Apple-Blossoms, Forget-me-nots, Violets, etc. MODEL CO., 72 S Canal St., Chicago.

COINS

I pay from 1 to 600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get post and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, 26 City Hall, Dept. C. F., Boston, Mass.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

although the postage is still so high that we are compelled to charge all COMFORT subscribers in Canada or elsewhere outside of the United States fifty cents a year. I call your attention to the top of the first column on the second page of COMFORT where this rate is given. If you send fifty cents to Augusta for a year's subscription, COMFORT will be mailed direct to your address. You might raise a subscription club and earn a premium (for instance, a copy of my poetical works for only five subscribers) by offering to take the subscriptions of your neighbors who now borrow your copy of COMFORT.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League, provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



HIS DOUBLE MARRIAGE FREE

Or, The Death-Bed Compact, By ELLIS CAMPBELL

Critics pronounce this story one of the greatest love stories ever written. When we say free, we mean free, and the book is yours if you will send us three cents to prepay postage, etc. This is not part of a story; it is complete in itself from beginning to end. There are twenty-three chapters embellished with seventeen line drawings. We want you to have a copy free to show you the kind of stories we print in Woman's Home Journal, that handsome ladies' magazine. Woman's Home Journal is a big 20 to 32 page, 4 column magazine, that prints such stories as "Her Strange Marriage; or Wedded to One and Loved Another," Booth Tarkington's "Conquest of Canaan," "The Fatal Ace," by the author of "Rags and Riches," Mary E. Wilkins' "A New England Nun," Herbert M. Wells' "A Swim for Life," and Libbie Sprague Phillips' "The Stolen Name of Wife." Besides the special articles, editorials, serials and short stories, there are departments edited for every member of the home: The Family Garden, Good Cooking, Poultry, On Sunday Afternoon, Jottings from Women, How to Live, Embroidery, Practical Fashions, etc., etc. Just now considerable space is being devoted to "Motherhood and Babyhood" Articles, offering help and hints to young mothers, etc. Each issue is embellished with a new and striking original cover. The type is clear and readable; like the story "His Double Marriage," the magazine is entirely different from the ordinary run of publications. The regular subscription price is 25 cents, but we will send the magazine three months on trial for only 7 cents. Here is a synopsis of the story: Geoffrey Berris, an Englishman, while in Africa marries an adventuresome by the name of Alicia. Later it is discovered that instead of being heir to his uncle's estate Berris is expected to marry Leila Merron, who has been left the estate, and thus come into a fortune. Leila thinking herself on her death-bed sends for Geoffrey and asks him to marry her. But why tell the plot? The book is free. Send 3 cents to pay postage and 7 cents for a trial subscription, 10 cents in all. Either offer separately, if you desire. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send today. WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL, Dept. 47, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Silver Cover Cocoon Shape Brilliant Glass Table Jar

with Gold-lined Silver Spoon.

The latest table jar for preserves, pickles, sauces, sugar or any eatables. Heavy polished glass with lustrous silver-finished top tightly fitting over brilliant gold-finished spoon, making this cocoon-shaped table jar the handsomest addition to your silver collection. We desire to advertise our OXEN Plasters, the most wonderful selling 25-cent plaster today, for all kinds of Rheumatism, Lambs Back, Colds, Heart Failure and Kidney Ailments. We will send anyone Six OXEN Plasters on credit, sell them for us at 25 cents apiece, return the money (\$1.50), and we will make you a present of this elegant jar. It will be sent safely packed in a large box, all Free. This is a 30-day advertising offer, so act quickly, today, asking us to send the plasters and you will hear from us at once.

Address THE GIANT OXIE CO., Dept. R, Augusta, Maine.

Fat is Dangerous

It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor. Let me send you my **Proof Treatment** absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.



Note what my treatment has done for others:
Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Box 114, Litch, Vt. writes: "I was 165 pounds, and never felt better in my life."
Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 54, Abbott, Me. writes: "I have lost 51 pounds, and now I can walk and work with ease."
Mrs. D. L. Wilson, Box 78, Franklin, Tenn. writes: "I have lost 69 pounds by your treatment and I feel like a new person."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart, liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys, become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in HEART FAILURE and sudden death. You can save yourself from these DANGERS.

I want to prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the excess fat is located, it will quickly and safely be reduced without exercising or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part, my **PROOF TREATMENT FREE**. It reduces fat at the rate of a pound a day and does so safely and permanently.

Don't miss this offer. **PROOF TREATMENT IS FREE**. It will make you feel better at once. I will also send you Free my new book of advice, together with testimonials from many well known people. Write today.

H. C. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 E. 22d St., New York

(Licensed physician by the State of New York.)

The sad story of MY FATHER'S GREAT SUFFERING FROM CANCER

Read the following and be convinced
WE CAN CURE YOU.



Forty-five years ago my father who was himself a doctor, had a vicious cancer that was eating away his life. The best physicians in America could do nothing for him. After nine long years of awful suffering, and after the cancer had totally eaten away his nose and portions of his face (as shown in his picture here given) his palate was entirely destroyed together with portions of his throat. Father fortunately discovered the great remedy that cured him. This was over forty years ago, and he has never suffered a day since.

This same discovery has now cured thousands who were threatened with operation and death. And to prove that this is the truth we will give their sworn statement if you will write us. Doctors, Lawyers, Mechanics, Ministers, Laboring Men, Bankers and all classes recommend this glorious life-saving discovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

HAVE YOU CANCER? Tumors, Ulcers, Abscesses, Fever Sores, Gout, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Scald Head or Scrofula in any form.

We positively guarantee our statements true, perfect satisfaction and honest service—or money refunded.

It will cost you nothing to learn the truth about this wonderful home treatment without the knife or caustic. And if you know anyone who is afflicted with any disease above mentioned, you can do them a Christian act of kindness by sending us their addresses so we can write them how easily they can be cured in their own home. This is no idle talk, we mean just what we say. We have cured others, and can cure you. Forty years experience guarantees success. Write us today; delay is dangerous. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

DR. MIXER, 269 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.

FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely Free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10¢ to pay postage, etc.

DAVIS BROS., Dept. 85 CHICAGO

MARRY Universal Letter Writer FREE to unmarried people on love, courtship, etc. Particulars. **H. A. HORTON, Dept. B., Tekonsha, Mich.**

DIABETES CURED. For Particulars send FULL DESCRIPTION of your case to **C. COVEY, R. D. 5, LANSING, MICH.**

WANTED AGENTS in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

BED WETTING Cured 25¢ FREE **C. H. ROWAN, Dept. 18, London, Can.**

EARN \$8 ADVERTISING OUR WASHING FLUID in your town with 100 samples. SEND ST. BATHING and receive back. **A. W. SCOTT, COHOKS, N.Y.**

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Brown-eyed Boy, Mayesville, S. C.—There is no rule of etiquette known by which one may act to win a girl. The only rule in the case is the girl. If she wants you, the winning is easy, and if she doesn't, you might as well quit asking questions and begin to look for one who is more kindly disposed towards you. As this one you want is engaged, it seems to us that you might open negotiations with her fiancé, first getting her consent. However, if you get her consent to see him, maybe it won't be necessary to see him. If you get shot in the mean time, or anywhere else, don't blame it on us.

Rosetta, Piqua, O.—Obey your parents for a while and see if that won't have some effect upon their treatment of you in your love affair. Obedience overcomes a world of difficulties sometimes. (2) Wear your hair in any style that is most becoming to you. The hair worn down the back is not becoming to most girls of sixteen unless they are very small and child-like.

Guilivere, Troy, Kans.—It is not always customary to serve refreshments to an escort home from church if he stops in for a while, but it is sometimes done and any kind of snack will answer. The man isn't hungry or thirsty, or shouldn't be, and it is only a bit of hospitable expression to offer something to eat and drink. (2) Always thank an escort, or anybody, for any courtesy extended. It is nice to say something about the time being pleasant. If he doesn't say so, he should, but whether he does or not, you should. That may teach him more appreciation. (3) Unless you are engaged you are at liberty to accept any invitations that come to you. If the young man wants to monopolize you he can ask for the monopoly. If he does not he loses, that's all, and he has no right to complain. Use your own sense and knowledge in writing invitations, acknowledgments, etc.

P. W. E., Sterling, Va.—Seventeen-year-old boys could better put in their time over books than paying frequent visits to young ladies. What use have intelligent young ladies for ignorant boys? (2) The lady usually takes the man's left arm, or walks at his left side. There isn't much to say to a girl who will not reply to your cards, but treats you well in person. If she doesn't want to write, you can't help yourself. (3) Any kind of clothes will be becoming to a seventeen-year-old boy, five feet five inches tall, weight one hundred and forty-two pounds, that are paid for. Wear no other kind. Lots of boys do. The lady should speak first, but among friends they don't wait for rules.

Black Eyes, Findley, Mich.—A girl cannot legally marry in South Dakota without her parents' or guardian's consent until she is twenty-one. We do not know the license law in that state, and you will have to let the young man find out what it is.

Country Cousin, Clarksville, Va.—Tastes and customs differ as to the inscriptions in wedding rings. It is such a very personal matter that one may have the inscription just what she pleases.

FREE, THIS BEAUTIFUL GOLD WEDDING RING



You Must Write Quickly If You Want One.

Send for 10 packages of our very artistic Gold and Silk Embossed Post Cards to distribute among your friends at 10 cents each. Return me the \$1.00 when collected and I will send you this very fine 14K GOLD-FILLED HEAVY BAND RING. I take back all cards not disposed of. All I ask of you is to send your name at once. I then send you, all charges paid, ten packages of my beautifully colored and artistic Post Cards, all different, to distribute among your friends, who will be eager to take them at the reduced price of 10 cents. No two cards alike in a package and every person and send the \$1.00 collected and this beautiful Ring will be sent you free. Money will be returned if Ring is not satisfactory. This handsome Ring is not the cheap kind, but is ABSOLUTELY WARRANTED AND GUARANTEED. Send no money in advance. I trust you with Post Cards and take them back if you cannot dispose of them. You receive the elegant Ring without one cent of cost. Don't delay. Address at once **R. F. MOESER, 476 Household Bldg., TOPEKA, KANSAS.**

LOOK AT THE BIG SHOE BARGAINS

Write to-day for our big, free shoe catalogue which describes, illustrates and price-lists mammoth, one-half million dollar stocks of fine made shoes of all kinds, for all purposes and for all climates. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe market, possess faultless style, perfect finish, fit as smoothly as a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper. Every pair made from choice leather by expert shoe-makers. **WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY** No one can meet our prices. We sell ladies' shoes at 98¢ up, ladies' patent leather shoes \$1.49 up, women's heavy shoes \$1.19 up, ladies' and men's slippers 25¢ up, men's shoes \$1.25 up, men's patent leather blucher shoes \$1.50 up, men's felt boots 60¢ up, youth's and misses' shoes 98¢ up, infants' shoes 16¢ up, full line of rubber and felt boots and sportswear of all kinds. Order from this adv., sending price and size and width of shoe worn, or write for our big, free, shoe catalogue, see our beautiful styles, our astonishingly low prices, and extraordinary liberal terms and guarantee, by which we send shoes entirely at our risk subject to customer's approval. **WHITE TODAY for our free Shoe Catalog**

Tab, Grenada, Ala.—In view of the fact that you like the young man only when you are not with him, the rule should be not to be with him. Try it for a year or two. (2) Tell the undesirable caller that you do not wish to have him call. That will be the honest way. He won't like you any less than if you sneak out of it. (3) Introduce your schoolboy and girl friends in the simplest way possible. Sometimes it isn't necessary at all. Call them by their first names and say a pleasant word or two of introduction.

K., Goodall, N. Dak.—The young man should dance first with the young lady who is the guest of his best girl when he takes them both. The hostess would hardly let him dance with her while her guest sat waiting, we think.

Merry Lad, Hanford, Cal.—It is quite correct to stop and talk to your friends on the sidewalk. (2) You must read in the daily newspapers the reports of fashionable weddings to know how they are conducted. They give all details, and we haven't room to do it. June will soon be here and June is the marrying month. Watch the daily papers then and you'll read about dozens. Don't the San Francisco dailies come to your town?

Lonesome, Ft. Madison, Iowa.—Don't ever mention to him that you noticed that he did not write to you after he had asked your permission. He will be pretty apt to say something to you about it, and when he does, smile sweetly and tell him you hadn't thought about it and didn't really notice whether he had written or not. Then he will wish he had written to you every day.

F. A. B., Benton, Ark.—Congratulations to a newly married couple are dependent to such an extent upon

the people and the circumstances that no rule can be given what to say to them. Of course, you can say, "I congratulate you and wish you all joy," but that isn't half as appropriate as to say something less formal and in line with something you all know about.

O. L. L. H., Fallon, Nev.—It is usually customary to say to a person you have met for the first time, either at the time of the introduction or in parting, or both, that you are glad to have met him, and the usual reply is that he is glad to have met you, or merely to thank you. Some do one way and some another. Either will be correct.

Subscriber, Harden, Ill.—If you know the girl real well you can say, "Come ahead, Kitty, and dance this with me," but if you do not, you should be more formal and ask her if she will dance with you. Usually at dances of her formalize they have dance cards and the young men take them around and get the girls to put their names down in advance.

Don't Trust to Luck

If you are real sick or simply don't feel right in any organ of your body, don't trust to luck to get well. Don't expect to wake up some morning and find all your troubles gone. You must use a right kind of medicine, one that helps to make the body well. The Vite-Ore advertisement on the last page of this paper offers a chance for every reader to try this well known medicine without a penny risk.

Catarrh and Deafness Treated Free.

I will send free for 15 days' trial a treatment which is curing thousands of cases of Catarrh and Deafness. I want every sufferer to try it at my expense. Address **Dr. W. O. Corvax, Dept. 843, Des Moines, Iowa.**

Six Superb Rose Plants FREE

Of Radiant Beauty, Color and Odor
WONDERFUL OFFER TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS

One of the oldest and largest Rose Growers in the world has repeated the arrangement to supply us with an unlimited quantity of STRONG, Vigorous Plants, ON THEIR OWN ROOTS, each assortment of SIX CAREFULLY PACKED TO BE MAILED AT OUR EXPENSE. FULLY GUARANTEED TRUE TO NAME and description below, and SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY to ordinary hothouse-grown plants. Read carefully the complete descriptions of each of the SIX ROSES IN THIS COLLECTION. Did you ever hear of anything SO GOOD and SO GENEROUS AS THIS OFFER. Hardy Roses ready to be transplanted in YOUR OWN GARDEN, there to thrive, GROW and BLOSSOM all in their radiant BEAUTY and SCENT.

ETOILE DE FRANCE

Rich Velvety Crimson

This beautiful rose was recently introduced by a celebrated French rosarian, capturing numerous medals and prizes, well deserving them all. It is fine for either bedding or massing purposes, of a strong, vigorous growth, with handsome bronzy-green foliage, making an exquisite setting for the large double flowers of a clear, rich velvety crimson. The buds are of elegant formation, most delightfully fragrant, borne on long, stiff stems in the greatest abundance.

MLLE. FRANCISKA KRUGER

Dark Rich Yellow

A peerless rose in every respect. It is distinct in habit of growth, thriving under very adverse conditions, and is fine for either single or massing planting. The flowers when in full bloom are of immense size and perfectly double, unequalled in beauty by any other rose of its color. It is one of the most liberal producers of exquisitely pointed buds, which are borne on long, stiff stems and open to handsomely formed flowers of a deep rich coppery yellow.

CRIMSON RAMBLER

The most beautiful crimson climbing rose ever cultivated and a strong, rapid grower, quickly throwing up canes of great length and sturdiness, which are covered with beautiful, peculiar shining foliage. The flowers are produced in immense clusters, of from thirty to fifty blossoms in each cluster, the color of which is a lovely bright crimson. This rose is valuable for decorative hedges, arches and screens for porches or unsightly places around the home.

MAMAN COCHET

Clear Rich Pink

A rose to excite the envy of anyone. For outdoor planting this rose stands first as a strong vigorous grower, rapidly producing a large shapely bush, densely covered with deep, green foliage which is practically impregnable against attacks of insects. It is extremely hardy, thriving in any climate. Great masses of large, superb flowers, perfectly formed, delicately tinted a clear rich pink, are produced the entire growing season and are only rivalled by the exquisite buds, which are of elegant formation.

COQUETTE DE LYON

Hardy as an Oak

No rose will give better satisfaction than this variety, filling a long-felt want in gardens where pure yellow roses are desired. In growth, it is hardy as an oak, quickly forming a well-rounded plant, the branches of which are covered from early Spring to late Fall, with large elegant buds, which develop into superb double flowers of a pure rich yellow.

THE BRIDE

Purest Ivory White

This charming rose deserves recognition from all rose lovers and its beauty should grace all gardens. The bush is a strong rapid grower, distinct in form and growth thriving under very unfavorable conditions and proving hardy in nearly all sections. The foliage is an added beauty to this marvelous variety, being a dark, rich green, and densely covering the bright smooth stems, on which are borne the large superb buds. The flowers of the purest ivory white are produced in abundance even during the hottest Summer months.

Arrangements for this Grand Rose Distribution have been under way for nearly a year. First we had to guarantee to use a certain tremendous quantity. Then the Rose Grower made his plans, devoting acre after acre of his Rose-growing lands to nothing but the six Roses we now offer you. By constant attention and care a most successful crop is the outcome and we are promised larger, stronger and better Rose plants than ever before, and they are centrally grown so that their development in any State or climate is assured. You need not hesitate on this point. The Roses we are to send you are fully developed and will grow. You can't stop it. If you love flowers, you like Roses best. There is nothing so beautiful in the garden, yet no plant is so hardy when properly cultivated from the first. You can through the benefits of this undertaking provide yourself with an immeasurable amount of pleasure from these Roses, and there are probably many friends of yours who would be interested in our offer, or who would be grateful for the roses for a sick room, or their flower-beds.

When you receive your Roses, place them in your flower-bed, if too early plant them in pots in the house until weather is seasonable, then put them outdoors, where they will bloom and remain full of blossoms until Autumn. We pack them with the roots placed in wet moss, and guarantee their safe arrival.

Special Free Anniversary Club Offer. For only three trial six months' subscriptions to COMFORT at Ten Cents each, we will send you the Roses free as a premium. Twelve roses sent for a club of six, six months' 10c subscribers.

Extra Special Anniversary Offer. Send 25 cents for six months' trial subscription to COMFORT and we will forward, all charges paid, this collection of the Six above described Roses. We always pack and send at our expense, single, double or orders for larger quantities.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

A WOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex
Leads Her to Devote Her Life to
Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering, a FREE TREATMENT and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, find relief. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment." Address DR. LUELLE McKINLEY DERBYSHIRE Box 494 Fort Wayne, Indiana.

LATEST PARIS FASHIONS



Write today for our great art fashion catalog of ladies' fashions and children's fine made garments for spring and summer of 1909. This wonderful fashion catalog shows hundreds of finest half-tone pictures of rare, beautiful costumes, exact reproductions of the original designs which were made in Paris, London and New York especially for us. From our designs of famous modistes. With this book in your home you can select, at your leisure, any article of wearing apparel you need with best judgment and greatest economy. We guarantee faultless style, perfect fit, largest variety and lowest prices. We sell ladies' washable shirtwaists and jumper suits at \$1.15 up, ladies' fashionable wool suits \$3.95 up, ladies' silk shirtwaist and jumper suits \$9.95 up, ladies' dress skirts \$1.95 up, petticoats 35c up, silk jackets \$4.90 up, cloth jackets \$2.95 up, elegant style shirtwaists 50c up, house dresses \$1.10 up and a full line of girls', misses' and infants' clothing, dressing gowns, kimono and ladies' apparel of all kinds at corresponding low prices. We also show in this great catalog all the latest, distinct designs of muslin underwear for spring and summer at wonderfully low wholesale prices—at one-half what you could make it for or buy it at retail. We have a full line of dry goods, notions, domestics, linens, knit underwear, hosiery, trunks, valises and dry goods and notions of all kinds at one-half retail dealers' prices. WRITE FOR OUR FREE DRY GOODS CATALOGUE TODAY.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

40 Beautiful Post Cards 15c

Great Bargain. Includes beautiful Floral Cards, embossed, Bachelors, Captains, Beautiful Girls, Landscapes. This is positively one of the finest assortments ever offered at this ridiculous low price. All cards are beautifully colored. Some are being sold at 2 for 5c and 5c each. Handsome catalogues with each order, all sent prepaid. Address MYER ART CO., Post Card Dept. CHICAGO

FREE! FREE!

You can receive this elegant gentleman's outfit without expense. A fine pair of Silk Embroidered, Striped, Neckties, a beautiful dressy, neat Tie, of latest style and pattern, also a full size white Dress Shirt warranted throughout.

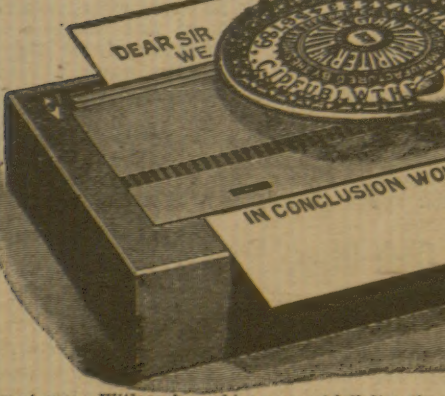
We are creating a tremendous demand for our Orlon Porous Plasters which are so much talked about in curing Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sick Kidneys, Lost Nerve Force, Coughs, Colds, Strains, Sprains, and will pay well for agents.

DON'T SEND MONEY

We will send six Orlon Plasters to responsible people to be sold at 25c apiece, the money (\$1.50) to be returned to us, and upon receipt of same will send ALL FREE this Gentleman's Outfit premium. Every man will be pleased to own these gifts for evening dress up, Sundays and social calls and every woman will be proud to present either her Father, Husband, Brother or Sweetheart with one of these elegant present shipments. Write today and we will send goods by return mail and guarantee a safe delivery of the Premium. Address THE O. O. PLASTER CO., 24 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

TYPEWRITERS FOR EVERYBODY

A Genuine Typewriting Machine for Business and Personal Correspondence



Writes very distinctly and most as fast as some machines costing \$10.00 or more. A thoroughly reliable and very satisfactory instrument. It is now the style in this busy world to write business letters on typewriters, thus the readers cannot mistake any word or character in the letter, besides typewriting can be read very quickly, and envelopes with typewritten addresses are promptly handled by Post Office clerks. Every office and family should now have a typewriter. This machine has 36 characters, every letter in the alphabet and the numerals from 1 to 10; is easily understood and operated, any child can write on it after two hours' practice and over people who grasp the idea at once. With each machine are sent full directions for operating and an extra supply of best quality copying ink, the whole carefully packed and sent at our expense.

Special. If you will send us a club of only 5 trial yearly subscribers to this magazine at 26 cents each per year, or two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions, we will send our paper to each subscriber and the typewriter and complete outfit to you as an award for your effort.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely. Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League. If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending twenty cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscription now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty-five cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT'S League of Cousins. The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with the above will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty-five cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty-five cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise. All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for May

(Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me.)

All appeals must be accompanied by written references, from a postmaster or physician. Postmaster of Grayville, Ill., writes: Rev. S. C. Sherwood and his wife are old, poor and needy. Any favors shown him and his wife will be thankfully received. Mr. Sherwood is sorely afflicted, and his wife though suffering from cancer tries to earn their support piecing quilts. Send her quilt pieces, and all the help you can spare. Highly recommended. Mrs. Fannie Calvert (54), Kirtley, McLean Co., Ky. Mrs. Calvert is terribly afflicted. Cancer, rheumatism, heart trouble and other afflictions. Has lost her home and is penniless. Pitiful case. Finest references. Wants hospital treatment—who will help this poor suffering soul? Do your very best for her. Rev. J. L. Pendry, Key Rock, W. Va. Has been a cripple for fourteen years. Send him some cheery letters. Has not asked for financial assistance. Miss Mary Sannar, Mabscott, Raleigh Co., W. Va. Shut in for ten years, helpless for five, unable to feed herself. Great sufferer, terribly afflicted. Lives with aged father and mother. Pitiful case. Highly recommended. Send her substantial aid, and lots of it. Miss Nannie Brown (57), Hustonville, Ky. Helpless invalid for fifteen years, would be grateful for cheery letters, and any assistance you can spare. Mrs. Ida Peoples, Sherman, E. L. Texas. Pleads for assistance for herself and family. Husband is helpless from cancer. Moved recently from Van Alstyne, Texas. Note new address. James Gilliam, Klondike, Tenn. Shut in for thirty-four years. Very poor and needy. Pleads for your assistance. I hope you will help him. L. B. Tinsley, Sewell, W. Va. Broken back, pitiful case. Heroic wife does all she can, but her husband needs constant attention. Do what you can for them. Mrs. Julia E. Wallace, Cardiff, Md. Shut-in. Send cheery letters. Mrs. A. Early, Critz, Va. Shut-in, poor and needy, craves assistance. Mrs. Dentis, Bostwick, Ga. Helpless invalid widow, unable to sit up, limbs all drawn out of shape. Neighbors are trying to buy her a body brace. Who will help? Elmer Dahlgren, Iron River, Wis. Poor crippled boy, four in family, mother the only one working, father dead. Has been in hospital in St. Paul for ten months, and it did him no good. Hope you will not overlook this sad case. Nettie W. Glass, 37 E. Thornon St., Akron, Ohio. Invalid. Great sufferer from heart disease and other ailments—patient, heroic, lovable character. Writes beautifully. Send her all the cheery you can—cheer that buys food, and pays rent. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, N. C. Terrible sufferer from rheumatism, incurable cripple, unable to earn a living. Help is sadly needed here. Do your best for him. James F. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Helpless invalid from rheumatism. Poor and needy. Help him all you can. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Helpless shut-in for seventeen years with spinal trouble. Confined to bed, her life is a sad, lonely, suffering one. Poor and needy. Send her cheery letters, good books, financial aid, and anything useful. Friends have to write for her, she cannot. W. F. Osborne, Tallassie, R. D. 3, Ala. Crippled, would like cheery letters only. Writes finely. Mrs. Alexine Jones, McDaniel, Talbot Co., Md. Hasn't walked for six years, would like reading matter, and cheery letters only. Annie Leyman, Conover, R. D. 1, Ohio. Bearded for many years, tries to support herself by doing fancy work. Sells articles from fifty cents up. Write for particulars of her work, and give her a dime shower. She is very worthy. Nat. E. Young, Dalbo, R. D. 2, Minn. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters. Ben C. Knight, Enfield, N. C. Has passed away from his suffering to a better land. Mrs. William Callihan has moved from the poorhouse at Carthage, Ill. to Williamstown, R. D. 3, Mo. She is with a widow lady seventy-five years old. Send your help to her there. William E. Brimer, Fairfield, Pa. Young man, shut-in, can get around a little and use his hands. Wants suggestions how to make a living, so as to help aged mother. Mrs. Molly Potter, Berlin, Okla. Needs help for her crippled son. Mother is delicate and unable to

Have You Systematic Catarrh?

Vita-Ore, which is advertised on the last page of this paper on free trial to those who need it, is recommended for Catarrh of any part of the system. Hundreds have used it for Catarrh with splendid results. If you need it, send for a \$1.00 package on thirty days' trial. Don't pay a penny until you are benefited.



FREE TO GIRLS BIG DOLL

Just a few minutes of your time is all we ask, as all you have to do is to get only 4 people to accept our liberal 25c offer.

This handsome doll is nearly half a yard tall, is beautifully dressed; closes and opens its eyes, has shoes and stockings that can be taken off, and is one of the best dolls ever given away on such a liberal offer. Any girl can earn this doll in a few minutes by distributing only 4 of our beautiful colored art pictures to 4 people on our liberal 25c offer, collecting 25c from each person, making \$1.00 altogether. Just think of it! All you have to do is to get only 4 people to accept this liberal 25c offer.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

Just send us your name and address and we will send you the 4 pictures and complete outfit by return mail. You will be surprised to find how easy it is to earn this beautiful doll.

WRITE TODAY

It Costs You Nothing to Try

Address

Davis Bros. Pub. Co. Dept. 52C
CHICAGO

do much herself. Neighbors beg help for her. Mary Rush, Olivet, Mich. Shut-in for eleven years. Wants cheery letters and good reading. J. D. McLennan, Guilford, Fla. Invalid, badly crippled. Without means, unable to work, craves assistance. Mrs. Martha Richardson, Selma, R. D. 2, N. C. Helpless shut-in. Widow. Unable to work. Very poor and needy. Sad case. Well recommended. Help her all you can. John Gordon, 2421 S. 24th St., Omaha, Neb. There is a balance due on Gordon's home of two hundred dollars. Won't some of you help him pay it off? John is dead from the waist down. Does lovely crochet work and accepts subs. for any and all magazines at reduced rates. Help this heroic soul. This is a long list, and a sad list. Many of the cases are so pitiful, that it rends my heart to contemplate them. Poverty, sickness and suffering always seem to go hand in hand. Oh, the pity of it, oh, the shame of it. Open your hearts and pocketbooks, and help these poor souls all you can. Be generous in your giving, and give often. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Elgin Watches at Special Prices.

On page 21 of this issue of COMFORT appears the advertisement of Harris-Gear Company, 1253 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, who offer to send free their catalogue of Elgin Watches which they are offering at special prices.



This is Comfort's June Title Page Cut Up

Put it together. It is fun to do it, and when it's done it's funny

50 GOOD PRIZES OFFERED

WE WILL GIVE, subject to conditions stated below, for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER and MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these disjointed fragments, a

First Prize of	\$3.00 cash	For fifth best a prize of	\$1.00 cash
For second best a prize of	2.00 "	For sixth best a prize of	1.00 "
For third best a prize of	1.50 "	For seventh best a prize of	1.00 "
For fourth best a prize of	1.00 "	For each of the 10 next best a prize of	.50 "

For each of the 33 next best we will give a package of one dozen elegant assorted Souvenir Post Cards, comprising Floral, Birthday and other interesting subjects delivered free.

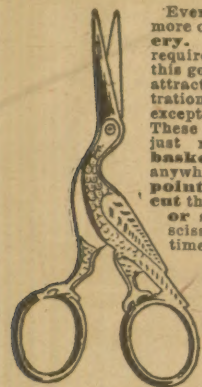
DIRECTIONS. All the parts of the entire picture are printed above. It is in pieces, but all the pieces are there and WHEN PROPERLY CUT OUT WILL EXACTLY FIT TOGETHER and FORM a PERFECT PICTURE. Cut this entire puzzle out of COMFORT, then neatly paste it onto a nice smooth piece of heavy paper, then cut all the pieces out carefully; now fit them all together so as to be sure that you have them right; then match the pieces together and mount them so as to form the complete picture; then mail it to us with the required number of subscriptions. That is how you answer this puzzle.

CONDITIONS. Mail us your answer to the puzzle on or before June 15, and send with it a CLUB OF THREE 6-MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "COMFORT" AT 10 CENTS EACH, or TWO 1-YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS AT 20 CENTS EACH, or your own 2-year renewal for 25 cents and two other subscriptions for six months or more at regular subscription rate.

Attend to your renewal or subscriptions now, before the price goes up on May 30. These prizes are NOT substituted for the regular club premiums; you get your club premium whether you win a prize or not, so send in your answer with any sized club of two or more yearly subscriptions, or three or more 6-months' subs. IT IS LOTS OF FUN, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING and IT MAY WIN YOU A PRIZE.

Address COMFORT May Picture Puzzle, Augusta, Maine.

Stork Embroidery Scissors



Every lady reader of COMFORT has more or less interest in embroidery. Every sort of needlework requires a pair of scissors. We offer this good quality scissor in an odd and attractive design, as shown in our illustration. All parts are bronze plated, except the bright nickel blades. These scissors are four inches long, just right for your work bag or basket, and are a distinct ornament anywhere at any time. The sharp points enable you to pick up and cut the finest threads, either sewed or stitched. You will find these scissors useful and invaluable many times a day.

Club Offer. For a club of four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20c each, we will send one pair Stork Scissors free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

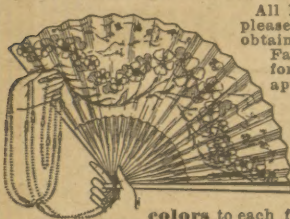
CROSS-STITCH PIN CUSHION

All made, complete and ready to use, in a very desirable size and shape being four

inches square and two inches deep, is convenient for sewing table, basket or bag, for dresser or bureau, desk or any other place where a pin cushion is handy. We were pleased with this item from the first and have added it to our premium list with great expectations, because it is very handsome and so extremely useful. The cross-stitch design is worked on scrim in either blue or red, completed with a ribbon bow to match, attached to one corner. We expect you to send for several after seeing and examining one.

Club Offer. For a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send one Cushion, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Beautiful Fan and Chain



All lady readers will be pleased with this chance to obtain an assortment of Fans for hot weather or for parties, also all who appreciate the value and use of fans for decorative purposes can find satisfaction in this opportunity. These are imported novelty Fans, 16 inches wide, in fancy

colors to each fan we have added a 45-inch bead neck chain, free, so the fan is always handy, making at once a complete and fashionable home or ballroom necessity. Fans for decorating are used in quantities for rooms of all sizes in home, cottage, vestry or club, and a whole dozen are not too many. But one or two are absolutely essential for hot summer days when an artificial breeze will add to your comfort. Our illustration can give you no idea of the pretty color and extreme beauty of these fans, you must see to appreciate.

Club Offer. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20c each, we will send two handsome Fans with chains, different colors, different floral designs. Two six months' subscribers, one Fan. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Cocoanut Shape Glass Jar

With a Silver Top and Gold-lined Spoon



A splendid table or sideboard article, suitable for preserves, jelly, pickles or any similar table food. Extremely attractive in design, as shown it represents a cocoanut shell, the cone is highly polished silver plate, the stem is the handle, and there is a rim close fitting over the glass bowl, then an opening for the spoon which is heavily plated and has a gold bowl. The clear glass bowl has the lustre of plate glass, when in use or not in use it is an ornament to be proud of and lends to everything about it an air of refinement and grace. The jar will contain nearly a pint, so it is not a tiny or useless thing in that respect. We are enabled to deliver these jars anywhere by mail in strong, thick cartons, using a suitable package to prevent breakage so you may be assured you will receive it in good order.

There is but a limited quantity of these to be had. We cannot obtain more at any price, just a bargain lot available and we bought them all. Should you decide to have one better send now for it.

Club Offer. For a club of only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we send one complete Jar carefully packed and protected. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BUFFALO BILL

HIS OWN STORY

TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



Just published, his own story of his own life. Every reader of COMFORT knows of Buffalo Bill, the most famous Indian Hunter, Frontiersman and Scout the country ever produced. This thrilling story from his own pen reads like some preposterous tale. Every line and every chapter is exciting, but interesting because it is cleverly told, also splendidly illustrated. A book of over 250 pages, large clear type, extra heavy book paper, with many special half tone plates illustrating important features of the book. Bound in strong tinted mottled covers, illustrated with a large clear full page sepia toned photograph of Buffalo Bill in his plainsman's costume. This is strictly an American story by one who has literally grown up with his country. A career beginning in '67, when the lad was but eleven, the reader is carried chapter by chapter through a life of wild and rugged achievement never equalled. This is Buffalo Bill's great work, there is no other similar story, any more than there was ever another Buffalo Bill. You should read this book, everyone should read it, and read it now, while it is fresh off the press. All the big city newspapers are printing notices about the book and are to print the story serially whenever arrangements can be made. Public schools should adopt this book as a supplementary volume of American History. Teachers will do well to obtain a copy and read it to their pupils. We have a limited quantity, all we could obtain at present, and shall distribute them at the following:

Club Offer. Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, for a copy of this special edition of True Tales of the Plains by Buffalo Bill, which will be sent post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three-Piece Bed Set FREE



CLUB OFFER

For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each we will send by mail or express at our expense one of these Nottingham Lace Three-Piece Bed Sets. This is an exceptionally liberal premium offer.

Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

Beautiful Peacock Design Pillow Sham and Spread

The full-size spread is 85 inches long and 60 inches wide. Made of fine quality material in this most beautiful pattern. Then two handsome and effective Pillow Shams to match, made of same material in same manner and 28 x 32 inches in size. Such a Bed Set as this must appeal to your good taste. They are very, very desirable, extremely fashionable and are something every good housekeeper is anxious to possess.

The beautiful White Lace Spread covers the entire bed, the Shams cover the pillows, and the graceful peacock design distinctly stands out, completes the picture and enraptures you. The Peacock on the spread is very large, very stately and graceful, the spread of tall feathers is natural and effective. No lace design ever more striking than this. Suitable for standard size bed and pillows. You should have a set

for each chamber. If you happen to be one of our thousands of agents who have our Lace Curtains in your home, you will at once feel that you must have also one of these three-piece Lace Bed Sets. They harmonize splendidly.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



NEEDLES AND PINS, NEEDLES AND PINS, WHEN ONE LOSES THEM THEIR TROUBLES BEGIN.

Thus One of These

Valuable Household Cabinets

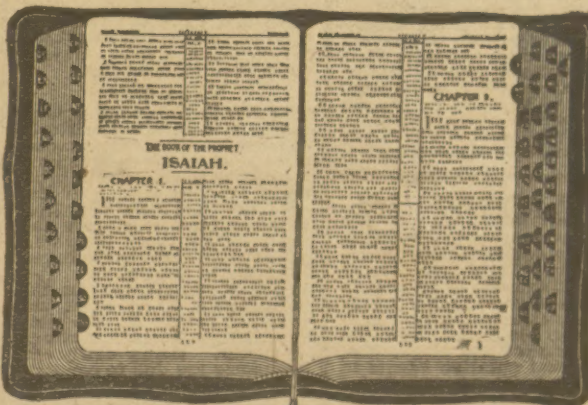
should be in every home. Ladies welcome this rich case of genuine household toilet treasures with delight. It has long been wanted in thousands of homes. This beautiful embellished case is a perfect treasure box of necessities for the household, which are contained in a compact and convenient form, making them at once artistic and useful. The case would be an ornament to any lady's bureau or work-table and is equally desirable for a gentleman's traveling outfit.

This cabinet is crowded full of good things, larger, better, more complete than any idea our illustration may convey to you. It contains about two hundred actual household wants, such as Pins, Needles, Bodkins, Hairpins, Hooks, Eyes, Darners, etc., etc. All conveniently arranged in a large case which when closed forms an ornament for bureau or table, and opens into separate compartments each conveniently arranged to receive in orderly arrangement a part of the many articles forming this beautiful, complete and useful array of daily household needs. It is the neatest, best and finest outfit ever put together and will stand any test. The articles are each warranted to be of the very best material and finest possible workmanship. You will always know where to look for whatever household articles you want in this case when you have it. Buy one and show it to your lady or gentleman friends. They will all pronounce it the greatest bonanza bargain outfit they have ever seen.

These Caskets are so convenient for home or traveling that you can make lots of money selling them at your own price. They are so convenient in form, that every person who sees one wants to buy it. It is equally useful to men and women and suits all ages. With this case on a bureau or dressing stand, all the necessary toilet conveniences are together and within easy reach. Such a case will often save you hours of search, and, maybe, just when you are busiest and can least afford to spend the time hunting about.

Club Offer. Send us two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each for one complete Cabinet, as described, and it will be mailed at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE

ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps.

GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

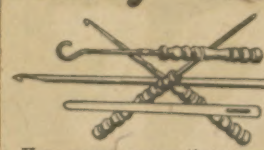
This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handy Crochet Set

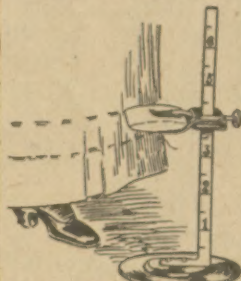


Five Piece Outfit consisting of three Crochet Needles, one Ribbon Beader, one Glove Buttoner. Every one who has used this Outfit which is a fine one.

How many, many times you have used for all these articles, or for one or more you have many uses. Each one is of good size, perfectly smooth finish, durable and serviceable. Illustration one-third actual size. **Club Offer.** Send us two six-months' subscriptions to COMFORT at 10 cents each for one Crochet Outfit, complete as described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

HOME DRESSMAKING ASSISTANT

Accurate Skirt Gauge Marker



To determine correct length for all skirts and indicate or mark the exact line all around, this device is unequalled and indispensable. You have always found it a problem to make a skirt hang evenly all around the bottom. It is no longer necessary to guess at it, because this marker will give you exactly the length for the entire skirt, by simply placing the stand on the floor, adjusting the marking crayon on the sliding and graduated scale to the exact inches you wish to have skirt clear the floor.

then mark a line around the bottom of the material and fold on this line, simple as can be and absolutely correct, and many times will avoid annoying differences of length and ugly irregularities so easily avoidable.

This Skirt Gauge is all metal, the base is weighted so it will stand erect, the gauge has two springs for holding the chalk and a thumb screw makes the changes and adjustments correct and certain. Once used, always used and you will recommend them to your friends, too.

Club Offer. Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each and receive a Skirt Marker free, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Extra Large Size Folding Shopping Bag

Strong, Durable, Light Weight



A comfort for the woman who has a quantity of packages, bundles, large or small articles to carry every about. A most conveniently useful hand bag, and because of its peculiar make up almost no end of things can be carried, and their shape makes no difference, the bag will conform to any conditions or requirements. Well and strongly made of brown cotton cord in fish net style, as shown by our illustration, with two handles

and a set of cords to draw top together. Is 18 inches long and 13 inches wide. When not in use will hang flat against the wall, or can be folded into a small compass and put in your pocket when you go to town and laid away when not in use, but is never appreciated until put to a practical test when there seems to be no end to its capacity for packages or bundles. Excellent for school children also.

Club Offer. Send us only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each; or three six months' subscribers at 10 cents each, for one bag as above described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24-Inch Centerpieces.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work and our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidered shirt-waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern to aid you. To be



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN. CARNATION PINK PATTERN. done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and permits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.



Club Offer. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send two of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 4 yearly subscriptions at 20 cents each, we will send the entire set of four Centerpieces. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

USE THIS COUPON



CUT OUT THIS COUPON

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO.

Gentlemen—I have clipped this coupon from COMFORT

and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I will not pay you one single penny if it does not benefit me. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which trial package is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

NAME _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

Street or
Rural Route _____

We Do the Rest.

Get your scissors or knife and cut out the coupon. Write your name and address plainly on same and mail it to us. We do the rest. This is all we ask, all we need, for we just want to know that you need it and will use it when it comes to you. If you want to write a letter, telling us something about your case, we will be glad to receive it and read it carefully, but you don't need to unless you want to, for the COUPON TELLS IT ALL. You don't need to send any money, don't need to send any stamps, for the trial is AT OUR EXPENSE—NOT YOURS. We believe in Vitae-Ore and are willing to back our belief with OUR MONEY and don't ask you to believe until you have seen, until you have felt, UNTIL YOU KNOW. That's the kind of remedy Vitae-Ore is—that's the kind of people we are. If you want to try such a remedy, if you want to deal with people who don't want your money unless you are benefited, if you want to get cured without waste of money, and in the shortest possible time, USE THE COUPON TODAY and start the treatment which your neighbors and thousands of others have followed to success.

Not New, But True

DANIEL WEBSTER once said about a certain political idea, "There are lots of new things about it and lots of true things—the trouble is the NEW things are not TRUE and the TRUE things are not NEW." There is nothing new about Vitae-Ore—you have heard of it before—you couldn't help hearing of it. Its name has appeared in this paper, year after year. You may not have read our offer, nor answered it, but you ought to have done so. Our offer in this advertisement, the claims we make for Vitae-Ore, the arguments we give, are not new, but IT IS ALL TRUE. You have but to write, to send for it, to direct that it be sent to you—and it is sent to you. NO QUESTIONS, NO QUIBBLING, NO MONEY. If you want to pay for it, all right. If you don't, YOU DON'T HAVE TO. Enough are SATISFIED, enough want to pay, ENOUGH DO PAY to make Vitae-Ore's fame grow from year to year like a green-bay tree, and it is because IT IS ALL TRUE. Your fellow readers who have sent for a package and tested it have proven this. ITS HISTORY IS AN OPEN BOOK and all will find it ALL TRUE.

Be Happy This Summer.

How can you have a Happy Summer if you are not feeling right, if every day means a day of sickness and distress, if you have not health, without which there can be no true happiness? If you want a Happy Summer you must make the RIGHT EFFORT to get health. Nothing is so pitiable as wrongly applied effort, particularly when it is the effort of sick people to obtain a cure for their ills. Many continue in ill health the best years of their lives because of such misdirected effort.

The Fault

is that they are treating the symptoms, the external evidences of a disturbance within, and not the cause which brings it about. They deaden the immediate discomfort by drugging with preparations which depend for temporary efficacy upon a narcotic influence and do nothing to get at the root of the trouble, which remains unconquered. Thus the treatment is kept up month after month, year after year, the sufferer not realizing that the cure he is seeking lies in an entirely different direction. Doctors question as to the symptoms, diagnose the case and treat the symptoms instead of searching for the cause, and then, after having discovered it, taking the proper steps to remove the wrong condition which makes it possible. Patient medicines, too, are placed on the market and advertised to treat the symptoms, to relieve this and that outward manifestation of an inward abnormality, while the cause goes merrily on, causing more and more symptoms as time progresses, more work for the doctors and more sales for these so-called medicines.

Vitae-Ore

treats the CAUSE, not the symptoms. It gets into the blood, courses through the vital organs doing good work in each, helping to set each to rights, and by so doing, remedies the inward disorder itself and brings happiness to the sufferer. It is a cure and not merely a check for a time upon the outward physical manifestation of the disorder. This is one of the reasons for the permanency of its cures, the principal reason for the wide range of symptoms it causes to disappear. Many different symptoms are due to one fundamental lack of functional activity that is primarily alike in many separate cases, accounting for the manner in which Vitae-Ore effaces such different symptoms by the remedying of these underlying causes.

Permanently Cured of Gall Stones.

NEW PARIS, IND.—I was afflicted with what my family doctor called Gall Stones, which troubled me for two years or more. Sometimes the pain was almost beyond endurance and when the pain was on I had to call the doctor, who always gave me some medicine to relieve me, but it would not cure. Two years ago last March I went to my work one morning feeling fairly well. I worked until about eleven o'clock when I felt the pain. I took a dose of the medicine which I carried for that purpose and then worked a few minutes longer, but found that I could not stand it. I went to the store thinking that if I could get warm I would get over it in a little while, but in less than 30 minutes I had to be carried out of the mill and was taken home in a buggy. I thought I would not see my home again. On arriving I was put to bed and the doctor came promptly. I was in terrible agony. My pulse was below 40 and cold sweat on my face. The good doctor gave me something to relieve me and I stayed at home for two weeks or more. About this time I saw in an advertisement a testimonial from a man in Kentucky who said he had been cured of the same trouble by Vitae-Ore. I sent for a trial package and was so well pleased with the outcome that I procured more and continued with it. I am certainly well now and can do as much work as I ever could, although I am 69 years of age. It is now a year since my last attack and I am entirely free from Gall Stones. I thought it would be an injustice to Vitae-Ore as well as some one suffering from the same trouble to withhold this testimony from you.



T. J. HARRIMAN.

IF YOU ARE SICK AND AILING,

and your family, your friends and those about you, refuse to accept? How can you refuse to be helped to the help you want? WE TAKE ALL THE RISK! Read our trial offer, and mail the coupon today!

Suffered 10,000 Deaths.

Doctored 15 Years with 11 Doctors for Stomach, Heart, Kidney and Female Troubles.

DAWSON, TEXAS.—I bless the day that I sent for a trial treatment of Vitae-Ore, for my health is better now than it has been for years. I have suffered so long and so much for fifteen years, at times almost death. I had consulted and doctored with no less than eleven doctors during that time, the best that could be had in this vicinity, but they couldn't help me at all. Each one treated me for a different ailment and none seemed to make out just what my trouble really was. Some said it was Female Trouble and I was therefore operated on for same, but got no relief. I then doctored for Stomach, Rheumatism and Heart Trouble with the same disappointing results. I suffered ten thousand deaths. My kidneys were in an awful fix; they would act often, but very scant and thick with sediment and blood. I would have sinking spells and my heart would palpitate so terribly that I thought my time had come. A terrible pain would start in my left hip and go down my left leg and I would froth at the mouth like one in a fit. I would vomit every day for weeks at a time and often could not retain even water on my stomach. Two packages of Vitae-Ore did more for me than \$100.00 worth of the other medicine I had taken. I feel better than I have for fifteen years, sleep like a child, can eat well and have gained in weight, now weighing 147 pounds. I am thirty-three years old. My periods are no longer painful, although formerly they caused me such pain that I would have to lie in bed; my kidneys now feel sound. I am forever trying to induce sufferers to use Vitae-Ore and thus repay some of the debt of gratitude I owe to it.



MARY E. ROBERTS.

This is Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

WE WANT TO SEND you a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitae-Ore is, and write for it today.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters drunk fresh at the springs.

For Both Internal and External Use.

Feels Better Than For Many Years.

NORBORNE, MO.—I have been afflicted for a long time with Rheumatism, and although I have tried numerous remedies and have also been treated by well known doctors, I never received more than temporary relief. When I first read the Vitae-Ore advertisement offering the treatment on 30 days' trial, and sent for a trial package, I could not move without great pain and effort. I began taking the medicine immediately upon its arrival, and after a week's time I felt a great difference. After I had used but the trial package, I was able to return to my work, and, in fact, felt better than I had for a number of years. I continued the treatment for two months longer and can say that I improve in general health right along. I now feel fine and am doing a strong man's work every day, with little fatigue. I have explicit faith in the curative powers of Vitae-Ore and cannot say too much in its praise.



F. L. VINYARD.

Don't Miss this Chance for a Cure.

Makes Strong, Healthy Women.

Woman may be called the most perfect piece of mechanism in all God's creation, but from the nature of her organism she is the most delicate. It is due to the ease with which irregularities may creep in that not half of the women of today are entirely free from some of the many and varied ailments peculiar to their sex. Many object to or are financially unable to "begin doctoring" and so struggle along and suffer in silence, bearing a crushing weight of distress, torture and disease. Vitae-Ore is a true "Balm of Gilead" to such sufferers and is markedly successful in promptly alleviating and permanently remedying many diseased conditions which keep women from the full enjoyment of active life. Every woman should give Vitae-Ore a trial on our offer.

Use Vitae-Ore If You Suffer From

Rheumatism, Lumbago, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation and Bowel Troubles or Impure Blood. Use it if there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your Sleep, your Appetite, your Digestion, Nerves or Vitality. You cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a word to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. Address us as below:

Makes Robust, Vigorous Men.

The proudest glory of man lies in his health and strength. To be entirely successful he must possess strong nerves, a clear brain, and a sound body full of energy, vitality and vigor. Without health of body man cannot be at his best mentally. Health builds up that strength and character of mind which goes so far to insure true and complete happiness as well as success. If disease or debility take the place of the health, activity and energy of youth and early manhood, the mental forces become impaired along with the physical. When this time comes, Vitae-Ore proves a regenerator which fills the blood with renewed energy, correcting irregularities, curing disease and restoring the force and vitality so necessary to success and happiness.

THEO. NOEL CO., Comfort Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.